The BOOK of CHICAGO

UNIVERSITY OF NEW BRUNSWICK LIBRARIES
3 9950 00955326 5

BY

ROBERT SHACKLETON

LIBRARY
75383
University of New Brunswick

917.731
S524

THE
BONAR LAW-BENNETT
LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY
OF NEW BRUNSWICK

From
the library of
Dr. J.C. and Mrs. Webster
Shediac
1955

THE PERISTYLE AT THE LAKE FRONT

THE BOOK OF CHICAGO

By

ROBERT SHACKLETON

Author of "THE BOOK OF PHILADELPHIA," "THE BOOK OF NEW YORK," "THE BOOK OF BOSTON," ETC.

Illustrated with Photographs and with Drawings by HERBERT PULLINGER

THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY PHILADELPHIA
1920

COPYRIGHT
1920 BY
THE PENN
PUBLISHING
COMPANY

917.731
S524

LIBRARY
75383
University of New Brunswick

1/56

The Book of Chicago

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I	This is Chicago!	1
II	A City Without Cobwebs	9
III	"We Will Go and Get Them"	22
IV	The Lake Front	38
V	Over Rush Street Bridge	49
VI	The Loop Hounds	67
VII	Streets and Ways	84
VIII	Clubs are Trumps	101
IX	The Passing of Prairie Avenue	114
X	Some Books and Writers	131
XI	How Art Came to Chicago	155
XII	Some Matters of Business	172
XIII	A Modern Corsair	188
XIV	Traits and Aspects	198
XV	Music	214
XVI	Where Once was the White City	227
XVII	An Oxford of the West	239
XVIII	The Dukes of Chicago	256
XIX	A Marquette Cross	269
XX	Out in the Suburbs	286
XXI	The Extraordinary Making of Gary	297
XXII	The Solitary Dunes	307
XXIII	Why Chicago Is!	316
XXIV	The Gold Coast	326
XXV	A Child and Its A-B-C	339

ILLUSTRATIONS

The Peristyle of the Lake Front		*Frontispiece*
The Post-Office		*Title Page*
A Lion of the Boulevard		*Opposite Heading*
		PAGE
The Lincoln Monument	(heading)	1
A Boston-like Doorway	(initial)	1
The Heart of Chicago	(facing)	6
The Coliseum	(tailpiece)	8
A Fine Home Type	(initial)	9
Projected Union Passenger Station	(tailpiece)	21
The La Salle Statue	(initial)	22
Beauty and Business	(facing)	26
Formal Garden in a Park	(tailpiece)	37
The Houdon Washington	(initial)	38
The Lake Front Glory of Chicago	(facing)	44
Chicago from the Lake	(tailpiece)	48
The Old Water Tower	(initial)	49
The Vista of Adams Street	(facing)	58
The Grant Monument	(tailpiece)	66
In the Heart of Business	(initial)	67
Michigan Boulevard at Night	(facing)	76
City Hall and County Building	(tailpiece)	83
The Fourth Presbyterian Church	(initial)	84
The South Water Street Market	(tailpiece)	100
A Boulevard Drive	(initial)	101
The Mullion-Windowed University Club	(facing)	104
Clubhouse on the South Shore	(tailpiece)	113
The Massacre Monument	(initial)	114

ILLUSTRATIONS

		PAGE
Alexander Hamilton	(tailpiece)	130
Interior of Blackstone Library	(initial)	131
The Logan Monument	(facing)	134
The Public Library	(tailpiece)	154
An Art Institute Vista	(initial)	155
The Art Institute	(facing)	158
Fountain of the Great Lakes	(tailpiece)	171
Chicago's "Boul' Mich."	(initial)	172
The Wall Street of Chicago	(facing)	180
The Freight Subway	(tailpiece)	187
A Lakeside Venetian Home	(initial)	188
The Great Municipal Pier	(tailpiece)	197
A Modern Bridge	(initial)	198
The New Field Museum	(facing)	206
The Blackstone Theatre	(tailpiece)	213
Stairway in the Public Library	(initial)	214
A Water Garden	(tailpiece)	226
Main Entrance of the University	(initial)	227
A Beautiful Ruin of the White City	(facing)	232
La Rabida	(tailpiece)	238
The Three Towers	(initial)	239
Some Towers of the University	(facing)	248
The University Library	(tailpiece)	255
The Illinois Centennial Monument	(initial)	256
The Courtyard of Hull House	(facing)	262
A Bascule Bridge	(tailpiece)	268
In the Ghetto	(initial)	269
The Marquette Cross	(facing)	278
One of the Great Hospitals	(tailpiece)	285
The Lake Shore of the North Suburbs	(initial)	286
One of the Long Bathing Beaches	(facing)	294
A North-bound Driveway	(tailpiece)	296
The Gary Tower	(initial)	297
One of the Gary Schools	(tailpiece)	306

ILLUSTRATIONS

		PAGE
A Sandhill in the Dunes	(initial)	307
The Dunes of Lake Michigan . . .	(facing)	310
Shifting Sands and Dark Trees . . .	(tailpiece)	315
A Georgian House on Astor Street . .	(initial)	316
Oxford-like Charm, at the University .	(facing)	322
Homes of the Lake Shore Drive . . .	(tailpiece)	325
Fine Parkside Living	(initial)	326
Along the Shore of Lake Michigan . .	(tailpiece)	338
A Garden Gateway	(initial)	339
The Lincoln Monument	(facing)	342
A Lagoon of Lincoln Park	(tailpiece)	347

THE BOOK OF CHICAGO

CHAPTER I

THIS IS CHICAGO!

THIS is Chicago! The city looks out upon Lake Michigan from a stretch of unbroken flatness. Her morning face shines brightly in the sun.

This is Chicago! An audacious city that audaciously set herself in a swamp: but the swamp long ago was obliterated and only the audacity remains. A city of dreams and with the practical ability to

make the dreams come true. A city of energy and strength; of immensity of strength. It was long ago written that a city set upon a hill cannot be hid; yet here upon a plain is a city that cannot be hid.

An interesting city, yet with great areas of the unattractive. An extraordinary city, yet with much that is extraordinarily ordinary. An amusing city, yet with a great deal of dullness. An admirable city, yet in many respects unadmirable in the extreme. A beautiful city in long and glorious stretches, yet in its massing of miseries a terrible city. A gay yet sober city. A bright dull city. A happy unhappy city. A light-hearted, buoyant, vivacious, debonair city, a city with an air!—in fact, in another sense, a city with airs that are often very fierce ones, blowing straight in from the lake, with drenching rain or pitiless cold.

I shall write of the people as well as of the city for in a peculiar degree the people have made their city. I shall write of their character and characteristics. I shall aim to set forth the city and the spirit of the city. I shall describe the city in its present seeming and at times the descriptions of the present will summon up remembrance of things past.

A city with much of charm, with much of dignity, with much of beauty. A very human city, with pleasantly piquant peculiarities. A city of the well-bred, of people of cultivation, yet also a city of the contrary of all this. A city all alive, vividly alive.

All this is Chicago. A city, one sees, of contra-

dictions, and of contradictions more than usually conspicuous. A city to be loved. A city where people live in careful comfort while their neighbors live beyond their means—and sometimes, die beyond their means. A pretentious city; with a vast deal of unpretentiousness even on the part of such as might be pardoned personal assertion. Important city that it is, it is filled with a sense of that importance; and its people are naïvely ready to tell of it at any time and at any place and to any person. To the Chicagoan, Chicago is the most important subject in the world, so why should he or she not speak of it frankly and unabashed! That Chicago novelist understood this who described a young woman as "a true daughter of Chicago; she had rather talk to a stranger about her own town than about any other subject." And it is a very old story that tells of a funeral in New York at which the clergyman, not having much to say, asked any of those present to offer a few words about the departed, whereupon there was silence until a stranger arose and remarked that, as no one seemed to want to talk of the deceased, he would take the opportunity to tell them something of Chicago.

Ready though Chicago is to exploit herself, even to vociferation, it is one of the oddest contradictions of the city that although there is a firm here which makes a feature of guidebooks for principal American cities, it publishes no such book of Chicago! I was told that a few years ago a Chicago guide was published by them, and that it was under considera-

tion to do so again. And I think it may safely be said that this is the only opportunity for exploitation that has ever been missed.

And after all, I think that Chicago, in the matter of self-assurance, never really surpassed Boston, judging by a Boston newspaper reference to one of its churches, built less than a century ago, as the "Westminster Abbey of Boston"! And this is reminded of an impression which has come more and more to assert itself; and that is, that there is much of essential likeness between Boston and Chicago, much of likeness in spirit between the old city of the Atlantic coast and this new city which gazes off, as if into a glorious future, across the shimmering sweeps of Lake Michigan. And, evoked by this mention of Boston, comes the odd fact that I have seen more "Boston bags" in Chicago than anywhere else except in the city which gave that extremely serviceable and good-looking leather bag its name.

The old-time Chicagoan who alliteratively expressed his faith in "women, wine, whiskey and war," spoke, broadly, for his city. And it may well ask,—leaving out the three last items and taking just the first—what other city can boast of the contemporary and diversified activities of three such leaders as Frances Willard, Jane Addams and Mrs. Potter Palmer!

In Chicago, money talks. And it was a clever Chicagoan who observed that when money talks it talks offensively. And yet, usually, in this unusual city, there is a disarming frankness, or even child-

likeness, about it. As, just the other day, the son of a chewing-gum maker, in telling to a newspaper of his acquisition of a house on the Lake Front, says: "My father bought it from Brewer Blank, and now its mine. A gift from my father? No! I paid him a hundred and twenty-five thousand for it, in good hard cash. My father's city home will be at the Hotel So-and-so" (naming the most expensive). "But he spends most of his summers at Lake Geneva, and he's got a winter home in Pasadena, and he owns all of Catalina Island." This, you notice, with wealthy insouciance; rather desirous, one would gather, of taking the world into his wealthy confidence; and ending with the delightfully unexpected Catalina touch!

Chicago is a hospitable city. One who comes with introductions, as the friend of some Chicagoan's friend, or who is known, is given a fine and cordial welcome. And not only is the coming guest welcomed, but a guest's parting may be unexpectedly speeded: as, when a man, not with proper credentials —for he was an absconding bank cashier from New York—crept with hesitation into the hall where was in progress a Saturday night meeting conducted by a Chicagoan who, as the head of an educational institution and as an essentially undenominational preacher, is in the habit of capturing the hearts of his hearers. The absconder, deeply moved, sought a private talk with him at the close of the meeting, and made confession of his misdeeds. He had left New York by a Friday evening train. Not until

Monday morning would there be discovery of his crime. With a Chicagoan, to think is to act. Convinced that the trembling man before him felt genuine remorse and was of potential honesty of purpose, the preacher said: "You will go back to New York to-night. I will go with you. We will take the midnight train; and when the bank opens on Monday morning you and I will be together there to meet your directors." And they were.

The seal of the city mingles the present and the past. A sheaf of wheat is in the middle; and, oddly and of course quite unintentionally, there is something about the way in which it is presented in mid-air, which suggests the idea that it is held on a pair of hidden horns. There is a ship under full sail before a brisk northeast wind; and sailing ships are now an uncommon sight here in these days of steam. There are rippling waves represented, and this, naturally, the city still has in its view; although many a Chicagoan, some in jest but most of them in very serious earnest, have lamented the presence of the lake as something which has prevented the laying out of streets to the eastward. And you will be told that thousands and thousands of Chicagoans have never seen the lake; this being literally the case, because immense numbers of foreigners, living to the west of the river, do not readily get to the Lake Front even if they come to the central business section.

The seal of the city also bears the representation, *au naturel,* of a Chicago baby, on a Botticelli half-

THE HEART OF CHICAGO

shell; and, for contrast, there is a standing Indian, clad sedately in trousers: and this restraint can scarcely be credited to modest Victorian influence, for Chicago received her charter as a city and became the Queen of the Great Lakes in the very year in which Victoria became Queen of Great Britain.

That the Indian stands on a bluff seems to be wrong, for Chicago is too uniformly level to have a bluff; and then comes the thought that it is precisely right after all, for Chicago, from the beginning, has made bluffs and has successfully stood upon them.

The motto of the city, upon the seal, "Urbs in horto," seems curiously at variance with the swiftness of the city's life; but it brings up thoughts of the charm of the past, when Chicago won the name of the "Garden City"! And still the influence of those early days successfully persists, in the continued building of detached homes, instead of houses built closely one against another. And with that spirit of charming open living, still so prevalent, there was a friendliness of life which has had much to do with the city's progress; there came a fine simplicity, which gave the characteristic first-name intimacy, and set the ideal of public school education as co-education. A home city, a garden city—one sees, again, that this city of gigantic business is a city of contradictions. And although gardens are not now common, and although most of the old-time houses have disappeared, one may come, here and there, upon some delightful reminder of the "Garden City" of the past. as when I noticed, well out on

Lincoln Avenue, a spacious old square-front house; a house with more than a suggestion of the dilapidation that so readily comes with age; with great ancient hedge of lilac, and, yes! an ancient garden.

Although Chicagoans speak in superlatives in praise of their city, there is now and then an exception, who will animadvert upon it with savagery, in some New York or Boston interview or article; as for example a poet who, complaining poignantly of his city, was asked why he continued to live there, to which he replied, "with a hopeless gesture," and with modest poetic implication: "Why did Dante stay in Florence? Because it was his particular hell. Chicago is mine."

"And he has really opened up his heart," said a Cliff Dweller to a Cliff Dweller group, who were discussing the interview.

"No," countered another, with a smile; "he merely opened up his spleen."

CHAPTER II

A CITY WITHOUT COBWEBS

THE Chicagoan considers that his city's zone of influence is very wide. Within a radius of five hundred miles, he will tell you, there live fifty million people, able to leave their homes in the evening and breakfast in Chicago the next morning. And this to the Chicagoan is a statement well rounded and complete. That the fifty million do not all take advantage of the situation merely means that they do not, all of them, all the time, rise to their opportunity.

Chicago is "the greatest railway center in the world." No Chicagoan asks you to prove this; they do not need proof. And Chicago is immensely proud of the fact that all the trains which enter the city stop there; that it is, for all, the terminal.

The first railway timetable of Chicago, so it is still kept in mind, dates back to 1858; and this is reminded of other firsts in the career of the city. For, although I am writing of the Chicago of today and of

what I see and hear around me, the spirit of the present is so closely interwoven with the spirit of the past that the past, to some extent, cannot but be considered.

It was in 1804 that the first white child was born here; less than a century and a quarter ago; and no one need smile because the firsts of Chicago are recent. Rather, there should be amazement, that from such recent beginnings such vast results have come. Every city must have a beginning. Romulus and Remus and the wolf and the lupine luncheon were once quite as new as the happenings that have made Chicago. And as to wolves, their cries were still heard on the Lake Front, now lined by hotels and business blocks, little more than a century ago, as they pawed over the neglected and bleaching bones of the victims of the massacre by the Indians in the war with England. And to me it more than anything else represents Chicago's youth, that Joseph Jefferson, the lovable "Joe," so recently dead that his vivid personality seems still alive, walked this very Lake Front, as a little boy, with his father who, gun in hand, hunted for wolf or wild duck.

While hunting was thus possible along the lake, a near-by section was busy with saws and hammers. Boy that he was, little Joe was impressed by the rawness and newness. Everywhere, as he describes it, boardwalks were going down and frame buildings were going up; there were wooden houses, wooden hotels, wooden churches, and a wooden theater in which the family fortunes were sunk.

All about were sand dune and morass and swamp and prairie; and from those early days has come down the local use of the word "prairie" as meaning, not a broadly smiling sweep of grass and flowers, the picture evolved elsewhere by the word, but grim, bare, level stretches, or endless miles of scrub growth, wicked and wet.

What was outwardly but a rough and raw little place, made formally a city in 1837, as soon as the necessary handful of population had gathered, did not choose for its first mayor a man of corresponding roughness of aspect, but one who had just distinguished himself by building the first house in Chicago from an architect's plans, and whose thoughts turned naturally to culture and art and European travel. From the first there was a surprising leaven in Chicago's loaf. And tales have come down, almost mystically vague—for already the rise of Chicago seems almost fairy tale—of men and women in broadcloth and silks and diamonds attending parties in the hastily put together frame houses such as those of which Jefferson tells, and of the talk often turning to the best books and writers.

And the very first book to be printed and bound and published in Chicago was the city directory! Could anything be more delightfully characteristic —publicity for every Chicagoan in the first book!

The first coroner of Chicago, one learns, was a certain Clark, and his first inquest, as the old record somewhat tautologically tells, was on "the body of a dead Indian." Nowadays, one may hear the

charge—or boast!—that the city, in this twentieth century, averages a murder a day.

The first Sunday liquor law went into force in 1834, and although activity was encouraged by giving the informer half of the fine, which was five dollars, there seem to have been no particular results. That the first steam fire engine was put into use in 1857 under the mayoralty of the redoubtable Long John Wentworth is still remembered, as is also the fact that he promptly put it to a use not intended by the inventor; the literal washing out of an unsavory settlement just at the edge of the city. For although Chicago proper was not at that time very large, Chicago improper was looked upon as being very much too large indeed, and so, to the glee of a good share of the population, or rather of a bad share of the population, who looked on as at a show, the fire engine was made to turn its hose on some poor little shanties, with their women denizens, on the shore just north of the site of the present great recreation pier; and the hose stream drove wreckage into the lake, while the wretched human wreckage, drenched and miserable, crept, drenched and miserable, away.

The first water main was laid in 1836—two miles of wooden pipes; but it was not until twenty years afterwards that the first sewers were laid. And I place these two facts together because I have just read the claim that at present the combined water and sewer mains of the city are longer than the com-

bined length of the Mississippi, the Ohio and the Missouri.

The first vaccination was in 1848, and it was the great topic of conversation until 1850, when classical music, or at least opera, was first presented. That the town assumed, in 1833, such dignity as attends the making of a fire warden, does not imply that one was not needed still earlier; and it was not till 1841 that it bourgeoned with the greater glory of its first city marshal.

As the city gives the impression of having an astonishing number of drug stores, it being really difficult to get away from the sight of one or more of them at every moment, it may be remarked that the first drug store was of 1832; though it need not be supposed that there was any difficulty in getting terrific boluses or terrific doses of firewater for the terrific attacks of fever and ague inseparable from a new settlement in such a wet place.

The year 1833 was notable religiously, for in that year the earliest Presbyterian church was organized, the first Baptist church was built, and the first permanent Roman Catholic parish was organized. There also began, that year, Chicago's first newspaper, a weekly: and it was in 1839 that a new newspaper announced, with a cheerful earnestness that would not forego a pleasantly punning expression of it, that "We now launch our bark on the great ocean of the world, with plenty of sheet, but still with no certainty of sale." It was some years after this that the press

was offered that public subject of discussion, a detective department, for not until 1850 did Chicago have its first detective, which is not to say that many a wrong-doer was not previously detected; the first formal detective being one Allen Pinkerton, afterwards not unknown to fame, particularly for discovering the supposed danger which made Lincoln, on a memorable occasion, turn up his collar and pull down his hat and make his way into Washington unobserved. And mention of the emancipator is reminded that the first white settler of Chicago, as distinguished from explorers and temporary abiders, was, as Chicagoans themselves express it, a black man; but just a West Indian negro, as they will explain, after you have been properly surprised.

There is poetic vagueness about what is said to have been the city's first university; most Chicagoans look upon it as a myth if they have heard of it at all; and if there is to be a city myth it is certainly a charming imagination to have it a supposititious university of "St. Mary's of the Lake." It is more interesting from its very vagueness than it would be with date and endowment definitely discovered, if it ever really had a date and an endowment, or with the idea of its existence definitely destroyed.

Whatever others may think of the city, Chicago has always prided herself, on the whole, with efficiency of city government, and this in spite of terrific political contests in which the bitterest charges and countercharges have been made; and in spite of

the most extreme statements regarding jobbery and corruption. But in the matter of street cleaning, or atmosphere cleaning, no Chicagoan has been harboring prideful feelings. The thick dust, driven in clouds from uncleaned streets, the thick black smoke emerging in clouds from myriad chimneys, with much of it heavily sinking to the level of the pavements and swirling in evil blotchings, mark what, as I write, is the most apparent of the city's delinquencies. Soap is the prime Chicago necessity. But the people have so triumphed as to keep themselves a spotless folk, after all, in this so far from spotless town. And yet Monday morning does not show a clothes-line aspect, either on the roofs or in the yards. So sooty is the city that drying must needs be done in kitchen or basement or attic. The white waist of an elevator girl lasts for two days' use.

It has been an important factor, in the development of Chicago, that the business section of the city is practically where it was a half century ago, or even a century ago. Where Chicago began, she has continued. There could be no greater contrast between New York and Chicago in this particular, New York having swept ceaselessly on for miles and miles with its constantly shifting merchandizing headquarters.

In the very early days, before Chicago established herself here, the place was avoided even by the Indians themselves as a marshy terror, even though the importance of the Chicago River portage was in

early days recognized. Yet the site upon which Chicago was to arise was claimed by three States: naturally enough, Chicagoans will concede, in view of the consequence that was to accrue; indeed, they deem the only matter for surprise to be that Chicago was not claimed by more than three!

The claim of Virginia was by right of conquest, George Rogers Clark, a Virginian, having led Virginians in the marvelous campaign which secured the Northwest Territory for the United States. (Clark Street is named for him.) Connecticut claimed by right of its charter, which gave ownership due west to the Mississippi. New York claimed by conquest; but the conquest was quite by indirection, New York having humbled the Iroquois and claimed rulership over them, and the Iroquois having previously extended their claims of dominion over the Indians of the Illinois region. But Virginia, Connecticut and New York agreed rather gracefully to unite in turning over to the United States Government their claims to the Illinois country.

But, for a time, this locality was actually governed as part of Virginia. Delightful old Marietta, in Ohio, was the seat of the government for a time under the Ordinance of 1787, for Illinois; and a little later Vincennes, in Indiana, became the center of government for the Chicago region; and the long-faced, long-headed fighter, William Henry Harrison, later to be known an "Tippecanoe," and still later to be President and the grandfather of another President, was made governor.

When Illinois took on the dignity of Statehood, after a probational period as a Territory, Chicago was almost put into Wisconsin! For the bill declaring Statehood designated a line along the southern end of Lake Michigan, by which the then village of Chicago was to be left out of Illinois and put into Wisconsin! But an Illinois territorial delegate to Congress succeeded in having the line so altered as to leave Chicago in Illinois: the delegate being a certain Nathaniel Pope; who was later to achieve another kind of fame by becoming the father of the Civil War soldier, General John Pope.

To name the counties in which the place was located would surely make Chicago seem a lost sort of place. For a time it was in Illinois County, later in Wayne; then, for a few years, in no county at all, owing to some geographical oversight. Later, Chicago became, in turn, in Madison County, in Edwards, in Crawford, in Clark, in Pike, in Peoria; and only after this bewilderng succession of changes did the city, in 1831, settle into homely Cook.

It has more than once occurred to me that the names of the counties of Illinois not only represent the home-loving Americanism of the State, but have themselves had an influence in encouraging the admirable homely and patriotic qualities. Cook County, indeed, is prosaically named; and not far away is the likewise prosaically named Bureau County! And glancing further at the map, it will be noticed that there is profusion of names of homely and intimate quality, as, Edward County, Will

County, Henry, Alexander, Edgar. No wonder that a first-name intimacy is such a common feature, here beside Lake Michigan. And a further homely touch comes in the recognition of Mrs. Grundy in Grundy County!

But patriotism in county names is even more marked. There are Washington and Jefferson and Hamilton, Moultrie and Greene, Knox, McDonough and Madison, Marion and Hancock, Franklin, Schuyler, Boone and Wayne, Pulaski and Fayette, Gallatin and Warren and St. Clair and Perry, Randolph, Marshall, Putnam and Stark. The name of Burr is intentionally absent; Illinois would have nothing of him! But there is, instead, a Jo Daviess County in honor of the man who, in Kentucky, prosecuted Burr for treason in the early days of the conspiracy, when Burr was still in control of wealth and power. Daviess died at Tippecanoe: a battle which somehow seems to have furnished a Battle Roll for Chicago.

A Chicago poet who won considerable fame, Moody, sang of his own city in what was meant to be swinging phrase:

> "Gigantic, willful, young,
> Chicago sitteth at the northwest gate,
> With restless violent hands and casual tongue,
> Molding her mighty fate."

When Joaquin Miller wrote of San Francisco as being at the western gate it meant something. But Chicago is not at any particular gate. She is not

even at the foot of Lake Michigan, where every easterner thinks she stands, but on the western shore, some miles above the lower end of the lake, so that her lake frontage is not to the northward but altogether to the east. The city is not a gateway, which implies a place to pass through, but is markedly a stopping point, as several million folk have demonstrated.

Chicago is an extremely cosmopolitan city. Both the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans are hers. The Chicago newspapers advertise, impartially, sailings to Honolulu or Plymouth, to Japan or France. There is a sort of insouciance about it. And also there is insouciance in her evident determination to remain young no matter how the years are piling up. With all the intense absorption in work, there goes also an intense absorption in play; and you will notice such advertisements as that of the "Fisherman's Special," whose times are so arranged as to take Chicagoans, with equipment of dining cars and sleeping cars, from Friday night until Monday, on long trips up among the lakes of Wisconsin.

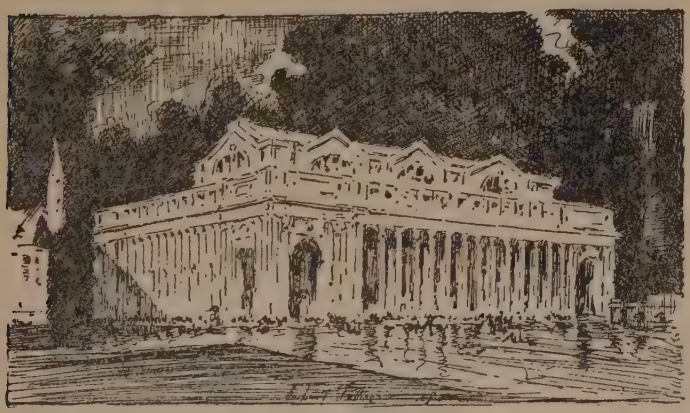
With all its rush, of work and play, the city is not too busy to be honest, so one would gather from the great number of advertisements of purses lost; for this would seem to indicate a well-founded assumption as to the likelihood of recovery. Or is it merely indicative of a sort of naïve trustfulness?—for I notice very few advertisements of purses found. And there are so many advertisements of lost dogs that it must needs be that excellent kind of a city, a

dog lover's city; even though, in these days of motor cars, dogs are seldom seen except in the parks. Pick up any newspaper; in the first one are advertisements for an Airedale named Rip; for a Pekinese named Bubbles, light brown with two white front paws; don't you wish you could find the faithful Rip, and don't you wish you could restore the white-pawed Bubbles to his mistress? And in the same paper I notice that there is a lost "little black and tan dog, named Daisy." All good homely names, too; and the naming of dogs is an indication of character—of the owners, not of the dogs, except in the sense that dogs usually follow the character of their owners. I like to think of the names of George Washington's dogs, such as Juno, Mopsey and Truelove.

Chicago is justly known as the Windy City. Great winds come sweeping from the lake. And Chicagoans laugh, and say that they blow cobwebs from the brain. But even while thus jesting, they never for a moment believe that Chicago brains have any cobwebs. And I knew that the Chicagoan who soberly remarked to me that the winds thus take the place of vacuum cleaners meant it for humor only. Constantly, one notices examples of the city's quick and uncobwebbed thinking. For example, not long ago a man entered his motor-car with two thousand dollars that he had just drawn from a bank; three men boarded his car as he started off, and attacked him; two of the men dragged him from the wheel, and held him down, fiercely struggling, while the

third put the car to top speed. But a man in the conning tower of a lift bridge saw the approaching car and saw that there was something very wrong, so, instantly, one hand reached for the lever that closed a gate across the roadway and the other hand instantly set in motion the mechanism that started the bridge upward, and thus the car, desperately braked, and skidding, was stopped.

And there comes to mind the homely comment of a Chicago paragrapher upon a labored editorial of a famous New York editor, who loves lengthily to plummet the abstruse; this editorial he worked out with more than usual labor and argument to the triumphant conclusion that "Therefore, the egg came before the hen or else a miracle happened"; upon which the uncobwebbed paragraphical comment was the brief but overwhelming, "No, the egg came after the hen or else a miracle happened."



CHAPTER III

"WE WILL GO AND GET THEM"

CHICAGO cares nothing for grandfathers. It is not a city of ancestor worship. It is not a city of descendants, for the very idea of descent is repugnant to all for which Chicago stands. A descendant is one who goes down, and Chicagoans will not admit the thought. A descendant is one who, descending, looks back at lofty peaks. But the ascendant—and every Chicagoan is or hopes to be an ascendant!—looks forward, as he climbs, to brilliant heights—although the literal minded may object to the use of such terms in regard to this city of absolute level. And this is one of the delightful contradictions: that, with every citizen on the same level, all are climbing. The vital and important matter, in regard to any Chicagoan, is not what his grandfather did, or who his grandfather was, but what he himself is now doing to advance himself and

the city—the two interests being deemed to be the same.

But although the present outweighs the past, there is, at the same time, an unusual degree of present-day interest in the events of the past. I do not know of any other city where the local historical museum is considered to be a matter of such importance and worthy the close attention of the most advanced men and women. And though ancestry is subordinated to present-day achievement, ancestry combined with present-day achievement may be highly regarded.

A politician would like, if he could, to claim descent from the first Irishman of Chicago, who came in 1830. And any citizen would like, as a matter of pride and interest, to be able to point to his father's or grandfather's name on that first formal tax roll of the little place, of 1825, when the property was valued at $4707 and the total tax was fixed at $47.07 and apportioned among thirteen taxpayers. And so recent is that date, that until a few years past a few Chicagoans could claim a birth-date antecedent to that of the tax-roll.

One of the most interesting visitors to the World's Fair, in 1893, was a charming lady, under sixty, who, her home then being in the South, was the invited guest of the city because she was a Kinzie, descended from the earliest and most important of settler families. She was so closely connected with the past that when she died, so recently as 1917, and then only 82 years old, she had for years enjoyed the distinction of being the oldest living white child born

here. Her face looks out, charming in its sweetness and youth, from a portrait of 1856, by Healy, the painter who put Chicago on canvas. And it is such dates and the realization of the dates which point out the extraordinary recentness of old Chicago. There are a number of Chicagoans, some ten in all, still alive as I write, who were born here previous to 1840. There are business houses still in existence which date back as far as the incorporation of Chicago as a city. The yesterday of Chicago is thus to-day; or, as a practical philosopher put it, to-day is the to-morrow that we were wondering about yesterday.

In an effort to connect Chicago with the men of the Revolution some have claimed, and the story is once in a while repeated, that George Washington once remarked to Anthony Wayne that at the mouth of the Chicago was to arise one of the great cities of the future. Benjamin Franklin really did say that about the mouth of the Cuyahoga, where Cleveland has since risen, and he was thoughtful enough to put it on paper, and Chicago would fain do better than Cleveland in the way of prophecy. But nobody really believes the Washington tale; and Chicagoans prefer to point out, with a laugh, the place where Washington would have had his headquarters had he ever come to Chicago.

Chicago does not need visionary associations with the past. Not only is there the Battle Roll of Tippecanoe—and it is a striking fact that Chicago names should figure as prominently as they do in

the story of that brilliantly fought battle of 1811—but there was also the little Black Hawk War, which made Chicago a center of importance for a time, and which had the participation of many men of future prominence. All were in Chicago as much as they could be, for small though it was it was full of life. And it ought to be remembered that Chicago, though really but a village, organized and sent out four companies to the war.

Among the future great men was Zachary Taylor, afterwards to be President, and he was in Chicago as lieutenant-colonel. Abraham Lincoln was here as captain of volunteers. And Jefferson Davis was in the war, and in Chicago, as lieutenant in the regular army. Likely enough, Davis and Lincoln passed each other on the muddy road beside Fort Dearborn, which stood near the mouth of the river: and it is curious to think how little either of them thought of the conflict, then thirty years away, in which they were to be opposing leaders and Presidents.

A half century after the Black Hawk War—in 1881, to be precise—Jefferson Davis was again in Chicago. He was on his way from New Orleans to Montreal, and stopped over, in Chicago, to see the Duke of Sutherland, who was passing through: and, as the English reporter expressed it, in his story (it was Russell, of the London *Times*), Davis sent word that "he would be glad to pay his respects to the Duke of Sutherland, if His Grace would receive him." I should not like to think that an American who had made, though on the wrong side, a great

figure in our national life, really sent a message thus phrased; and, indeed, Russell as a correspondent was never to be altogether trusted, especially when "Your Gracing." But he was probably right when he described Jefferson Davis as being at this time almost white-haired, with close-cut beard and mustache. On the very day of the call of Jefferson Davis on the duke, Chicagoans were setting in place a memorial tablet on the site of Fort Dearborn, and the *Times* man makes Davis say that he had once been in command of the fort: a statement which, of course, Jefferson Davis could not have made, as he was never in command at Fort Dearborn, but was for a time in command of another fort, Winnebago, in Wisconsin.

Another lieutenant who was here, for the Black Hawk War—like Davis, a dapper West Pointer—was Robert Anderson; and when, long afterwards, after his defense of Fort Sumter, he met President Lincoln, and was asked by him if he remembered their first meeting, Anderson replied that he did not remember ever having met him before, whereupon, slowly, the tall, sad man replied, "Thirty years ago, you mustered me into service in the Black Hawk War." How such essences and flavors of history add delight to a region! And how whimsically delightful, among other historical memories, was the great contrast between Lincoln and Douglas, between the giant Lincoln and the "little giant" Douglas, between "six feet four and four feet six" as Chicagoans like to express it; and Lincoln was really

BEAUTY AND BUSINESS

well over six feet and Douglas was barely more than five.

It was in Chicago that Lincoln was nominated for the first time for the Presidency; and this is reminded of the proud record of Chicago for national political conventions and of the general success of Chicago-made candidates. And what, Chicagoans ask, can New York show, in the matter of such conventions, and the national leadership that they represent?

Grover Cleveland was nominated in this city for the two times that he was successful in the Presidential race, leaving to St. Louis the unenviable distinction of nomination for failure. Benjamin Harrison was nominated here for his winning campaign, and it was a Minneapolis nomination from which he went down in defeat. Roosevelt was nominated here for victory; and if he was afterwards given a nomination here for defeat, it was for an election at which it was another Chicago nominee, Taft, who won. And this gave Chicago the chance, which it cheerfully seized, of putting an addendum to a popular pleasantry. For Chicagoans had loved the simple humor of the story of the two citizens disputing as to the merits of the at one time contemporaneous Illinois Senators, Mason and Cullom; of Cullom's giving up his seat in a street car to a lady and Mason's giving up his seat to two ladies: and now that Taft had, in an important sense, joined the Chicago political family, he was made to give up his seat to three ladies.

It was here in Chicago that Harding was nominated. Hughes was nominated here for his unsuccessful race. Bryan was given his first nomination here, and here it was that he electrified the country and leaped to fame as an orator with his perorative crucifixion and cross of gold. Grant was nominated in Chicago for his first election; and it was here that this mighty son of Illinois made the third term effort which so bitterly aroused national feeling. But how superbly the effort was made, with the holding together, throughout two days and thirty-six ballots, of the unbroken and unbreakable Three Hundred! The blood stirs with the thrill of that battle; and those Three Hundred might well be versified by some American Tennyson, even though they went down to defeat in a wrong cause, but as it is, the only verse in connection with it, I believe, is that which, declaimed by Conkling in his nominating speech, aroused the delegates and spectators to wild acclaim:

> "And when asked what State he hails from,
> Our sole reply shall be,
> He hails from Appomatox
> And its famous apple tree."

Garfield was nominated for a winning election in Chicago. McKinley received in Chicago the nomination for his first election. And it was in Chicago that Blaine was nominated, when Robert G. Ingersoll, that orator of Illinois, always associated with Chicago in the mind of Easterners, won a mag-

nificent oratorical triumph with the speech in which the outstanding phrase was that in which Blaine was personified as the Plumed Knight.

And all at once, at this thought, the misty years roll away, and the site of the future Chicago is seen, in the light of two centuries before that speech, as literally aglow with the armor and glory and costumes and plumes of literal knights.

The word "Chicago," has come down through the centuries almost unchanged, in the effort to reproduce Indian pronunciation: "Chicajo," Chachajou," "Chekegou," "Chassagoac." The word meant, in the Indian tongue, "strong"; assuredly an admirable word to characterize the city that was to be. The "strong," some have suggested, came from the prevalent wild onion; others think it came from the quite as prevalent swamp-cabbage. It would seem, more probably, that the word came from the name of a great Indian chief, if the chief did not take his name from the locality. "Chicagou" was an Indian chief who went to Paris in the reign of Louis the Fifteenth, about 1725, and it was set down in early annals, by one of the French priests, that the chief was given a splendid snuff-box by the Duchess of Orleans; a sufficiently odd feature to be the outstanding reminiscence of a curious visit.

There was a Chikagou or Chassagoac, a chief on Lake Michigan, some half a century before that; and it may be taken as probable that the first chief of that name was the father of the second, although, as no ages are mentioned, they may have been one

and the same; remindful of the two skulls of St. Peter shown to the tourist in Rome, one of the saint when he was a young man and one when he was old.

At any rate, the great La Salle, most picturesque, most daring and most romantic of the wonderful Frenchmen who plunged far through the Western wilderness while the English colonists were still hugging close to the Atlantic coast, had long conferences with Chassagoac, as he understood the name, the then great chief of the Illinois country. He was known by name quite as early as was the Chicago Portage; and it is therefore probable that the locality was given its name from him. And the probability is greatly strengthened by the reference, by Father Marquette, to a chief Chachagwession at the southern end of Lake Michigan.

La Salle and Chassagoac talked much together, on the shores of the lake, and together they made the first trade agreement of Chicago, the scene of what myriad of trade agreements since! And, indeed, one sees that romance and trade went hand in hand in the beginnings of Chicago, just as they have continued to do.

Chassagoac and La Salle agreed together upon the exchange of furs for merchandise, and La Salle consummated the agreement by handing to the Indian —with such delightful detail has the story come down—some hatchets, some knives, one kettle, one red blanket. How absolutely delightful to know that it was red! And the first business agreement

of Chicago had thus to do with hardware and dry-goods and furs.

La Salle wrote from here to the Governor-General of Canada a letter dated, "Du portage de Checagou 4 Juin, 1683." And in the winter of 1682–3 he built here a log house and a stockade—vanished long, long ago.

Another chief of the Chicago region, or the same chief with the name somewhat altered by the priestly chronicler (after all, names were necessarily set down by sound, and the excellent priest may have been a little deaf in one ear), declared that in the course of his life; a life, as he said, of long wars and great affairs; he had known but three great captains: Monsieur La Salle, Monsieur de Frontenac and himself. And never was there a more typical Chicago declaration!

Naïveté is a cheerful characteristic of Chicago. Turning over the pages of a Chicago book, I noticed a street view, a view of Monroe Street, with a note stating that it was from an old engraving, "in the eighties"! I think that no other city, young or old, could so naturally refer to the eighties as "old." For, of course, being a street scene of Chicago, it was necessarily to the eighteen eighties that it referred, and not to the seventeen eighties, when George Rogers Clark had just completed the heroic campaign that not only gave the Northwest Territory to the United States, but, as another result, brought about the setting aside of school lands, still

owned by the city of Chicago, from whose rentals a considerable part of the daily expenses of the present-day public schools is secured: a most curious connection with romantic bravery of the past.

Nor did that "old" picture of Chicago mean the sixteen eighties, the period of the glorious La Salle, who first reached Lake Michigan in 1679 and whose deeds and personality dominated the Chicago and Illinois region till his death, less than ten years later, in 1687.

The history of Chicago has a background of proud memories and picturesque tradition. Nor does this mean that picturesqueness can belong only to the distant past. Chicago of the present may at any moment offer picturesqueness, and the picturesqueness may be very fine indeed; as on a day during the strike of April, 1920, when fifteen hundred striking carpenters of Chicago marched to Melrose Park, a suburb that had suffered devastation from a hurricane, and worked all day at building and repairing, gladly giving their labor free. Those fifteen hundred men, marching and working without pomp or display, make a fine and memorable picture.

This city, young though it is, is also a city of age, and of pictorial age. Winds come blowing, straight from the land of romance. One thinks again of the days of La Salle. What costumes and what finery, here at the mouth of the Chicago! The noble banners, the white fleur-de-lis, steel corslets flashing in the sun, leather jerkins, colorful scarfs, gallant plumes! And, in picturesque contrast, the priestly

robes of black or gray. We see La Salle himself, not like his ineffective statue in Lincoln Park, but splendid and stern, in steel breastplate and with belted baldric and sword; we see him in a scarlet cloak with gold facings, a figure noble and superb; we see him, in the pages of another chronicler, in scarlet cloak thick-edged with gold, a man of scarlet gorgeousness. And he had a costume of white and gold which he donned only for occasions of special impressiveness and display. A stately, commanding, always effectively clad figure, there in the distant wilderness, La Salle appreciated to the full, as George Washington later appreciated, the value of finely-clad dignity.

The purple and gold of chivalry, the strange and haunting scenes, the devotion of friend to friend, the magnificent enterprise, the gay bravery, the instant readiness to engage in either battle or barter, the personal bravery of those early men, the marvelous things they attempted and performed!

Near Niagara La Salle built a ship, *Le Griffon,* and it was the first to sail into the waters of Lake Michigan. At Green Bay he loaded it with furs. It set out upon its Eastward way. And the imagination is instantly aflame with the picture of that boat, the first sail boat on Lake Michigan, setting out to return through the profound loneliness.

A little later and La Salle, at the Chicago Portage, begins to be disquieted from receiving no news of his vessel, for a great storm had swept the lake shortly after it set sail. A little later still, he makes

up his mind that his boat was lost in the storm. And in an effort to make sure he resorts to a plan which even now, with all the appliances of these recent days, with steam and electricity, railroads and telegraph, would be a difficult plan to carry out. For, to find if his boat was wrecked, and to find if survivors needed aid, he had the entire coast line of Lake Michigan searched! But no wreck or wreckage was discovered, and the boat was never again heard of.

The loss of his ship was a great blow to La Salle; to his finances as well as to his ambitions. For this splendid knight, this gallant soldier, was first of all a trader. He had been given a trading grant and privileges by the French government, and owned a trading station on the St. Lawrence, and depended on his profits in trade. And that represents the Chicago of to-day: picturesqueness and trade! La Salle could not have given the locality a better beginning. Not, it may be added, that he was connected with the Chicago Portage alone, for he was up and down throughout the entire Illinois country; but he was always returning to the Portage, and passing through by way of the Portage, and his mind was a great deal upon the Portage. Business and imagination was the keynote of the life of Chicago, as it was the keynote of the life of La Salle: René Robert Cavalier, Sieur de La Salle—and what a fine and rolling and satisfactory name it is!

La Salle's greatest friend was an Italian-born trader, the great Tonti: and a connection altogether

bizarre links the name with the modern business of modern days: for Tonti's father was an insurance man, who was so clever as to invent, in those far-away times, a form of insurance still known, from his name, as the Tontine!

When La Salle and Tonti were apart they would write each other in letters tucked in the crotches of trees, or left hanging to branches, to be found by the intended recipient weeks or months afterwards.

While the English were laboriously exploring a few miles up the Delaware beyond Philadelphia, or cautiously treading the Bay Path, out toward the Berkshires, Frenchmen became closely familiar with thousands of miles of wilderness from Quebec to beyond the future Chicago. The name of one of them, Du Lhut, is retained in the name of the city at the head of Lake Superior. Marquette and Joliet are remembered by the cities of those names. Tonti is kept in memory by a romantic modern little village, Tontitown, with a romantic history, that I once came upon, tucked away in the Ozark Mountains. The name of La Salle is the name of a town not many miles from Chicago; but, even more fittingly, man of adventurous finance that he was, his name has been given to the street which is the Wall Street of Chicago.

What journeys those early Frenchmen made! They would travel thousands of miles, unchecked by blazing sun or bitter cold, by plumping rains or sweeping sleet or snow. And how they reveled in the beauty of long and lovely days! What delight

was theirs in the charming sweeps of plain, the dark solemnity of the forests!

La Salle went on a visit to France; and at length, to Tonti, in the Illinois country, came a rumor that his friend, bound again for America, had been wrecked on the coast of Florida. Instantly Tonti prepared to cross the immensity of wilderness that lay between Lake Michigan and Florida, to seek for and succor his friend; but, as he was starting—and the imagination is appalled by the intended effort—there came the news that it was not on the Florida coast but near the mouth of the Mississippi that La Salle needed him; and so down the Mississippi he went, following its bends and sweeps for vast mileages, and at the river's mouth he sought for La Salle but sought in vain, and at length he returned, heavy-hearted and sorely anxious.

La Salle was really in trouble, on the Mexican Gulf, but far to the westward of the Mississippi's mouth; and he started for Illinois and Tonti, with his party, striking across country, attempting the impossible. He was slain on the way by a traitor, and thus came to an end the wonderful friendship of two wonderful men.

It is well for Chicagoans to remember La Salle; every Chicagoan ought by the vision splendid to be on his way attended. And especially because, by some miracle of transference, of transmission, the spell which La Salle cast over the region of Chicago has outlasted the centuries. La Salle was a Norman. And the ancient Norman prayer was:

"WE WILL GO AND GET THEM"

"Lord, we do not ask thee for the desirable things of life, but merely to tell us where they are and we will go and get them." And that ancient Norman spirit, exemplified so magnificently by La Salle, is the very spirit of Chicago to-day.

CHAPTER IV

THE LAKE FRONT

ALMOST alone among great cities, quite alone among cities of the first importance in size, Chicago faces directly out upon a mighty sea —a sea that is mighty although it is an inland sea. Homes and business blocks look off into the blue and purple distances, across boundlessness of watery space; and the water shimmers and swirls and ripples, or comes thundering in huge breakers, directly in front of beautiful homes and stately mercantile structures. From the windows, one may look out at water and sky of ever-changing colors, at a lake of cold yellow under clouds of purplish black, at a lake all blue under the bluest of skies, at a lake of dazzling white and green. The city faces out right royally. And sunrise is a marvel, when it suffuses the frontage with showered gold. Or one watches the evening colorings after the sun has set, with opalescent blues and steel grays, with shifting shadowings, weird, uncanny, beautiful, till

the darkness deepens all into one black mass. Or, as one of the Chicago poets expresses it,

> "The fog comes
> On little cat feet.
> It sits looking
> over harbor and city
> on silent haunches
> and then moves on."

But it is told in all earnestness, and not in jest, that a visiting Englishman, looking out over the view, from his hotel window, on his first morning here, remarked casually, how odd it was to have a reservoir in front of a hotel!

Although there is a lake frontage of some twenty-six miles, the term "Lake Front" is used, by Chicagoans, as descriptive of about a mile of Michigan Avenue; and it is one of the most wonderful city miles of the world. The mile holds shops and office buildings, clubs and hotels, built closely and massively and with splendid effect, and facing out, across a superb roadway, to the water.

A line of massive buildings; square-topped, gable-topped, tower-topped. Buildings of gray and of ivory-white, of red and brown, in varying shades. Buildings of twentieth-century design contrasting with buildings quite as modern but following old-time appearance. There are little balconies, and there are human figures in bronze or stone and there are shields of stone. There are oval windows, stone garlanded, and there are lions' heads and eagles in stone. A Diana surmounts a lofty tower: a stone

owl, gravely apexed, tops a superbly designed club building, a tall and spacious building, Gothic in design in infinite detail, with balconies and oriel windows. Another club building displays, up under its cornice line, a chariot-race frieze. Another club building shows the stateliness of tall Gothic windows.

But not for a moment is it forgotten, that it is not the buildings alone or the lake alone, but the combination of the buildings, and the lake and the boulevarded avenue, and the space between the avenue and the lake, that makes the magnificence of this one-sided thoroughfare. For all these business blocks and club buildings and hotels occupy one side only of Michigan Avenue; all face the lake and the rising sun, across the open space, known as Grant Park, which is definitely planned not to intercept the view but to give it a formal setting and extension, while at the same time masking the railway.

One-sided avenues are a feature of beauty, a feature of distinguished importance, in various cities of the world. There is remarkable Princes Street in Edinburgh, looking far across at the line of the ancient town and the castled rock; there is Riva degli Schiavoni, facing out across the water in still more ancient Venice; there is the Lungarno, bordering the yellow river of Florence; there is Beacon Street, facing with modest pride over Boston Common; there is Riverside Drive, with its superb view of the Hudson; and with all these one-sided

thoroughfares of beauty, some of them with many centuries behind them, the new and the noble one-side avenue of Chicago proudly holds its own.

Nor is it that all the buildings are beautiful, but that throughout the Mile the effectiveness is continued and beautiful. There is constant collective beauty; and some of the buildings are of striking individual beauty. There is wide variety; and Chicagoans themselves like to point out, for example, the Fine Arts Building, and to say that the first story is of Roman architecture, the second Greek, the third Greco-Roman, and the fourth catch-as-catch-can.

Housed in these buildings are big clubs and little clubs, and other organizations, largely literary or musical. One has the hall of the city's orchestra. There are shops for jewels and laces and furs and pictures, for fine raiment and fine linen. There are hotels of world-wide fame. There are business buildings with mighty and massive pillars. There are buildings that rise in airy strength. There are doorways of diversity, including one that is Egyptian, like a cave. You see long balconies, and little single-window balconies, and buildings with no balconies at all. You catch sight, far up, of a Venetian gable.

Within one of the buildings is a swimming place, a great pool within surroundings of white marble; and hard-headed business men order luncheon before their noonday plunge, and have it served, if they so desire, on little tables beside the pools, and

feel a restfulness from eating, clad only in breech-clouts, and in a little while, impeccably dressed, hurry off to their business again.

The great broad sidewalk, the superb breadth of the street, the throngs of the well-dressed (for seldom do the other classes venture upon the Mile), the constant streams of motor-cars (not trolley-cars; nothing so common as that!), give an air of vivid life, as of a city aglow with wealth and happiness.

At the northern end, in the space between the driveway and the lake, an imposing peristyle, still new enough to be almost white, gives dignity and beauty, like a bit of ancient Greece, with its classic columns and its sweeping grace and its nobility of size and proportions.

Set stately between avenue and water's-edge, stands the Art Institute, a building of dark-mellowed stone, with broad-stairwayed entrance and lions of bronze.

The long terraces, the stone balustrades, the spacing and spaciousness, all are part of a splendid plan, splendidly carried out. But also, between the avenue and the lake, stretch the sunken tracks of a railway, out of sight but not out of mind, for there is constant noise and there are constant clouds of blackest smoke and blackest soot, shriveling the grass and shrinking the shrubs that the city bravely tries to grow.

The space between roadway and water, given nobility at one end of the Mile by the peristyle,

and beauty midway by the Art Institute, has at its southern end the Field Museum of Natural History.

This is of tremendous size, of classic design, with mighty rows of mighty pillars along the central façade and the mighty wings. It is said to be the largest marble building in the world: seven hundred and sixty-seven feet long, if one cares precisely to know, and three hundred and fifty in width. It is hugely Grecian. It is a royal palace. And yet in spite of its immensity of perfection, it lacks some spirit and leaves one rather cold.

The boulevarded Mile of Michigan Avenue—the Chicagoans lovingly call it their "Boul' Mich."—is as impressive by night as by day; when darkness comes creeping in from the lake, and the boulevard lightens and brightens, with the flare of thousands of motors, with the glow of lighted windows, with the splendor of lines of illumination from six-clustered lights on metal poles, when everything is seen in a glorified indistinctness, with the beauty of buildings and roadway idealized, and with a sort of magic in it all.

Yet it was hard to induce business and buildings to come here until a few years ago; and even now, at the end of the Mile, to the southward, the beauty ends, and there comes suddenly a garishness, as of a mining camp, with two-story buildings paltrily bedizened.

The development of the Lake Front in front of the city's very center has been a proud achievement: and the plans of the city are for further and

even superb development along a far greater stretch of water-front. And if one should deem any of the plans impossible—well, Irving Bacheller, in one of his novels, pictures a visitor to early Chicago listening to the extravagant prophecies of a Chicagoan; absolute impossibilities!—but the odd thing, continues the novelist, was that within a few years all the prophecies had come true!

Without control of the important mile of frontage the city could not even have begun its principal shore improvement; and there were powerful interests ranged against the city; and the able work, against those interests, of a Chicago lawyer named Melville Fuller, had much to do with giving him the acclaim and prominence that led to his being made Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. And the Lake Front has become to Chicago, in its ultimate importance and its vital representation of the city, much like Boston Common to Boston.

Fuller had also, as a Chicago lawyer, been connected importantly with another case of interest to the people of Chicago and also connected with Michigan Avenue; for Fuller was the leading lawyer for the much-loved and much-honored Episcopalian rector, Cheney, in his trial for heresy; Cheney afterwards becoming Bishop Cheney of the church organization named, with breezy superiority, the "Reformed" Episcopal Church. And Bishop Cheney has but recently died. He almost rounded threescore years of ecclesiastical service in Chicago. He

THE LAKESIDE GLORY OF CHICAGO

became rector of Christ Church at Michigan Avenue and Twenty-fourth Street—but it was in 1860, and Michigan Avenue was then not even a street, but merely a rough lane, and the vicinity was deemed quite outside of Chicago, in a cluster of houses of railwaymen, called "Carville," with a great unbuilt-upon region between it and what was then Chicago proper. Ordained, and ready for his first church, Cheney had come to Chicago to visit his fiancée and he found a church in "Carville." And, as he loved to tell, Christ Church needed a rector and he needed a parish, so he was glad to take the charge, at a salary of $750—with the express understanding that the church must be made to prosper sufficiently, under his rectorate and Divine Providence, to justify such a great sum. There were but seven members when he preached his first sermon! Year by year, Christ Church and its rector grew old together, and the growth of Chicago swept over the locality and far beyond, and the church stood by him in his trial and followed him into the "Reformed," and when he was made bishop it was stipulated that he was to remain its rector.

Cheney liked to remember, too, that the Mexican War had made a deep impression upon "Carville," for what was years afterwards to become Twenty-second Street was Ringgold (a little later a name of the Civil War also), and the future Twenty-third Street was Palo Alto, and the Twenty-sixth Street of to-day was Buena Vista.

The streets leading from Michigan Avenue, in the

Mile section, are themselves notable for the carefully arranged vistas in connection with them and the Lake Front. And always, with these vistas, the blue waters of the lake make the final background. Looking down Randolph Street one sees the peristyle, and completing the view through Monroe Street is a sweeping bow of roadway and on either side a large square-sided shaft of stone; opposite Adams Street (one notices that the names here are of early American biography) is the beautiful central front of the Art Institute, and looking down the vista of Madison Street there is a fountain with admirable stone pillars, topped with round-balled stone.

Making an impressive ending for the vista of East Ninth Street is a statue of General Logan, on horseback, high-mounded, greatly pedestaled, caught in bronze in heroic attitude, the sculptor having attempted the difficult task of perpetuating a triumphant moment.

St. Gaudens made this Logan. And it was unveiled on a day of glorious sun and high wind, with booming cannon and much processioning of soldiers, most prominent being those who had been General Logan's own. In the grand-stand, in apparent amicability, sat the widow, Mrs. Logan, and by her side the sculptor, St. Gaudens: and few knew that Mrs. Logan had wished her husband put in bronze as a statesman instead of as a general, and that she had argued the matter in vain with St. Gaudens, and had then sought to have him supplanted, by the

committee, by another sculptor. All of which amused St. Gaudens, years afterwards, when he wrote of how Mrs. Logan and he sat together in seeming friendliness.

It seems odd to think of setting up "Black Jack" of Illinois and Chicago as statesman rather than soldier: and yet, after all, as a Congressman and Senator he showed much ability; as in his measured reply when, the impeachment of President Johnson being proposed, fear was expressed that it would lead to a revolution; whereupon he said, with characteristic Chicagoan crushingness: "A country which in time of war and excitement can stand an assassination of so good and great a President as Abraham Lincoln, will stand the impeachment of as bad a President as Andrew Johnson."

Blaine remarked of Logan that, although there had been more able American generals, and more able American statesman, he did not know of any one else who had so successfully combined the two careers.

Superb though the Lake Front is, it was amazing to find at its northern end, at the little railway station for suburbanites, an eating room such as one would expect to find only in some little town of the Western plains: an astonishingly narrow, funny place of frame; temporary, of course—but the temporary has lasted for years. Necessarily the place will some day go: perhaps it has gone even as I write; but not to be forgotten are the eight high-revolving chairs, each screwed to the floor, the

rail for the feet, the triangle of pie under its glass dome, the doughnuts and sandwiches under their glass domes, the coffee machines—all perhaps excellent enough but amusingly like something very far away and long ago.

On this splendid Lake Front there comes to mind a comparison with Boston; somehow, the two cities seem naturally to offer themselves for comparison! each is a city whose people have the highest esteem for their own—Boston, the city that looks so cheerfully backward to grandparents, and Chicago, the city that looks so cheerfully forward to grandchildren; Boston, the city whose cherished outlook is the Back Bay, and Chicago, the city whose cherished outlook is the Lake Front.

CHAPTER V

OVER RUSH STREET BRIDGE

THE year 1894 saw the appearance of "Trilby," in which Du Maurier, both artist and novelist that he was, presented a widespread British belief in regard to Chicago. For Du Maurier, writing of the rich Miss Lavinia Hunks of Chicago (and the use of the name "Hunks" was in itself deemed a marvelous bit of humor), described her as "so lamentably, so pathetically plain that it would be brutal to attempt the cheap and easy task of describing her. He calls her "a grotesque little bogey in blue," completing his description with a picture that makes her the extreme of unattractive ugliness.

He knew nothing of Chicago, but unfamiliarity with a subject has never been a bar to our friends across the water. In fact, Du Maurier himself pictures his laird as making a pronounced success with pictures of Spain—until he actually went there.

Poetic justice, literary and artistic justice, came quickly in regard to Chicago. For "Trilby," with its description of what English readers might suppose to be typical of Chicago womanhood, was not much more than upon the bookshelves when, in 1895, an Englishman of note married a Chicago girl; and the English learned what "Miss Hunks" was really like. Her name was Leiter, Mary Victoria Leiter, and she was wealthy, and she was fine looking, and of grace and charm and beauty, with a distinguished air to which the British themselves did honor. And as the wife of a peer, who became Viceroy of India, the highest women of the British aristocracy waited eagerly and often humbly for a word or nod from her.

And what a marvelous transformation it was! Here in Chicago Mary Leiter lived, in a house over Rush Street Bridge. And as if by the touch of an enchanter, she is placed in state as a vicereine, presiding over the court of India, with her life a continuous pageant, with guards gorgeous in purple and gold, with elephants, with the most brilliant Oriental splendor; and all her honors borne with unostentatious grace and dignity. The magic tales of India tell of no more brilliant transformation.

That was "Miss Hunks" of reality. Nor was Mary Leiter, wife of Viceroy Curzon, the first American woman to become a vicereine, for Mary Caton, granddaughter of the highly picturesque Charles Carroll of Carrollton, had long before married the brother of the Duke of Wellington, the

Marquis of Wellesley, who had been ruler of India and was then viceroy, or technically lord-lieutenant, of Ireland. Mary Caton; or to be precise, Mrs. Patterson, for she was a widow; was not a Chicagoan. But quite a number of Chicago young women have become the wives of Europeans, and a notable fact is that their husbands, on the average, much more than foreign husbands of wives from other American cities, have become men of active achievement; showing apparently the vigorous value of the Chicago spirit. One may name, as an example, Admiral Beatty, so successfully prominent in the great war, who had married a wife from Chicago.

A large, square-fronted, square-topped house, four stories in height, with great large square windows, at the corner of Ontario and Rush Streets, is the house from which Mary Leiter went forth. The lower story is classic in design, with fluted Doric columns at the windows and a great stone balustraded balcony. Smooth gray stone for the lower floor, and for the upper three a reddish-tawny brick, makes a somewhat odd effect. There are but two windows to each floor, on the front of the house, and each of these great windows has but a single great pane of glass, with no dividing crosspiece.

Near by is the great Cyrus H. McCormick home, a huge mausoleum—like a pile of brown stone. For this region, in the latter part of the eighteen hundreds, was one of great wealth. It is a small neighborhood of large houses. But the importance of

the vicinity has mostly gone. Rooming houses and little shops have come near by, and the big houses themselves have an air of shabbiness, and the gardens, with their high brick walls, share the discouraged air, in a sort of sooty sadness.

McCormick had his portrait painted by Cabanel; afterwards, made a member of the Legion of Honor, and receiving in due course the red ribbon of the Legion, McCormick wanted it painted on his portrait, and so the picture was packed up and sent to France to have the touch of red added by Cabanel himself.

In this immediate vicinity, at Huron and Cass Streets, is a large church of gray sandstone, with high-pitched roof of dark slate; it is the Church of St. James, and was long deemed and seems to be still deemed the leading Episcopalian church of the city, for those who wish the mingled odor of society and sanctity. The houses close by are not quite of Leiter or McCormick costliness, although large and comfortable, with grass plots; and it is not surprising to learn that most of the congregation nowadays come from a distance. The home of Laura, in that famous Chicago novel, "The Pit," was cornerwise opposite; a house built as the church rectory, and recently torn down; and she and Jadwin were married at St. James's.

In spite of social standing, the church has but ordinary architectural standing; and one fancies that the square tower, with one toothpick standing higher than the other three, is a trifle better than the

rest of the church; and you learn that this may possibly be owing to this part being older, having stood through the Great Fire, when all the rest of the structure was destroyed.

For the Great Fire, having leaped across the river, swept this entire region, and went devastatingly on to the northward. Not a house is now standing in this part of the city, that stood before the fire. It is generally said that the Mahlon Ogden home, which has since been torn down, was the only house that escaped, and that it was left standing alone in the midst of smoky desolation. But the home of a policeman also escaped. And it seems as if the story of a dry cistern and the saving of a house by deluging its roof with cider deserves to be kept in mind.

After the Great Fire, Chicago must have presented what seemed a series of Gothic ruins; for photographs of the time show church after church destroyed, except for lonely looking walls, solitary crocketed-like fragments, hollow-eyed ruins, all seeming grim and very ancient.

What is practically the Fire Monument of Chicago is the old water tower, standing in the Lincoln Parkway. Although this is the only structure still standing past which the fire swept in this northern section, there has been persistent effort to have it destroyed, in the alleged interests of improvement; and determined have been the efforts to retain it in place, as an honored memento of a terrible event; for in the days after the fire it

served as a helpful landmark for wandering multitudes searching for the spots where stood their homes. Nor is it without a certain impressiveness. A tall shaft rises from a cluttered and clustered base, having twelve towers at varying heights. It is all white stone, and, pseudo-Gothic though it is, is effective in its own odd way and looks much more like a Gothic monument than a water tower.

A curious cluster of Moorish-looking buildings at Cass and Ohio Streets, with onion-domes, crescent-topped, dominates that vicinity, and one finds it to be Medinah Temple, of the Masons.

In this same immediate region stands a large and fortress-like building, heavy and solid and uninteresting in appearance, but with a great deal of interest in reality. For this is the building about which much of the life and interest of the city revolves; the building of the Historical Society.

Surely no other city, to welcome a distinguished general as the new commander of the military department, would give him a reception at its historical society rooms and have the best people of the city present; but Chicago does things in its own way, and that is precisely what it did for General Wood.

The activities of the Historical Society are surprising in scope. Take any report of a year's doings; and it will show what such a society can do and be. For example, in November the annual meeting, with distinguished folk a-plenty. On a December afternoon, three hundred teachers came, on invitation, to listen to an illustrated lecture on

Chicago history. Isn't that fine! Early in February, a reception and tea with five hundred guests, the names of the committee who worked to make it a success including the people of the city most prominent socially and in wealth. There was old-fashioned silver on the tea-table, the orchestra played airs of three-quarters of a century ago, and there was a costume exhibit, notable from the fine gowns that were shown, inherited from mothers or grandmothers. And as a special point there was present, attired in the gown she had worn at her wedding, the daughter of the first president of the Historical Society.

Another time they had a reception with such attention to interesting detail as the reproduction, on the invitations to the reception, of a picture showing a reception at the White House in 1865: this having a local touch because Miss Arnold, one of those in the receiving line, remembers being at a White House reception in 1865 with her father, an Illinois Congressman and a biographer of Lincoln.

Another time, and there is the exhibition of a collection of pieced quilts and hand-woven coverlets and old-time home-made agricultural implements, many of them gathered and presented by Emerson Hough, the Chicago novelist.

The constant interest in the past, in a city so markedly a city of the present, is highly interesting. When the Society makes an acquisition the newspapers treat the matter as news of general interest, to be prominently featured. And it is astonishing

what a quantity of interesting material has been gathered. There is a little old brass-nail-studded cylindrical hair-trunk, still containing the wedding dress of Mrs. Rebecca Heald, the wife of Captain Heald. It was carried on horseback on their wedding trip, in 1811, to Fort Dearborn, when he took command of the post. One pictures the young bride and this sweet wedding dress in the wilderness of that time; and the couple were happy for the brief period before the outbreak of the war with England. Then came the attack and massacre; she was captured; and this trunk was carried to St. Louis by one of the Indians. There it was recognized and ransomed by a friend of Heald's, who sorrowfully sent it to the young wife's parents, fully believing that she must be dead. But to the amazement of all she was alive, a prisoner, and after a while she was set free. And this trunk and its contents, with its strange eventful history, is here. Sir Walter Scott, had he been a Chicagoan, would have written a novel around such a relic, with such a series of happenings! And it would have been one of his best.

And here is a miniature of Captain Wells, who bravely gave his life on the eventful day of massacre. And how it brings him actually before us!—with his high red collar up to his very ears, and his blue coat and white epaulets and brass buttons and the black stock under his chin. A blue-eyed, long-nosed, pleasant-faced young man—and

somehow that distant day of death seems very, very real and very close.

There is a wide variety of the unexpected here. And notable is the very last letter that was written by John Brown. It is to his sister Mary, and is dated at Charlestown, November 22, 1857. He knows that certain death is at hand, but he writes calmly, in kindly comforting fashion. He had grieved, he said, from fear that they would feel ashamed because of his death on the scaffold, but her letter had reassured him, and "Now I have done. May the God of peace bring us all again from the dead." And he is "Your affectionate brother, John Brown."

And here is the richly embroidered coat worn by Colonel Baum, who led the Hessians and British at the Battle of Bennington, in the Revolutionary War. Baum was mortally wounded, and his blood-stained coat was handed to a young American soldier named Wood; and it remained in family possession for generations, and was brought by a Wood to Chicago, and at length found its place here.

The building is crowded with mementoes and portraits, with letters and documents, but, far more important than these things, is the spirit in which the Historical Society is regarded. It stands not merely for the past, but for what is interesting or important in the past, and it aids materially in upholding civic pride. And it has become quite a habit, in all seriousness and not from humor, when

any one asks a question which cannot at once be answered, to refer him to the Historical Society; and this, even with questions entirely unconnected with anything connected with history.

This district gives the impression of being a section set apart, a district by itself, a community gathered here just over Rush Street Bridge; or at least, where Rush Street Bridge stood for so many years.

The lake is not far away, and projecting into the lake is one of the things of which Chicago is most proud, an immense municipal pier. It is near the mouth of the river. It is at the end of Grand Avenue. Chicago declares it to be the greatest of all municipal piers, of any city; it has a length of three thousand feet and its uses are mainly for public recreation.

A little farther along the shore was "Shantytown," ruled over by the "Queen of the Sands"!—and one sees, that in Chicago even vice is apt to have a picturesque side, at least in nomenclature.

That the Rush Street Bridge could exist for so many years after its inadequacy was painfully evident is one of the things which point out the contradictoriness of Chicago. And it not only long continued its inadequate existence, but Chicagoans felt a pride in it! At the northern end of Michigan Avenue, that wonderful Mile, two immense streams of traffic merged to cross a rickety, narrow, unsightly bridge: "the bridge with the greatest traffic of any bridge in the world," Chicagoans declared, stand-

THE VISTA OF ADAMS STREET

ing ready to give figures regarding vehicles and pedestrians crossing any bridge in London or Paris or New York if you would but listen. It seemed only a busy, overworked little bridge. Yet this inadequate bridge, that any other city would have done away with over night, took years and years for Chicago to replace. And this a city of triumphantly big things! A new bridge, no matter how elaborate, across that narrow stream, could not for a moment be compared with any one of the majestic bridges across the East River, in New York, or even with one of the great high-level bridges of Cleveland; yet these cities never made the pother and bother over any one of them that Chicago made over this.

And the standpoint was always so amusing. I remarked to a Chicago business man, one day, in regard to its obvious shortcomings, but he could not see them, although at that very moment, as we looked, there was inextricable jamming and locking of 'buses and motors and vans, and the little old bridge was shaking like a ship in a storm. "It's a good bridge," he said, puzzled; "a perfectly good bridge. Why, that bridge carries more traffic—" and so on.

But at length the so-long-needed improvement was got under way, and in 1920 it was completed, and now a really fine and adequate bridge, a two-story bridge, connects Michigan Avenue with the splendid region to the northward, and the advance of business blocks and apartment houses on the farther side of the river has received important impetus.

The abutments of Rush Street Bridge, on the south bank of the river, marked the center of the stockade of the long-vanished Fort Dearborn. And Chicago itself was for quite a while known by the name of Fort Dearborn.

Every trace of the fort has gone. Indeed, it is a very literal fact that so far as the city's early history is concerned the sites alone are the sights. There are no buildings associated with the men and the stirring events of even a century ago. There is no bit of stockade, no doddering house front, no building incrusted with the literal or figurative patina of time.

The spot where the beginning of the continuous settlement of Chicago was made was where, long afterwards, the Rush Street Bridge touched the north bank of the river. The man who began the continuous settlement came here during the Revolutionary War; a black man from San Domingo, bearing the ornate name of Jean Baptiste Point de Saible. He sold his log house to a trapper Frenchman, and the Frenchman sold it to John Kinzie, the first American, the first real settler. It was in 1804 that Kinzie and his family settled here, and from time to time he so altered and enlarged the house that its original aspect quite disappeared.

Kinzie was one of the early American silversmiths. But there were few on Lake Michigan then to buy silverware: the fort was built in the same year that Kinzie came, and a few settlers drifted gradually in: and Kinzie, leaving his art largely in

abeyance, became important as an Indian trader, receiving the boat sent annually by Astor's fur company and acquiring acquaintance and influence among the Indians. But he worked somewhat in silver, and a few old Chicago families treasure examples of his skill.

Fort Dearborn was named after a man who never came here, never went west of Niagara; but Chicago has the right to feel proud that the man whose name was given to the fort was full of a vital energy that was quite Chicago-like. He was no office-chair patriot. When he heard of Lexington he gathered a company of sixty and led them to the army, marching sixty-five miles a day. He fought at Bunker Hill. He was not only present at the surrender of Burgoyne but at that of Cornwallis. He was for eight years secretary of War under Jefferson. And it need not be matter of surprise that Dearborn was an officer in the War of 1812 as well as in the Revolution, for, after all, we were fighting the same King in both wars. And it was only a little while after the tragic episode of Fort Dearborn, that Wordsworth wrote sadly of the King whom we were for the second time fighting, as "deprived of sight and lamentably wrapped in two-fold night."

Tragedy came to Fort Dearborn through an order from General Hull directing Captain Heald to evacuate the fort. This was the same Hull who in cowardly fashion surrendered Detroit. He was offered the opportunity to give up both Chicago and Detroit and actually seized the opportunity!

It was in the first year of the War of 1812. The Indians had been promptly let loose against us along the border. To retreat from Fort Dearborn, for scores of miles, through the Indian country, with women and children and baggage (some of the garrison had their families with them, and a few scattered settlers, with their families, had sought shelter at the fort), was an impossibility.

It was not a great military happening, compared with the European events of the period. It was but an unfortunate tragedy that came from the employment of Indian allies. It was tucked in, as to date, between Wellington's great battles in Spain and the overwhelming Battle of Leipzig, when France was England's bitterest enemy and Germany and Austria were England's allies. How disconcertingly topsy-turvy is history! For in the War of 1812 we fought against England, and immensely helped France. But only a few years before, Washington was drawn from what he had deemed final retirement to head the army for expected war with France.

The Chicago Massacre seems very near. Here by this black and sluggish stream—now black and always sluggish—the little party of nearly one hundred went forth to what they knew was almost certain death. Captain Wells, whose gay miniature we have just seen over yonder, blackened his face in Indian fashion, to show the grim despair of the situation. Near at hand, where now stands a great department store, the Indians had left their

camp and had gone to the lakeside trail to wait.

In some contemporary account I have read of this as a "massacree," and I like the word; it sounds so much more terrible with the double "e." And it was the terror of this "massacree" which accounted in considerable degree for the energy with which Illinois took part in the Black Hawk War; poor old Black Hawk being rather puzzled by the ireful commotion rather unintentionally aroused.

Following the Black Hawk War the Indians were removed from what they, and their forefathers for centuries, loved as the Illinois country, and sent to the other side of the Mississippi. The United States was not ungenerous, so it would seem, for it freely handed out, at the last moment, sums of money to such Indians as claimed rights in land. And then came more than doubts as to the generosity of the government, or at least of its agents: for the money was handed out, to the total of many thousands of dollars, all in fifty-cent pieces, and white men, with great supplies of poor whiskey, stood by to tempt the red men to buy, and of course civilization beat savagery and took away almost all its silver wealth; it was only because adverse winds so delayed a ship, loaded with whiskey, that it could not reach here in time, that the Indians got away with any money at all. The visible supply of drink having vanished, the Indians, streaked and daubed with paint, drunkenly danced and yelled around what was to be the northern end of Rush Street Bridge and then, dancing and whooping, yelling,

gesticulating, brandishing weapons, they circled about the future city's earliest localities, crossing the river at the southward and returning toward the lake along what was in time to be South Water Street, now a street jammed and crowded and thronged with wagons and with sellers and buyers of vegetables, poultry, eggs and butter; a survival, this street market, with its bordering commission houses, of a Chicago almost as old as the time of the Indians, and now marked, itself, for passing away in the interests of modern change.

With that wild orgy and wild march the Indians vanished from Chicago. Old settlers used to tell that, as they passed the Sauganash Hotel, where later the Wigwam was to stand, where Lincoln was to be nominated, a few visitors looked out, frightened, the Indians there having an access of wild fury.

The Chicago River is a dark and dismal and somber stream, over which gulls sweep and dip and dive and utter their hoarse short cries, just as I have seen them dip and dive and heard them cry over some of the most beautiful river mouths in England; and gulls must have dived and cried here when the first explorers came, when Chicago was all wilderness; and so these gulls are probably descendants of those that welcomed Joliet and Marquette and La Salle, and of those that later soared and swooped and cried on the day of the "massacree." The gulls of Chicago are of ancient pedigree.

The Chicago poets are, naturally, attracted by

the waterside of the city, and one of them, Edholm, writes of the river:

> "They have bound me with bridges,
> With tunnels burrowed under me!
> Incessant, unresting,
> All day and all night,
> Traffic roars over me,
> And my uplook to the blessed sky
> Is barred with girders, cables, stacks."

And to another Chicago poet, Sandburg, it is a boat seeking the mouth of the river, in a fog, that appeals, and its sad-sounding whistle

> "Calls and cries unendingly,
> Like some lost child
> In tears and trouble
> Hunting the harbor's breast,
> And the harbor's eyes."

Where the Kinzie house once stood, across the river from Fort Dearborn, a soap factory long ago arose; and very recently the factory was torn down, in making room for the new bridge and its approaches. Prominent on the side of the building, where countless Chicagoans have seen and read it, in the course of the years that it was there, was a huge sign reminiscent of the once familiar and homely custom of the week-end tub! I happened to be passing, one day in 1919, when the last of the old sign was actually disappearing; and it showed, not literally the Saturday night bath as a custom, but as of Sunday morning; perhaps with the idea

of its interfering less with a business day; at any rate, the sign, large and plain, read: "Wonderful Sunday morning bath soap."

CHAPTER VI

THE LOOP HOUNDS

A CITY that can designate a large part of its people as "Loop Hounds," and do it genially and have it taken good-naturedly, almost as a compliment and assuredly not as a criticism, must needs be an unusual city, a city of quality and of qualities. It is a pleasant local phrase. It is used by Chicagoans just as they use "prairie dogs" to describe the monumental lions in front of the Art Institute. They would resent "Loop Hounds" had the phrase not been made in Chicago.

The myriad whose occupational activities are centered within the Loop are the Loop Hounds; and the term includes the big merchants, both wholesale and retail, and bankers, and city and county officials and judges and lawyers and uncounted thousands of workers in offices and stores. Within the Loop too, or at its very edge, where the city looks out over the lake, are almost every club and every hotel.

Never in any city was there such a compact segregation of important interests. The Loop is a parallelogram, formed by the Elevated lines, and including a limited number of city blocks. The trains come in from north and south and west and intricately and noisily box the compass and vanish. In common parlance and understanding the Loop reaches from about Twelfth Street to the river, at the north, and from the south branch of the river to Grant Park; thus extending a trifle outside of the literal Elevated restrictions.

It has become the custom in Chicago to decry the Loop, to criticize it, to try to do away with it because of congestion of business and traffic within its bounds. And it is amazing to notice how quickly the influence of the Loop vanishes; how quickly, leaving its precincts, one comes to raggedness of building, into the poorly built or even almost squalid regions. And it seems not much more than a stone's throw from the City Hall to great spaces used only as switch yards. The Loop Hounds are like Brahma chickens in so readily believing themselves to be held within an imaginary boundary for their business affairs: what a foot-high wire is to a Brahma, the Elevated structure is to the Loop Hound.

The Loop, whether or not it has at length passed its usefulness, has been of incalculable benefit to Chicago. The close centering of every kind of life, of bankers and shoppers, club men and club women, public officials and merchants, making them all into

one united family constantly and unavoidably meeting one another, has been an immense influence; and in addition there has been constant mingling, with all these, of all the many visitors to the city. With its interests united within the Loop, Chicago has grown in strength and power. Her business center stands within two blocks of where it stood in the earliest days. There has been no constant desertion of one business district for another as in New York, where the shopping has swept from City Hall almost to Central Park. The women of Chicago still go shopping within the district that has been the center from the days when pioneer merchants built the early shops such as those which Joseph Jefferson saw as a boy. And this holding to the old locality has given Chicago much of constancy, of stability, has made it a city holding fast to tradition. And this steady holding to the Loop district —beginning many years before the building of Elevated tracks made a literal Loop—is the more remarkable when it is realized that the city has been extended to a length of nearly thirty miles. The Loop has given the city its homogeneity.

There is dramatic strength in the aspect of the buildings of the Loop, as seen from the farther side of the river. The buildings stand in the dignity of massed compactness, the dignity of strength and size and solidity. There are not the towering heights of New York, for the building law forbids; and it has been suggested that Chicago put limitations on the height of her skyscrapers only when it

was clear that New York was leaving her hopelessly behind in the race for height: but such a cynical thought is not heeded or needed here by the lake! And Chicago is immensely proud of the fact that it is the city which first began steel framework construction of tall buildings, the factor which makes the lofty business building possible.

Prominent in the mass, seen from across the river, is a huge pillared building which loses much of its impressiveness when seen close at hand. It is the City Hall and county building, a great structure, occupying the entire square between Washington, Clark, La Salle and Randolph Streets. But it sorely needs an open space about it, to give architectural effect.

In fact what strikes a stranger at once, is the curious absence of any open square in the business section. In early days the city had an open public square; with a jail, in early American fashion, standing in one corner of it; but it was decided to utilize the conveniently vacant open space by building the City Hall all over it.

The post-office is a huge building; a mass of blackish gray, with the dull green of copper; occupying the entire block, to the sidewalk lines, between Clark, Adams and Dearborn Streets and Jackson Boulevard. A great dome is in the center; on each of the four fronts is a great, high-pedimented pillared wing; between the wings the spaces are filled with lower masses, topped with openwork balustrades of stone. And unless very recently changed,

the post-office, excellent though it is as offering a sheltered passageway through from street to street, is most ingeniously planned to cause inconvenience to those using the building as a place to do ordinary postal business.

I like the Chicago impulse to put itself in print in regard to its own features: and it is Masters who versifically says:

> "Around the Loop the Elevated crawls,
> And giant shadows sink against the walls
> Where ten to twenty stories strive to hold
> The pale refractions of the sunset's gold."

Yet not everything is precisely what it ought to be. I went one evening, to where some five hundred were gathered in a hall on the top floor of a business block. There was one single elevator. There was only one stair, and it was of wood, twisting down alongside the elevator. I noticed no fire escape and no "Exit" signs. And men smoked freely.

Naturally, where business of every kind is so narrowly compressed, there are often busy street scenes, and Chicagoans themselves love to point to the intersection of State and Madison as the most crowded of all corners; "in the world," of course, and not merely in Chicago. And they indicate State Street as the greatest shopping district in the world. And the visitor, whether hesitant or not as to the acceptance of the claims, at least sees a great many people on the streets and sees exceedingly crowded stores: and often notices highly artistic care and

effectiveness in window displays, evanescent though they must necessarily be. And the waiting-rooms of the big department stores are not filled with women suburbanites, as in New York, but with women city dwellers.

Much of the architecture of the Loop is really notable; some of it is extraordinarily fine. In "The Common Lot," by the Chicago novelist Herrick, a Chicago architect, who has been studying in France, is asked if he does not think a man ought to take back to his home what he has learned; and he replies, "Well, perhaps, if the place weren't just Chicago." But one does not see reason for this, for Chicago has been developing superbly.

There is, indeed, much that is odd or undesirable. There is a style which I find myself terming distinctly Chicagoan; that of the Masonic Temple, for example, the skyscraper which everybody used to go to see as one of the wonders of the world; and the Auditorium, a ponderous style, with great heavy arches; and there are such unusualnesses as the curves at the bottom of the Monadnock building and the curve-out at the top of the square Auditorium tower. But on the whole the average is markedly high, for beauty and dignity. And with many of the buildings expense has not been considered.

I entered, one day, one of the twenty-story buildings, with no expectation of coming upon anything notable. The entrance-way opened into a great square-pillared Italian-like enclosed piazza, two stories high, all in white porcelain, and there was a

glorious stair of white marble, and this costly interior court was surrounded by attractive interior shops, on two separate stories, here around the big central court, shops of hatters, opticians, tailors, manicures, shops for the sale of candy or cigars or flowers, the upper eighteen stories being offices. Chicago claims to spend more money on its business buildings than does any other city of the world.

These interior shops suggest a curious development of business here; for several office buildings have been quite given over to little shops, of booksellers, dressmakers, a long variety of occupations, the offices being made into little shops by putting in show windows, looking into the corridors. The reason, of course, is the congestion of the Loop. Chicago has become quite accustomed to shop in office buildings: "light shop-keeping," they call it; and an advertisement of the best-known of these buildings expresses the claims for this kind of business. "On a rainy day when the sidewalks are muddily discouraging, what joy to be able to find just about everything a woman wants, and many things she had not realized she wanted, right here, down warm, bright corridors—an indoor city in itself. We have shops for many needs, and all purses, with merchandise fresh and ultra-new, which you will covet." Another point is that such massing of shopping is a further aid in maintaining the compactness of the business section.

When a druggist named Schmidt died, in 1918, the city showed how closely it may continue to keep,

with particularity, local records of a nature interesting to itself; for it was announced that he had been one of the "veteran druggists of the city," for although he was under sixty when he died, he had been a druggist in the Loop for nearly forty years, and had opened his store on the second floor of a building at Madison Street and Fifth Avenue, thus being "the first druggist to open a store on the second floor of a business building not only in Chicago but in the United States."

Even some of the large banks of the city are on the second floors, there being such shortage of ground space within the Loop.

Bank buildings of the city run mainly to solidity and costliness, with heavy pillars on their fronts. There is, for example, the Northern Trust, with its dozen great stone columns rising from the second story and wreath-topped in stone. There is the Illinois Trust, in its long low building of gray stone, with its nine mighty Corinthian pillars in the center and half a dozen Corinthian pilasters at either side. And looking down narrow Quincy Street, beside this building, one sees highset pillars above an open balustrade of stone, and, towering far above and behind them, the great dome of the post-office, making in all an impressive vistaed view. The lofty Pantheon-like Central Trust is fronted by tall pillars; the interior is an open skylighted space, with marble and pilasters, with bronze doors palm-leaf paneled. There is a floor of black and white tesselation—one comes to think of the Loop as a

district of black and white marble floors!—and around the upper part of the interior is a series of lunettes with paintings representing scenes in the history of Chicago. And there it is again: always, the importance of the history of the city; business of to-day interwoven with that intense feeling for the city's past. Another of the banks has four bronzes depicting scenes in the career of Father Marquette, because that famous man was for a brief space a Chicagoan.

One of the new perils that have come with a new world was shown, one day, in 1919, when an airplane dropped through the big skylight of one of these big financial buildings, carrying with it death and destruction.

Another of the bank buildings has entrances of square patterned bronze, with yellow granite supports to the building and yellow granite pillars rising from the second floor; and on either side of the entrance is a bronze entablatured lion, of heroic size. And that illustrates a cheerful idiosyncrasy of the city: the representation in bronze or stone of animals and birds. Lions are favorites; but I remember noticing, twenty stories in air, a row of little stone owls. Another building has an owl upon the peak of a Gothic gable. I remember, too, a dome surrounded by eagles. Another building, not to follow tamely, has little stone human figures, far up aloft, out of sight except from the windows of a higher adjoining building.

One day I did a little dog hunting within the

Loop; or, at least, I hunted for a bronze dog. For I learned that, a good many years ago, while his namé and fame were still to be made, St. Gaudens modeled a dog as an advertisement, or a sort of trademark, for one of the big express companies; and I searched and inquired, thinking that such an odd thing must by somebody be known about; but everywhere I met with ignorance of it. There had been at least one removal of the offices; there had come indifference. Then, long afterwards, came the doing away with private management during the period of public ownership disorganization. The dog may still be trailed and found; but he is not one of the Loop Hounds, after all, for he is a Loop Bulldog.

La Salle Street is the Wall Street of Chicago, and as with New York, the financial district includes not only the street that gives name to the district, but some adjoining streets also.

The Board of Trade building, at the very edge of La Salle Street, on West Jackson Boulevard, is not in keeping with the wealth and dignity of the banking and commercial buildings. It is ornate and unbeautiful, of a mixed style of architecture, with two tall stone women over the entrance and with a sort of pointed effect from some little towers that barely rise higher than the roof. But I turn to a Chicago publication and find that this building and its hall are "undoubtedly the grandest of the kind in the world." However, the wealth of Chicago nowa-

MICHIGAN BOULEVARD AT NIGHT

days understands the beauties of architecture, and a new building is expected to be built.

What makes the Board of Trade building notable is that it holds the Wheat Pit; which is not a sunken amphitheater sort of place, as one might suppose from the name, but a place far from sunken, reached by a stairway to the second floor. There one sees a big open hall, tall-windowed. One sees masses of excited men. One hears a roar of sound, a rumbling shouting, strident boom of human voices, rising and falling, sinking in volume only to break into greater and more vociferous noise. And, intermittently, when the tumult and the shouting dies, one hears the staccato ticking of the rows of telegraph instruments off at one side.

At regular intervals stand four big platforms, each three steps up from the floor, and three are devoted to corn, to grain, to provisions, and the other is the so-called Wheat Pit. And what gigantic struggles have centered there!

Unlike other cities, there are few landmarks noticeable in the business section. The absence of open squares has much to do with this, the absence of monuments, the absence of noticeable alternations of highness and lowness in buildings. There is a sense of singular compactness and evenness in all the street scenes in the heart of the city. And owing to the permeative coal smoke, the buildings are colored to much of uniformity as to black and drab; and, more than in most cities, there is frequent

A stranger, arriving from the East, heard of the predicament from the sorely troubled proprietor, and said, "I'll do it for you; and your guests will not miss a single meal or a wink of sleep." Whereupon he placed five thousand jackscrews under the building and set over a thousand men at work, and the building rose, inch by inch, and the foundation mounted beneath it as it rose. And thus the task was done. The man who thus remarkably began his Chicago career was George M. Pullman. And it is odd to consider, that the line of achievement in which, afterwards, Pullman won worldwide fame, was based, after all, upon that idea of not letting people "miss a single meal or a wink of sleep."

A serious shortcoming which Chicago had to face was that of soil. For beneath the city is a great bed of clay which shifts and moves under pressure, and it was found that heavy buildings not only sank, but raised or lowered buildings adjoining; and as buildings must become still larger and heavier the only remedy was to use unusual pains and go to unusual depths with foundations.

There is no "Great White Way" in Chicago. There are bright spots at night, with somewhat of whirling electric signs and colored lights, but no great illumination and no outward indications of particular gayety. Not that Chicago is a sedate city, at night, but that even before the coming of prohibition there was no particular brightening and lightening of the ways.

Hotels are more a vital feature of Chicago life

than in most cities; one of the results of having a crowded life within the Loop. The hotels are freely made use of by the city people themselves and not only by visitors. One of the newest and biggest is not only thronged with men from out of town, but has many little rooms used steadily as meeting places or lunching places by this or that formal or informal Chicago organization. Another holds itself so high that to be, say, at a dance there is almost equivalent to having the formal sanction of society.

You enter another hotel and find a long passageway, where everybody meets everybody, a place full of animation. And there is a gorgeous Pompeian room, with pillars and pilasters of black and white, and wall panels of brilliant Pompeian red, and there are a fountain and an orchestra playing beside a sunken pool. And one may go into an English room, an Elizabethan room with dark oak and high ceiling, with windows of leaded glass, a room of wonderful effectiveness, in its subdued lights and its grave beauty, and you think of Haddon Hall and Knole.

And there is still the famous Palmer House, with its salmon-colored walls, which was long thought to represent the last word in hotel achievement. An English traveler set down more than a quarter of a century ago, that he was told it was "the finest hotel in the finest city on God Almighty's earth." Both Palmer and Mrs. Palmer stood high, and being a hotel keeper was not permitted to be any drawback. On the contrary, Palmer set his name, "Potter

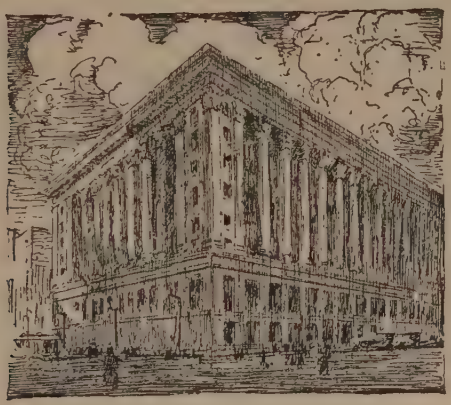
Palmer,'' plainly and prominently upon the Palmer House. In Chicago, hotelkeeping may still bring substantial public prominence: the Sherman who gave name to the Sherman House was three times mayor of this city.

The invention of the free lunch has always been claimed for a Chicagoan, and to another has been given such distinction as may come from the quick lunch. And many a Chicagoan has felt intense civic pride in these claims, for the city is markedly a gustatory city, a city with the love of eating, a city devoted to viands.

Everywhere in the city, throughout its length and breadth, there is an astonishing number of eating places. Nor does this mean that people have no home life. It means devotion to eating and to the pleasant sociability of eating in public places. And the feature is most strongly marked within the limits of the Loop. Wherever you look, in this central section you see some eating place. They are on corners and between blocks, they are on sidewalk level and upstairs and in basements: cafeterias, restaurants, waffle shops, with rivalry in not-distinguished names. There are the Universal, the Wonder, the Ontra, there are the Red Star and the Puritan; there are the Pony and the Little Gem; one offers ''Quick Lunch for Bizzy Business Men: Eat it and Beat it;'' numbers have but a single word over the doors, ''Eat.'' To the thousands that you casually see, add the dining-rooms in the hotels and clubs, and the dining-rooms tucked

away in business blocks, and the vast dining-rooms of the department stores, and it is amazing.

And I remember a restaurant that seems as if transplanted direct from some French provincial city, where the leathery-faced proprietor stands behind his own mahogany comptoir, where there are formal lambrequins of velvet and gold over the windows, where a little fat bus boy brings in the silver-domed meat; with always the very atmosphere of France, not unlikely added to by the entrance of a couple of French officers in their uniforms of horizon blue. And the wife and the daughter of the proprietor come in, and he quietly sits down to dine with them at a table next the comptoir.



CHAPTER VII

STREETS AND WAYS

THAT the streets of Chicago were long and flat and without end and that they impressed him with a great horror was how the author of "Plain Tales from the Hills" expressed it in making vain wails from the plains. But after all, the fleeting impressions of visiting authors need not be taken too seriously by any city. Our own Hawthorne wrote quite similarly regarding what seemed to him the immense dreariness of London, but I never heard that London was particularly overcome by it. Probably, in the case of both men, it was a matter of getting tired and having their feet hurt them, and homely explanations are often the best.

Although there are great areas of quiet in Chicago, as in the region of the Gold Coast, the city on the whole gives an impression of noise, and I am inclined to think that this is because the average

Chicagoan has an actual love for noise, deeming it, subconsciously, as necessarily and pridefully a concomitant of a city's energy and success. Walk on the sidewalk, in the central portion of the city, and you cannot hear your companion speak. Ride in a street car and you will find conversation impossible. The noise of the trolley cars is terrific, particularly at the unusually frequent switch intersections. Flat wheels, with their pounding jar, are common. Never, elsewhere, do you hear so many shrieking automobile brakes, nowhere else is there such a clatter of broken chains on the wheels. The delivery of coal at a high-class apartment house is likely to be made the occasion of a carnival of noise. Open a window, and a thunder of sound comes up.

There is a general sense of free-and-easiness, yet it does not show itself in the supposedly "Western" style of dress. The Chicago business man dresses like the business man of the East, except, now and then, for a hat with a slightly broader brim. But it is quite noticeable that the average Chicago business man has a more alert and forceful facial expression and a better general air than has the average business man of the East. A city does not make such strides as this city has made without the striders showing it.

The average policeman does have somewhat of an easy-going air, compared with the police of most older cities. In height and build he is much like the New York policeman of the nineties, before the coming in of so many foreigners, and their accession

in large numbers to the New York force, lowered there the old-time American—or Irish!—physical standard.

If one does really notice an apparent heedlessness on the part of a Chicago policeman, one must also notice that it disappears in an instant when there is anything to do: it is worth while to see him stop a speeder or some other traffic violator or gather up a blown-off hat, at the very moment when he might be thought to be wrapped in thought. And policemen in general, here, seem favorable to motorists. At a busy crossing, in a time of busy traffic, a car stalled at a crossing. There were only two young women in the car, and within twenty seconds twenty men were helping, or at least crowding in an effort to help. One raised the radiator cover, another peered beneath the car. One came with gasoline, one with oil, one with a wrench, another with a screwdriver, others with nothing at all but the determination to aid. The policeman on crossing-post was master of ceremonies and let traffic fume and wait. And the two girls sat demure and quiet; and perhaps it should be added that they were unusually pretty.

The average of good looks, among what one terms the "higher" classes of Chicago women, is very high; in this, the city stands second to only one. The women clerks and stenographers are, in general, alert, self-possessed, capable, pleasant to look at, very feminine rather than strong-minded in type.

The 'buses of a line along the lake shore are in a double sense vehicles of discussion on the part of women and girls. One day, on a seat on the roof, immediately behind me, the conversation ranged from Mozart to the dramatic poets; but such profundity did not keep them from very humanly switching to the clothes of a friend: "She has beautiful furs! But you know" an awed pause—"she paid for them on the installment plan!" There are such naïve confidences as "I don't care for anything but reading and dancing"; a combination not met with in many places; and one day, directly in my ear: "I want to write a good short story and have money of my own."

It is often said that Chicago is not a colorful city; and the grayish black to which soft coal smoke from myriad house chimneys and railway engines and factories has reduced so much of the city has really done away with much of the possibilities of brilliancy and variety of color. Arnold Bennett meant this when he said that Chicago reminded him of the Five Towns, which like this city, are remarkably smoke grimed. And he looked upon Chicago's smoky air as a mystifier and beautifier; which is certainly making a merit of misfortune. But Chicago has what his Five Towns do not have, the bright and vivid colorings that come from its position on the shore of the oftentimes brilliant lake. Another English visitor went home and wrote of "murky, grimy, choky Chicago."

And as to color—after all, it may be found here.

There comes the memory of seeing, on Monroe Street, two men in blue overalls and jumpers, loading green bales upon a high-sided wagon whose wheels and body were of bright yellow. And out on the western outskirts of the city I noticed a Russian-like effect in color, a warehouse of garish yellow standing in the middle of a field of swamp grass of vivid green. Even more strong color contrast was in the Lake Calumet part of the city, where a building used for some kind of lime-burning work was all white as to roofs and sides, and the yard about was all white, too, from some deposit that fell or floated through the air, and against this striking and grim whiteness, rose two stacks from the tops of which came columns of excessively black smoke. And some recent pictures by Joseph Pennell show unexpectedness of color in supposedly commonplace portions of the city.

One is reminded of a marked difference between the Elevated lines of New York and those of Chicago, the latter running largely through rights of way, rather than through streets, thus giving much of unattractive and uninteresting views of squalid back yards and back doors, and at night running through darkness instead of along lighted streets.

Sunday night is a time for enjoyment. The theaters, at least the greater number, are open, and the advertising lights are blazing, and the billiard rooms are brilliantly lighted along their lines of tables, which are in full view. The sidewalks are thronged in a quite orderly but distinctly gay

fashion, although not so gay as before the incoming of recent laws.

Especially in those amusement and shopping centers which are away from the heart of the city is Sunday a day of promenading, motoring, dining and gayety. Always one notices these distant centers with interest. I do not refer to villages, taken into the city with small centers of business life already in existence, growing as the city grows, but centers which have sprung into busy and thronging life by what might seem chance. And there always comes to mind, more than others, the extremely busy and attractive center at Broadway and Lawrence Avenue, where for quite a region thereabouts stores have arisen, and moving-picture theaters; one or two of these being of extremely high standard as regards general plan and lavishness of expenditure. Chicagoans believe that there are about fifty outlying centers; but visitors, without in the least doubting the statement, do not happen to come upon so many as that. And, curiously, these local centers do not in the least offset the massed centering of the Loop.

As the State names its counties after distinguished Americans, so the city similarly names many of its parks and streets; and it helps to uphold the Americanism that one notes as a feature of the city. Among the parks are Washington and Lincoln, Grant and Jackson, McKinley and Garfield, and among the streets there are, as with the parks, Washington and Lincoln (the city does not tire of

Washington and Lincoln!) and a host of others, such as Sherman and Sheridan, Dewey and Custer and Polk and Taylor, Madison and Monroe and Webster.

The name of California is given to an avenue that runs for many miles, and Sacramento is also used as a name, there being a strong pro-California feeling here, but New York is quite ignored as a name, although the name of New England is used. Western Avenue is naturally and properly the longest in the city, reaching from the southern limits of the city to the northern. Foreign names are used to some extent, including the one so often called, quite simply and frankly, "Goat" Street; and I was intrigued by the name of Napoleon somewhere on a street corner.

It is odd for a city of the undoubted independence of Chicago, that there is an intense following of the doings of the very rich; an idiosyncrasy which shows itself markedly in the "movies," where every action of wealthy men and women is watched with absorbed attention, and whose every motion, every act or gesture, of maid or valet, of the personal servant, is observed with fascinated absorption.

Some of the smaller politenesses, little nicenesses, Chicago ignores. For example, few men take off their hats when standing on the street in talk with a lady. But hats-off is observed in elevators the moment a lady enters. Many children are allowed to be lax in general politeness in public

places; it is seldom that a boy or girl gives up a seat in a street car for an old man or even for a gray-haired lady. Men do not greatly give up their seats to women, but this is coming to be the case in many cities, through the insistence of women themselves that they are in every way men's equals.

In a street car one day I noticed an extraordinary devotion to courtesy. The car was so packed that nobody could move an inch. A woman, admirably gowned, was quite unconscious of the fact that one of her hatpins kept touching the face of a man standing beside her and unable to escape. After quite a while he spoke, but even this was not to complain of his own injuries. For he said, gently: "Madam, I beg your pardon, but perhaps you would like to know that a drop of blood from my cheek is on the shoulder of your gown."

The surface cars are so run and managed as to be a matter of suffering, but some day Chicago will doubtless have subways like other great cities, or lines of motor 'buses. Now and then there is a car with a few vacant seats; and at such time I have noticed that there are almost sure to be several men and women standing, swaying and staggering as the car itself sways and staggers, and not taking any of the seats! One helplessly wonders why. Recently I saw this oddity commented upon in one of the newspapers, which published a letter asking if it could be explained by the fear of spoiling expensive fur coats. To this another observer triumphantly replied that animals themselves wear

fur coats without injuring them. Upon which came a comment from the editor, dryly suggesting that a visit to the zoo would show whether or not furred animals injure their coats by sitting down.

The homes and business offices are heated perfervidly; and I have wondered if this has anything to do with the baldness so common among youngish men. And one wonders also where the old men go! For they are seldom seen except a few as exhibits at meetings of the Historical Society.

There is a smaller number of opticians shops to be seen, than in Boston or Philadelphia, and it naturally follows that there is a smaller than customary average of eye-glassed men. Although restaurants are incredibly numerous, the number of what are distinctively known as grocery stores seems small; at least, one does not notice many, although there are many of the type termed delicatessen shops. Candy shops are common and so are shops for ice cream. It is curious to notice that artichokes are eaten quite commonly, even small shops selling them. And that Chicagoans are very largely farm boys and farm girls grown up is shown by the fact that so many, in springtime, love to carry home little bunches of sassafras root, the habit being apparently a survival from the times when every household held firmly to the tradition of sassafras as a "blood purifier."

There is a noticeably large number of little shops for repairing shoes. The astonishingly large number of drug stores, most of them selling "soft

drinks" and candy, makes for close competition; and one druggist has, at his shop door, a thermometer with shiftable frame; with this he makes the weather seem a little colder than it is on a cold day and a little hotter than it is on a hot day; and people are so pleased to see a thermometer that expresses their feelings, that quite a proportion of those who stop to look go in and buy.

Bordering the excellent residential sections there are a great many fine small shops, with articles for women or various supplies for households; small and intimate shops which it is pleasant to see still in existence as well as to see the great department stores. Much of the shopkeeping, alike in little places and big, is positively Parisian in standard, in attractiveness and charm. There are hat shops of French exquisiteness. And in the window of at least one prominent shop is *"On parle Français"*; this being not only to attract such French as may come but also to please a large French element that settled here from Canada.

Chicago uses great quantities of box plants, without roots, in hotel and theater lobbies and as supplementary foliage in flower shops; and this is the more noticeable from the almost sacredness in which, in other cities, box is held.

Horses are still more in evidence than in most large cities; and this gave a recent opportunity for a reporter, describing a street accident, to say that the horse was with difficulty "stood up on its four corners." Perhaps it was the same reporter who,

narrating a bit of local heroism, declared that "Horatius had nothing on Jimmie."

Chicago has such oddities as houses with outside wooden steps up to the second-story front doors—not high steps to a merely high entrance, but steps leading ladder-like from the sidewalk to a literal second-story front door. It is presumably an idea retained from the time when most of the city was swamp, above which it was imperative to go. It is quite a feature with houses in the humbler districts, and on an afternoon stroll one may count fifty or sixty of such houses. There are square miles of rather dingy, detached and discouraged dwellings built of wood, but they are more homey than the human hives of close-built cities, although the dinginess of sooty wood lends its aid to discouragement.

Overhanging cornices, in the business section, are permitted to drop water freely on the unhappy pedestrians, after a rain or when snow is melting. Every city has, from necessity, somewhat of this condition, but Chicago suffers particularly even in the best shopping districts. The sidewalks are also allowed to become sloppy, after a snow, and the cleaning of the sidewalks does not appear to be closely enforced, and the alleyway entrances that frequently cut across the sidewalks are often deep in slush. Often there is an unexpectedly steep step downwards from sidewalk to street pavement. Wet streets are largely due to the lowness of the city levels; and one wonders, in all seriousness, why

windmills are not utilized, as wise little Holland would utilize them. Chicago has the wind! There comes a general impression that it rains very easily here; and indeed there are often sudden rains that may turn into drenching drives and go roaring through the streets. Nor is this impression of easy rain one which comes only to visitors, for it rains quite through "The Pit," book of Chicago by a Chicagoan that it is, and even the very last chapter begins, "The evening had closed in wet and misty."

Pavements are in general so excellent that some very bad ones, even in good residential districts, are noticeable by contrast. And these are reminders of the early days when all the streets were deep in mud. There are still places where, after a period of wet weather, one thinks of the oldest of Chicago stories, about a pedestrian noticing the head and hat of General Hart Stewart showing above the mud, whereupon, "You're in pretty deep, General!"; to which the reply: "Great Scott! I've got a horse under me!" And one needs to remember not only that the city level has been raised but that up to the middle of the eighteen hundreds there were no sewers, and no sidewalks except a few planks. Old settlers tell, too, of water being sold by the bucketful, that being the drinking-water service of the city.

Chicago has no home district close to the business part of the city, that being a result of the solid development of business within a definite area, for it left no place for houses.

Years ago, great lumber piles covered great areas along the river beds, but with the disappearance of the mighty forests of the neighboring States the piles have dwindled to comparative nothingness.

Chicago is a city of homes. And somehow the impression of an old-time friendliness of life has been retained; the comfortable, homey quality of life. And in spite of an immense influx of foreigners the American atmosphere has persisted, the American spirit is still dominant.

Even when the homes are in apartment houses the general aspect is so comfortable that the home-like impression remains. There are plots of grass and greenery around the buildings. The homes are detached, instead of being built closely shoulder to shoulder. Most of the apartment houses also have at least somewhat of lawn and greenery: they average four stories in height, and are generally so arranged that the rooms are grouped about a center, instead of being in a straight line like the cars of a railway train. There are also, too, some great caravansary apartment houses, tall and capacious. Huge beachside hotels, for both winter and summer living, are a feature of life here, within the city limits but far to the south of the center and far to the north.

Chicago is not a towered or spired city; there are few in all, and mostly they are where they cannot readily be seen. The street lights are admirable in appearance, in their round white globes on top of well-made poles; and at many corners there are,

on the lampposts, the letters "N," "S," "E," or "W," to tell strangers the points of the compass.

As showing one of the piquant contrasts of the city there comes the memory of a night following a mayoralty election. The day had been one of tremendous excitement. It had been a bitterly contested struggle with an almost unprecedented vote. Hundreds of thousands of ballots were cast. That night, huge crowds gathered to learn the result, especially in front of the building of a principal newspaper. But the crowd was quiet! Excitement and interest seemed to have vanished. Now and then came a cheer, but rather as if perfunctorily. Nor was this because of doubt as to result, for very early it was seen which candidate was winning, nor was it that an unpopular man had won. It was a decorous street gathering, with a few boys hovering on the outskirts of the throng and from time to time spiritlessly essaying horns! The slogan of the winner was that he was not to be "bought, bluffed or bossed," and that was an excellent example of Chicago's excellent advertising phraseology; which brief political phrasing makes me think of a brief religious wording on a placard in front of one of the churches: "Only once a stranger."

For a city so full of the very essence of animated existence, it is odd to notice the great attention paid to the business of undertakers. Of course, Chicago is noted for its undertakings; but not of that kind! A show window centered with a gorgeous "casket"

is certain to attract a constant succession of awed and intent spectators. And there are such advertisements as "the spirit of emotion is tenderly woven into every bouquet from our sympathetic hands." At the same time, the city does not hold its cemeteries to be among its sights; visitors are not taken to them as to places of importance and interest; not even to Graceland, where there are many of the most famous of Chicagoans, and where John Kinzie and his descendants rest; in peace, one may hope, although to judge the future by the past, the original Kinzie will keep on moving, Graceland having been attained only after his body had been several times disinterred and moved on.

As a local description has it, in Graceland "there are presented suggestive features which, while not inharmonious with the purpose of a necropolis, are cheerful, quieting and restful." Although one may wonder under which heading comes the startling statement, in a description of one of the tombs, that "Five persons are now enclosed within its solid walls"!

The city cannot help being black so long as the smoke is permitted. And if you notice stenographers lean out of high office windows to catch sight of something in the street below, you will at the same time notice that they first lay paper on the sill, to keep their hands clean. Much in the city being grim and grimy makes it the more noticeable that such a proportion of men wear white stockings, as if in defiance. Yet laundry is handled but

slowly. Glove-cleaners, in this city where gloves are so quickly soiled, expect to take a week for cleaning, or think it a special dispensation to do it in four days: the twenty-four hour glove service of other cities is unknown.

The iron boxes on the curbs, about two and a half feet long and eighteen inches high, are not pirate chests, although they give that picturesque reminder, but are what they are marked as being, aids in keeping the city clean. They are usually so perversely placed that, to lift the cover to drop in litter, one must leave the sidewalk and go into the gutter; but the people take pains to do this. But another use for them is advantage points for standing upon to see a parade or any excitement.

Although there is much of effort to keep many of the streets clean, many others are neglected. And vacant lots are likely to be entirely neglected. That wagons are permitted to be parked, throughout the night, in vacant lots, is an astonishing survival for so highly civilized a city. And a habit in some parts of the city, of throwing refuse matter upon vacant lots, does not represent the best possible method of garbage disposal.

The city of Edinburgh, in the Middle Ages and up to within less than a century ago, permitted the throwing of refuse from the windows of the many-storied houses whose quaintness gives such charm. And modern Chicago seems to have tried, at least in some parts of it, to simulate that ancient custom of an ancient city. For a recent superintendent of

police, according to a publication of one of the women's clubs under date of 1917, sent out a notice directing his officers to check "the throwing of garbage from the windows of the first, second and third floors of buildings to streets and alleys." But why such favoritism to the fourth!

CHAPTER VIII

CLUBS ARE TRUMPS

CLUBS are trumps in Chicago! Everybody belongs to a club; everybody that is clubable, that is, to use a word beloved of Doctor Johnson. Most men and women belong to several clubs. And there are some belong to many clubs.

All the principal clubs except, of course, the country clubs, are close together and close to everything in the heart of the city. Within a radius of less than a mile, within a few minutes' walking distance from the banks, from the wholesale and retail stores, from the Art Institute, from the Public Library, the clubs are located. They are busily used. Business men, authors, artists, bankers—at noon

and in the evening they are in these clubs. Clubs long ago became an intimate feature of the daily life of Chicago.

There is a mingling of classes which is unknown elsewhere in anything like the same degree, and which is of vast importance to a city that would remain open-eyed and possess continuously the vigor of youth. At a club where a stranger would expect to meet, for example, only writers, he will find, beside the latest poet, the oldest bank president, beside the author of a novel of Chicago life will be a dealer in laces or leather. And if he goes into a business man's club he will find, in conversation with a lawyer fresh from his case in court, a writer whose work has attracted national attention, he will notice the head of a department store or a prominent architect in confabulative talk with an editorial writer from one of the newspapers. The meeting and mingling of engineers, architects, artists, merchants, manufacturers, novelists, essayists, paragraphists, poets, makes of the clubs a unique and powerful force. Every one finds an opportunity to give and receive ideas. And each club, though a meeting place for various classes, holds to its own distinctive line and develops most strongly along that line.

Club characteristics which supposedly belong only to some old city with a long-established society, as a London, a Philadelphia, are found to be firmly established here. Here are clubs of exclusiveness, clubs the majority of whose members are men of

settled position, literary clubs which seem of as firm consistency and of as excellent flavor as if long periods of time had gone into their making. Even the newer clubs quickly take on an air as of stability and age. And there are noble club buildings which would honor any city of the world. And, the city not being possessed of the mania of moving on, having no "uptown" bee in its civic bonnet, there is a feeling of permanency in the location of the clubs which is very restful. And already there are clubs in which, to gain membership, one must join a lengthening line of aspirants: one of the big clubs has a waiting list of twenty-two hundred.

But there are clubs and clubs. There are some whose memberships are frequently advertised, to sell or to buy. The newspapers run a regular advertisement section of "Club and Association Memberships" and in it the names of a few clubs of reputation sometimes figure.

Instead of being sleepy places for sleepy men, or mere places for imbedding oneself in an easy chair to read the newspapers and magazines, or places for gossip and scandal—although there are doubtless elements of all these—the clubs of Chicago are vivid with mental life. The club rooms are just as quiet and restful as those of other cities; they are not in the least noisy with conversation or argument; but they are really meeting and thinking places, as well as places with a full proportion of comforts. Most of them have highly popular dining rooms and their being so centrally convenient

for noonday getting together is of high importance. But they are not merely places where men make two chins grow where only one grew before.

Benjamin Franklin, with his Junto, made one of the aims of that remarkable club the welcoming to the city of visitors; and this idea is finely carried out in Chicago; and many a traveler goes home and declares that in the city of Chicago he found the finest hospitality in the world. I recollect having heard this said as far away as in England and in France.

Women are prominent in the club life of Chicago: and not only as charming figures in the women's dining rooms of the men's clubs, or at the tea-hour in their own. Their club rooms, like those of the men, are within the circumscribed limits of the business center, and their clubs busy themselves in matters of art and literature, in matters of home-making or social concern, in matters of public good or public evil.

The oldest club for women, among those that stand for civic service, is the Chicago Woman's Club, and in its half century of existence (it was founded in 1876) it has made an ever-lengthening record of achievement in arousing public opinion. It has from the first been an organized center of civic initiative and inspiration. And the club feels pride in the fact that within it originated the idea of the National Federation of Women's Clubs. With its more than thirteen hundred members, the club has thus far gone on without a building of its

THE MULLION-WINDOWED UNIVERSITY CLUB

own, but has had commodious quarters in one of the great office buildings facing the lake; but as I write plans are well toward completion for the putting up of a new building to be exclusively the property of this club.

Among the numerous delightful women's clubs—I was about to alter that, and say "delightful clubs for women," when it occurred to me that the first phraseology was the better after all—I may mention one of the newer ones, the Cordon, energetic, with a membership of well over five hundred and with a thoroughly delightful atmosphere. I do not remember being told of a specific purpose except to be an excellent club. Its rooms are in the Fine Arts building, with a pair of entrance doors of carved oak, as excellent in effect as if from some Spanish or Italian grandee's home of the Renaissance. A room for dining has a monastic effect, with a raised floor at one end, with a sort of "above the salt" table. Walls and arches are in buff-plaster, and there are tables and chairs of mellow brown oak. The china has a narrow black hawthorn border. And another long room parallel to this is all a greeny-blue as to chairs, with portraits of Italian ladies—we all love Simonetta!—and the fair faces of the Renaissance.

The Fortnightly is in the Fine Arts building; and notable is its meeting room, large and rectangular, with high-coved ceiling. It is of very quiet effect, with creamy walls, and a raised platform backed by green-toned tapestry. The especial feature is the

presentation of important subjects by important people. When tea is served in quiet Canton china, it is in a small room that has old and lovely furniture. This club seems to average an unusual number of women of wealth and acknowledged position and to stand for the quiet and conservative in taste.

At the Fortnightly and at some of the other clubs, I noticed much of real lace, in collars and neck garniture, very quiet, not widespread shoulder display, and mainly worn by elderly ladies and young matrons. There were Venetian, Brussels, Honiton; and I think more of it is worn and prized here, as in England, than in any other American city that I have noticed.

The Eleanor clubs are for self-supporting girls, offering opportunity to sit and read or talk, and to meet callers, and where a girl may be accompanied by a brother or a man friend in the dining room. The central club occupies practically an entire floor of an office building in the business center, with a membership of over eighteen hundred; and there are branch club houses in various parts of the city where girls may live who do not have homes of their own.

In Chicago, there is the Beresford Cat Club, and there are more than a dozen Households of Ruth, and there is a branch of the Daughters of Isabella, and there are three Councils of the Degree of Pocahontas, and there are a number of branches of the Knights and Ladies of Security, and there is

the Prince of Wales Chapter of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the British Empire. There are various Tents of the Daughters of Veterans, and there are also Daughters of the Confederacy.

It is astonishing and it is remindful of what mingling of blood went into the making of Chicago and from what proud American ancestry came the makers of the city, to find that here are organizations, strongly entrenched, such as one's first thought would scarcely draw away from the Thirteen Original States! For here are the Daughters of the Revolution, and here is a branch of the Society of Colonial Wars, and here are even Mayflower descendants.

The Colonial Dames are also here, in this new city, and they have established an American History scholarship at the University of Chicago, and are working steadily to increase patriotism, through aiming to give an understanding of American institutions and ideals to foreigners of the city, by means of many lectures, by the buying and distribution of books, and by interesting school teachers in the work.

The Arts Club, in its location on Michigan Boulevard high up in an office building, is one of the examples of the extraordinary results that can be attained, without building especially but by utilizing what may be found. There is a room, high and long, across the front of the building, and one notices the marble pillars, slender and dark-green, and black lamps with vellum shades. Back from

this room extends a room so long and narrow as to be almost a corridor, and when dinners are served all is effective, with the long candle-lit table, the gowns, the faces, in the softly long perspective. An appreciation of the beauty-loving quality in Chicagoans comes upon one very strongly in a place like this. When there is a play given by members of the club, it is likely to be very well done; and I remember an excellent presentation of "The Importance of being Earnest." Local play-writing is encouraged, by an offer to give production to any play that is recommended by a special committee. The club is a club that is different, so to speak, for its object is to bring art lovers and art producers together, for mutual benefit, by means of exhibitions, decorations and plays.

There is so great an amount of club life that there is a marked lack of knowledge as to where people live. Men meet one another at the clubs and then vanish from one another's sight. It may even be the case that intimate friends meet at the club of one or the other of them, to the practical exclusion of home hospitalities; and the men's clubs with dining rooms where women are made welcome, and the women's clubs where men may dine, add to the ease of keeping up family friendships away from home.

The country clubs are, as with other great cities, of an attractive order, such as the Exmoor and Glen View, with golf as a principal feature; and there is the unique-looking South Shore, palatial

albeit of stucco, with its immensities of corridor space, its superbness in size and proportions of the interior. In contrast to this is another club to the southward, the quiet, friendly, intimate Quadrangle Club at the University.

But one always comes back to the center of things, for in the center of things are almost all of the clubs.

The White Paper Club meets once a week at its meeting room in one of the central hotels. It is an interesting club, for one meets newspaper writers and artists, publishers and advertising managers, live men of live ideas; it is a lunching club, and there is good talk with the luncheons. And if, as at other clubs, the talk is sometimes of business, it is but making friendly use of club facilities. The idea that a club is a drowsy place, where business or the mere thought or mention of business is shocking, is not at all consonant with Chicago ideas. A Chicago club is a convenient place to talk business as well as a place for social gathering and converse, for rest and recreation. Now and then some one jibes, at some club or another, with such phrases as, "You meet your tailor there and talk business," but the majority of clubmen quite ignore such flings.

The Union League is important, and its membership is largely of oldish men (oldish for Chicago!) men of business, men of politics, men of wealth. And one notices that the name, as with the similarly named organization in New York, is the "Union

League Club," instead of, as in Philadelphia, the "Union League." The Chicago Club is likewise a club with a considerable proportion, and perhaps a preponderance, of what are here deemed oldish men. The club itself is more than half a century old, and its members are largely of the firmly established in wealth. It holds itself rather high and stiff—that is, stiff for Chicago!—but the members smilingly admit that at the time of organization it was necessary to instruct some of the important men among the charter members as to the meaning and uses of a club and club membership. Among its members have been such men of national fame as Chief Justice Fuller, Robert T. Lincoln and General Sheridan. You may be told, also, that the first president of the club was one McCagg, and, with a fine particularity as to details, your club-member informant may add that he was the husband of the sister of the first mayor of the city. There used to be, frankly, a "millionaire's table," in this club; but the frankness of the early days has largely gone: there could readily enough be a roomful of such tables now, but they don't call them so.

The Chicago Athletic Association may stand as a type of strong and admirable club, with its great list of members, including a wide variety of classes, and its great and notable building looking out over the Lake Front; a roomy capacious building, of an architecture of which its members are immensely

proud, and with a fine air of cheerful restfulness and an atmosphere of comradeship.

Equally typical, in its way, is a tiny little club which is not really a club at all but something which holds the finest essence of clubdom. I do not know anything in other cities precisely to compare with it. The Little Room, it is called. A group of men and women, of ideas and ideals, gather one afternoon of each week to interchange their ideas and judge of each other's ideals. Artists and authors meet there, with a sprinkling of architects: it is a closely friendly little group, meeting in the studio of Ralph Clarkson. It is so without pretense or pretentiousness that it can take with a smile the appellation of the "artistic holy of holies," bestowed upon it in friendliness. A "quaint close corporation" I have also known it to be termed.

The Cliff Dwellers is the name of a club which might be called the Larger Room, for it is much like the Little Room except that it is in every respect a formal club and that its membership is of men only. In the evening, however, and for dinner, women are guests. Primarily the Cliff Dwellers is a club for writers, and every local author is expected to be a member; the club takes its name because its rooms look out over the lake, from the very cornice line of one of the Lake Front buildings. Artists belong, and professional and business men who are interested in artistic and literary subjects. It is not only a most agreeable club, in atmos-

phere, but is a strong influence along the best lines of Chicago development.

The Commercial Club is an organization of leaders in Chicago life and finance, always ready to aid when an object especially appeals.

A club of weight and character, of large and important membership, is the University Club. It occupies its own building, a building superb in size and symmetry, facing out toward the lake from Michigan Avenue; a building Gothic throughout, astonishing in mastery of great height. It is, throughout, a surprising building in beauty and impressiveness. And it is remarkable that in such a city of newness, university men should be so powerfully in evidence.

It is a men's club, distinctively, but there is a women's dining room; a large, low, pleasant room, of leather and oak; it might be a Cambridge or an Oxford room, perfect as it is in soft, rich, dignified detail, far removed from gloss and glow, filled at luncheon with wives and daughters and guests; a sort of happy, easy, protected type, far removed from the tawdry glories of a "peacock alley" and not to be seen from the street or corridor.

But the most remarkable feature is the great high main dining-room, splendid in its Gothic effectiveness and with windows glowing with stained-glass color. This, you will be told, is the finest club dining-room in the world; and you are inclined to gasp; and then you begin to wonder precisely which one you could place ahead of it! It has not,

indeed, the age and associations of some of the old dining halls, but Chicago merely feels, in the face of any such objection, that age and association will come with time. And I appreciate the sincerity of a member who gravely said to me: "When I eat my dinner here I feel as if I am dining in Westminster Abbey!"

And this reminds me that somewhere in the city there is a Society of St. George of Tanias! And, as if not to be outdone, others have formed a Tribe of Ben Hur. And are there not also the Royal Black Knights of the Camp of Israel!

CHAPTER IX

THE PASSING OF PRAIRIE AVENUE

PRAIRIE AVENUE, "the sunny street that held the sifted few," still remains in the mind and memory of many a Chicagoan as illustrative of all that is rich and splendid in city life. Some of the most costly of Chicago homes may still be seen there, and some of the city's most delightful people still dwell there, but social leadership, on the whole, has gone northward to the Gold Coast. With the departure of social leadership, even though some of the social leaders still have their homes there, the passing of Prairie Avenue began. As any great city grows, it leaves behind it once prosperous sections; and as this is the region of Prairie and Calumet and Indiana avenues it is remindful, through these names associated with the Indians, of the custom of some of the tribes, when on the march, to leave behind to perish such as could not keep up with the necessary swiftness of the pace.

An example of the changes that have come is given by the First Presbyterian Church. It was prominent among the churches of this section and was just one block from Prairie Avenue. It took pride in having the tallest steeple in Chicago and in having a congregation of importance; but the church spire has vanished and the building stands bleak and bare and dreary, and the congregation has deserted the old building and has gathered in a new one elsewhere.

I think it was Dean Hole, that merry old soul, who first put a Prairie Avenue story in print, after it had passed for quite a while in Chicago circles by word of mouth. One of the very rich men of this very rich quarter, a man sour and dour, who had the reputation of being grasping, fell sick, and the doctor ordered that he walk every morning to his place of business. The first morning, he looked so unwontedly happy that his business partner asked him what had occurred. "I have done three splendid acts," the man replied. And he went on to say that as he walked down to business he saw a woman with a child in her arms weeping on the steps of a church. He stopped and asked her what was the matter and was told that she wanted to have her child baptized, but that a dollar was demanded and she did not have it. Whereupon, "I have only a ten dollar bill. Take it. Go in, get the child baptized, and bring me the change. And so" —this with immensely satisfied triumph—"And so, I made a woman happy; and placed her child upon

the heavenly road; and I got rid of a counterfeit ten dollar bill and have nine good dollars in my pocket!"

Dean Hole also quotes with joy some statements made in a speech of welcome at a dinner in his honor by one who seems to have been of Prairie Avenue: "Chicago is the largest city in America, has more miles of railroad, more vessel tonnage, more freight, larger parks, dirtier streets, a sootier atmosphere, a more malodorous river, more gamblers, more good things, more bad things, than any other city." That was some years ago, while Prairie Avenue still possessed more of the important spokesmen for the city, but, to add to the joy of superlatives, I have before me a statement made in print this present year: "A casual investigation shows that Chicago is America's principal piano market, its chief mail-order center, its leading stove market. The city has the busiest street corner in the world, the most traveled bridge in existence, the largest department store on the map, the largest art school on the globe." And all these from a mere "casual investigation!"

The Prairie Avenue district is narrowly hemmed in by the railway tracks and lake on the east, and the encroaching business district on the west, making it impossible to expand or even to hold its own. From the northward, what may be called a sort of débris of business has been swept ahead of the Grant Park and Lake Front improvements, and only a few blocks to the southward is a region

which, as Chicagoans themselves love to put it, is the "greatest negro settlement outside of Africa!"

In this encroaching district immediately to the westward there stands what one is tempted to term the ugliest building in Chicago, a huge building, hugely barrel roofed, with pseudo-mediæval battlements and towers. One day, in Rome, I was told of a Chicago woman visitor who asked if it were really true that the Pope never went outside of the Coliseum; adding, that they had a Coliseum themselves, at home, in Chicago. And this is the Coliseum.

They hold great meetings there, the place at least being a convenience from its size, and now and then one sees upon it the sign of "Greatest Show on Earth"—which, oddest of all odd facts, is not, even with such a description, a Chicago show!—and it is a place for great conventions. And they tell you (those who boast of the "greatest settlement outside of Africa") that a darky, dressed with an elaborateness such as only a darky dandy can achieve, was walking past this huge building of ugliness from his nearby home when he was espied and accosted by a white delegate who thought him possible political prey. "Are you a delegate?" To which came the answer, coldly disdainful: "No, sah! No, sah! It's bad enough bein' a niggah without bein' a delegate!"

Hemmed in on all sides, actually and potentially, from the first, it is astonishing that men of astute business minds should have built in the Prairie

Avenue district. And, indeed, there never were enough great houses in number, to explain the predominance of the neighborhood for years. The explanation lay in the character of the individuals. The houses built by the wealthiest among them were not models of grace or beauty or dignity; they were put up in an era designated, from the name of the long regnant British Queen, as Victorian, although it might have been fairer and assuredly would have been more chivalrous to term them as of the period of Hayes or Arthur, or Benjamin Harrison. But whether named from Queen or Presidents it was an era in which the wealthy reveled in the heavily and solidly and expensively inartistic, with somewhat of a popular towered effect. In most of these bizarre houses of heavily heaped wealth, bizarre things were done, seeking bizarre effects; for example, as I remember noticing in the memoirs of a Boston woman who visited here shortly before the Great Fire, the serving of ices, at a luncheon in one of these great houses, was on actual calla lilies, each lily resting on its own leaf on the plate: "All in good taste," wrote the Boston visitor, so perhaps one is over critical in thinking that it was not a nice way to treat calla lilies.

Most of the great homes of this region that are still kept up as homes are closed and dreary during a great part of each year, the owners using them as city houses only, and living a more charming existence in some residential suburb, such as Lake

Forest, or, still farther, perhaps drawn by the beauties of Lake Geneva.

Business has not only pressed close against the borders of the Prairie Avenue region but has actually begun to scatter through the district; and it seems odd to notice a once while residence turned into a factory for hairpins. Another house, made over for business offices, bears the saddening sign that it is for rent for "school or offices" or, last blow of all, "sanitarium."

But another and different business, as to outward aspect, with fine architectural effects, has also invaded the so recently socially sacred quarter. A big printing house has put up a building there, with a charming entablatured line, on the exterior of the building, of open books, in terra cotta: and the entire building is unobtrusively excellent in its effect. Another business structure has a fine stone balcony; and there is a business building with an attractive line of armorial bearings.

When one notices the huge stones slanting down over the deep gutter crossings, one of the evidences of care for pedestrians in the already distant days, the feeling comes that the district might be worthy of a better fate than gradual desertion. And the thought of pedestrians brings thoughts of trolley cars, these being the two acknowledged methods of getting about, for the *hoi polloi,* up to recent years; and this comes from the memory of a novel by a Chicago novelist, Robert Herrick (who was once highly praised for some verses written by the

Robert Herrick of long ago, who died five years before La Salle first reached the site of Chicago). In the novel by the Chicago Robert Herrick, the daughter of one of the Prairie Avenue palaces finds that her motor-car and chauffeur have vanished, and she is thereby quite helpless, having no idea how to get home; she thinks vaguely of taking a trolley-car, knowing, in a way, that people actually ride in trolley-cars and presumably reach certain destinations; but would not risk the experiment, never having been on a trolley-car in her life!—a supposed situation which seems somewhat grotesque, for the distance is not great and a Chicago girl would surely have been sensible enough to walk.

She lived in a "formidable pile of red brick" near Eighteenth Street; and that street is memorable as the scene of the long-ago Chicago Massacre. For at what is now Eighteenth Street and Calumet Avenue the massacre centered; and one pictures the doomed party making their slow way along while the Indians, from what we may term, on account of what was afterwards built there, their department store camp, gathered and watched and followed; and here they did their killing. There were no houses along the lake then, southward from the fort near the mouth of the river; there were no streets and no store; but one imagines the tragedy, at times, as if the party came up the brilliant Lake Front to be killed at Prairie Avenue. Calumet Avenue and Prairie Avenue adjoin and parallel

each other, and the killing raged around where both these thoroughfares were to be. In those early days, along the lake there was but an ancient Indian trail used by dusky tribesmen for long generations.

Never was a movement more definitely arranged, in every detail, for disaster. It was in August of 1812. War had broken out with England. The Indian allies of the English were hovering hungrily. The commander of the Fort, Captain Heald, decided to attempt to make the overland journey to Fort Wayne, the nearest place of refuge. He called the Indians together and told them of his plans! He promised them all the supplies and muskets and whiskey that his party could not carry, and the Indians met his declaration with ejaculations of joy. After that, he took several days to complete his preparations, and, upon Kinzie's warning him of the danger of handing over whiskey and firearms, he broke open what whiskey barrels remained and let the whiskey run out, and broke up the muskets; all of which naturally angered the Indians.

Heald might have remained and defended the fort. General Hull, his superior, sent orders from Detroit to evacuate the post, but Heald might have exercised the right to act on his own judgment, he having full knowledge of the situation and General Hull not being in touch with it. Or he might, had he been a swiftly resolute man, have marched away without any delay, his only possible chance of making a safe retreat. But to wait for several days,

and to let the Indians know all his plans, and to anger them needlessly by disappointment—the whole thing was such a series of blunders as could scarcely fall to the lot of one man to make. But Heald did not miss a single blunder.

He seems to have had something fewer than a hundred to care for, including officers and soldiers and a number of wives and children. A brave young American officer, romantically chivalrous and well acquainted with Indians and their ways, Captain Wells, unexpectedly appeared, having made his way through the wilderness, from Fort Wayne, starting the moment he heard of the garrison's danger and hoping to be of help in defending the fort. He brought with him fifteen Indians, friendly to the Americans. Wells was bitterly and passionately angered when he learned that Heald was going to march them all out to what seemed certain death.

On August the fifteenth the party left the fort. It was a pathetic and desperate sight. Wells had painted his face black in Indian fashion, in token of certain death, and a few musicians brokenly played the Dead March. There were a few rough wagons; a few rode on horseback; most went on foot.

Kinzie, too, had to leave his home, and he put his family in his boat, to cross the lake, while he himself disinterestedly accompanied the soldiers, hoping to be able to aid them through his own influence with the Indians.

The tragic notes of the Dead March, the sobs of the children, the frightened silence of the women, the curses of the men, the already frightened braggadocio of Heald, the blackened face of Wells—the Indians spreading along abreast of the thin line and silent except for now and then a signal whoop —thus, holding to the trail close to the side of the lake, the refugees went on. One shivers at the imagination of the agony drawn out for two miles, with every moment the expectation of attack, and with the Indians flitting along like shadows.

After holding off for two miles, playing with the fugitives like cats with particularly helpless mice, the Indians swarmed to the attack. Even now military skill could have done something. Defense could have been made. The party could have fought its way back to the fort. But there was nothing of military skill in Heald. He was as incapable as was General Hull himself. There was random fighting, there was desperate individual heroism, there was the killing of women and children and the killing and torturing and scalping of prisoners; the usual and expected details of Indian fighting. The whites lost some fifty in all. Some forty men and a few women were permitted to surrender and their lives were spared owing mainly to the influence of Kinzie. Poor Wells was killed, after displaying desperate bravery and killing at least eight: and the savages devoured his heart that they might thus acquire a share of his courage: a compliment which he, more keenly than most men,

would have appreciated had he been in a position where appreciation was possible. Heald, one finds, was among the saved; and his wife was saved through her readiness in presenting to the Indian who seized her the mule upon which she was riding —he not stopping to realize that her title to it had become suddenly very faint, and owing also to her promise that at some later day she would get for him a dozen bottles of whiskey. When the step-daughter of Kinzie, wife of Lieutenant Helm, the second in command, was on the point of being tomahawked, when indeed she had received one stroke of the blade and was about to receive another, another Indian rushed in and, grasping her from the Indian about to kill her, dragged her toward the lake, close at hand, crying out that he would drown her; when in reality it was a feint to save her.

The Indians did not harm Kinzie. It was with reluctance that they even led him off as a prisoner. He was not long held captive, but he did not see Chicago again for some years and the fort was meantime burned by the Indians and the locality was for a time a place of desolation.

So the F. F. C.'s—it was too late to include them among F. F. V.'s, the Virginia government of Chicago having ended—the F. F. C.'s went a dreadful journey to a tragedy. And there a monument has been put up, at the lake-side end of Eighteenth Street, close behind the great Pullman mansion and facing out toward Prairie and Calumet Avenues. It is a spirited and excellent monument, a bronze

grouping of figures on a lowish granite base. It is an odd feature, that this monument to the memory of a massacre actually perpetuates the saving of life instead of the taking of it, for it represents the rescuing of the wife of Helm, by Black Partridge, from the hands of the Indian who was about to kill her.

Upon the sides of the granite base are bronze bas-reliefs representing scenes connected with the massacre, and especially notable is that which shows the soldiers and civilians, in a long line, on foot, on horseback or in wagons, setting forth on their march to death; a grimly effective bit.

The soot from the near-at-hand railway seems thicker and blacker here than elsewhere even in the Prairie Avenue district, and thick lying cinders from the railway engines crunch beneath the feet as one walks around the monument.

With the great houses shuttered and deserted in winter-time, and with front steps and driveways thick with untrodden snow, much of the region then wears a desolate aspect. And I remember an odd and characteristic sight, a long double line, on an alley, of silent and unused-coach houses, out of which the barouches of the eighties used statelily to roll.

And as I noticed one closed house, of unusually pathetic dreariness, there came to me a verse by one of the Chicago poets (it was Grace Boylan, one of those who find inspiration in their own environment):

"Cold and cheerless, bare and bleak,
The old house fronts the shabby street;
And the dull windows eastward gaze,
As their cobwebbed brows they raise."

And another of the houses, as I passed by one evening, made me think of some lines of another Chicago poet, Bodenheim:

"The ghost of a purple-roofed house
That ever held repose."

It was a few blocks to the southward of the district, that there stood the home of that Stephen A. Douglas who made so great a figure in Chicago and in the nation. And in tiny Douglas Monument Park, at the lake shore end of Thirty-fifth Street, is his monument. His marble sarcophagus is in view, within the crypt, and deeply engraved are the words which, good American that he was, he left as his final and solemn admonition: "Tell my children to obey the laws and uphold the Constitution." A round granite tower rises above the crypt, and aloft, on its top, stands Douglas in bronze. "Preparing to dive into the Lake," wrote a cynical Boston visitor; but in reality looking, in bronze, up on top of the granite, so old-time Chicagoans will tell you, precisely as he looked in life: and they will tell you that, though of bronze and granite character, the "little giant" was a lovable and likable man.

To have the President of the United States, Andrew Johnson, lay the corner-stone of the Douglas

monument was the occasion of one of the most curious episodes in American political history; for Johnson's trip to Chicago for the unveiling developed into the famous "swinging around the circle" in the course of which there were so many exciting scenes and so many unwise statements. Petroleum V. Nasby, with his genial backhandedness of humor, declared the tour to have been undertaken "to arouse the people to the danger of concentrating power in the hands of Congress instead of diffusing it through one man."

Beaten by Lincoln for the Presidency, Douglas held the hat of his successful rival, that funny hugeness of headgear, during the Inaugural address; and went to his home city to die. But he did not die in his own house: more fittingly, under the circumstances, like a soldier meeting his end on the battlefield, he died at the old Tremont House, so closely associated with the political fortunes of both Lincoln and Douglas, and the scene of numberless political meetings and consultations and contests and speeches. From the balcony of that old Tremont House (it stood at Dearborn and Lake Streets) Douglas delivered to a huge crowd the first of his mighty speeches in rivalry with Lincoln, and from the same balcony Lincoln made a still more mighty reply: not of the formal Lincoln-Douglas debates, these, but immediately before that astonishing series commenced.

As the Convention which nominated Lincoln began its sessions, the Illinois delegation met at the

Tremont House and discussed among other things the tactics of the Seward men, who had organized a system of tremendous cheering at every mention of Seward's name. One of the Illinois delegates told of a man whose voice could be heard against a storm on Lake Michigan, or, on a calm day, it was claimed he could be heard across the lake. Another knew where, on the Illinois River, lived a Doctor Ames, said to be unequaled as a shouter. Ames was telegraphed for, to come on the first train. The Chicago man was also secured. And at the head of parties of shouters on either side of the Wigwam, these two shouted and roared at every mention of Lincoln or whenever a Lincoln leader motioned with his handkerchief. Never was there such shouting! Seward's men, mere mild New Yorkers, were outclassed into insignificance. And Lincoln was nominated amid a terrific uproar of voices.

In 1856 Lincoln wrote of Douglas: "Twenty years ago Douglas and I first became acquainted. We were both young then—he a trifle younger than I. Even then we were both ambitious—I, perhaps, quite as much as he. With me the race of ambition had been a failure—a flat failure. With him it had been one of splendid success." And it was in that year that Douglas farsightedly gave ten acres of land, at Thirty-fourth Street and Cottage Grove Avenue, for the beginning of a University of Chicago. He was one of the incorporators, was one of the trustees till the time of his death, and for at least part of the time president of the board. It

did not succeed, as it would have done had Douglas lived. In the course of its years of financially troubled existence it won honor and friends, and in manly fashion it passed over its title, the University of Chicago, to the institution founded by Rockefeller, and the new university courteously adopted the alumni of the old as her own, reënacted the degrees of the old university, and placed a bronze bust of Douglas in one of the new university buildings. But it did not establish itself, in accordance with the ideas of Douglas, immediately to the southward of the Prairie Avenue district.

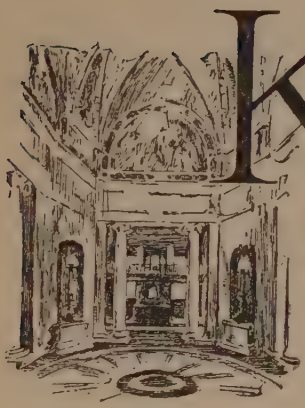
The well-known men connected with the limited area of the Prairie Avenue region, the owners of the old homes there, won honor from this "city whose merchants are princes," to use the fine old phrase of old Isaiah, when writing of Tyre, a Chicago of the distant past. And he goes on to say that the city's "merchandise shall be for them that dwell before the Lord, to eat sufficiently, and for durable clothing"—to have sufficient food, and durable clothing (what a supposedly modern phrase put in by the Elizabethan translators!) and to be religious, were thus his ideals for a city; and, somewhat incongruously, there comes to mind the story of the minister who, living on one of the streets that cross Prairie Avenue, was called upon one evening to perform a marriage ceremony at his home, for a young couple, strangers to him: after which the new-made Benedick somewhat nervously took the clergyman aside and said: "I'm sorry that I

haven't any money; but if you'll lead me to your cellar I'll show you how to make your electric meter stop registering"!

When I think of this district of Prairie Avenue there come not only thoughts of tragic history and of "merchant princes," again to quote Isaiah, and of slow-vanishing glory, but also the memory of a huge apparent water tank, standing on a low flat roof near the Massacre Monument and seen from the railway, and bearing, when I saw it, the one word, mysterious-seeming under the circumstances, with nothing accompanying or explaining, "Milk."

CHAPTER X

SOME BOOKS AND WRITERS



KIPLING frankly railed at Chicago. Everything there was unpleasant or bad. He wandered "through scores of miles of these terrible streets, jostling some few hundred thousand of these terrible people." And he was worried because of the city's flatness. But Chicago took his criticisms with philosophic tolerance. "The truth seems to be that Mr. Kipling is an unusually bright fellow who enjoys a somewhat exaggerated opinion of his own brightness," as a newspaper expressed it; and then came one single crushing caustic retort to his unbridled comments: "Is it possible that Kipling, now twenty-four years of age, is at his perihelion, physically and intellectually?" And that cut Kipling deep.

It needed the clear-sighted West to discern or divine, what was not to be visible to the rest of the world for years, that Kipling, at the time he was

writing of Chicago, had already begun to show signs of a fall from a marvelous rise; at that time, or within a year or two afterwards, he had done practically all the writing for which he is to-day held famous.

But there were noble possibilities of appreciation, even for things American, in this young man of remarkable powers, seeing this country on his way to England from India, the land of his birth. For, a few days after leaving Chicago and going eastward, he called upon Mark Twain; he had, as he wrote, learned to love and admire Mark Twain fourteen thousand miles away; and, as the two talk together, Mark rests his hand for a moment on Kipling's shoulder, and the young man is thrilled and humble. To him, as he expresses it, it is equal to being decorated with the Star of India, with blue silk, trumpets, and diamond-studded jewel, all complete; and then come creepy words, terrible words, showing that the calm query of Chicago had found an echo within his own consciousness: "If, hereafter, in the changes and chances of this mortal life, I fall to cureless ruin, I will tell the superintendent of the workhouse that Mark Twain once put his hand on my shoulder; and he shall give me a room to myself and a double allowance of pauper's tobacco."

But while in the Lake Michigan city he spent his time in seeking new splenetic phrases. "They have managed to get a million of men together on flat land, and the bulk of these men appear to be lower

than Mahajans. The city is inhabited by savages."

And how little Kipling could possibly have imagined that he was to become connected with Chicago by marriage! John Kinzie, the trader, had a son, also named John, who as a boy of nine years witnessed the Indian massacre from a little boat out in the lake, in which, with his mother, he had been placed for safety. He grew up a Chicagoan, and married a Connecticut girl of unusual qualities, a girl of family even according to the strictest code of social Pharisees, for she was a descendant of the great Governor Roger Wolcott. She had been given a fine education, and was proficient in Latin and German and French; and to know of such people in early days in Chicago is to understand somewhat of the reasons for the city's intellectual advance. The wife of Kinzie really ranks first among authors of the city, too, through her "Wau-Bun," a book of charm, still read and readable, concerning the early days of her city. (To be literally exact, it should be said that the first complete writing, here, long antedated Wau-Bun, it being the Portage de Checagou letter of La Salle; and that, a little earlier, Marquette wrote part of his Journal here.)

The author of "Wau-Bun" and her husband lost their own son, and they grieved bitterly, but strove to fill the place by adopting, from time to time, several nieces and cousins. One of these adopted children became Mrs. Joseph Balestier, and it was her granddaughter who became the wife of Rudyard

Kipling. After which, so far as I have ever heard, he no longer criticized Chicago.

This city has had a goodly number of unusually good writers. But some go and settle in the East, after which Chicago forgets them, as does the world in general.

It looked for a while as if Hamlin Garland would be a Chicagoan. He was born in Wisconsin, and it seemed to him that this city was to be his destined literary home. He went East, however, instead; but after some years decided to obey the Chicago impulse and return. And the city offered him a cordial welcome. "We have for Mr. Garland the warmest affection," wrote Eugene Field: "We admire his work, too, very, very much. Garland is young and impressionable; in an evil hour he fell under the baleful influence of William D. Howells, and—there you are. If we could contrive to keep Garland away from Howells long enough we'd make a big man of him, for there is a heap of good stuff in him. In all solemnity we declare it to be our opinion that Howells is the only bad habit Garland has." But Garland, although returning to this city, did not stay long after all, but went back to New York; with the usual result.

Eugene Field was the Oliver Wendell Holmes of Chicago. "A fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy." Author of the city's classic, "Little Boy Blue," he was equally at home in verse or prose. But, though so much like Holmes, Field, beside the Lake Front, could never have fallen into

THE LOGAN MONUMENT

the habit of Holmes, beside his Back Bay, of sitting down and writing a poem, before going to bed, upon some lecture to which he had that evening listened!

In cleverness, in whimsicalness, in insight into humanity and character, in geniality, in real feeling, in wit and humor, in pungency, in camaraderie, in bonhomie, in marvelous facility, in genuine Americanism, the two were much alike. And here is an astonishing consideration which must be realized by any who would understand this city and its development: it is not that there is likeness between a man of recent time and a man of long, long ago: for although one was of old Boston and the other of new Chicago, the Boston man, born in the East, died in 1894, and the other was born in the West and died in 1895. Field started in life later than did Holmes, just as Chicago started out later than did Boston, but for many years the two writers were cotemporaries, and they died within a year of each other. (But in this city, where mighty sums are expended for statuary or memorials which, preferably, shall keep in mind distinguished Chicagoans, I have not noticed any memorial to Eugene Field, who so finely represented the best of the city's spirit.)

In book reviews or comments upon authors there has always been, here, a keeping away from the bland phraseology of the East. "The new national library will have space for four million books," writes Field; "we mention this merely to encourage Mr. F. Marion Crawford to keep right on."

That is all! And with such as that Chicago may defy the world.

It was Field who carried to perfection "the column that made Chicago famous"; and in that daily column appeared much of his best work. Under the title of "A Line o' Type or Two" the tradition is continued by "B. L. T."—his name being Bert L. Taylor, but everybody knowing him by the initials. And the city's boast is that, although every city, little and big, follows and tries to imitate it, "the Line" continues to be the best column in the world. To "make the Line" by having some quip or cleverness accepted and used is the principal ambition of many a Chicagoan! And the "Line" forms a steady topic of conversation. Nor is it only a daily column of humorous and clever comment; it is that, but it is more than that, for it is flavorous with easy and humorous use of books and authors, of the classics and history: the kind of thing you would expect to find in Boston—but don't!

Looking in the catalogue of the Chicago Public Library I noticed Lorimer's "Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to his Son" indexed under "Business." It would naturally have been put under "Fiction"; it might have been classified as "Humor" or "Philosophy"; and as a matter of fact it is all these, including the classification of the library, for never were a business man and business matters described with such infinite and constant cleverness, with such swift felicity of

phrase. As a matter of fact, the author was inspired by a close acquaintance with one of the greatest of the men who made the city; but the book, and its saturation with human life, and the cleverness, are all Lorimer's, and the literary skill which masterfully uses colloquialisms to express character and ideas. Open it anywhere and you are fascinated. Start to quote from it and you quote the whole book.

It sold by hundreds of thousands: it was translated into a score of languages: yet the name of George Horace Lorimer is barely known in Chicago except by such as know of him as editor of an Eastern periodical of wide circulation. Even at the library they are surprised to know of him as a former Chicagoan. And this is not a pose. It is absolute sincerity. It indicates a rule, not consciously formulated but none the less observed, regarding an author who goes East. But an author may go to California and remain closely in Chicagoan thoughts.

Mention of a magazine is remindful of a magazine of this city which begins, in large type, a full-page newspaper advertisement which is an excellent example of Chicagoan advertising; beginning, in sonorously measured phrase: "Fiction has been for centuries the most powerful influence on the thought and conduct of men and women" and continuing: "Nathaniel Hawthorne's story, 'The Scarlet Letter,' to cite but a single instance, lighted a flame of human compassion in the breasts of our

New England ancestors," and leading up to: "This and other stories exerted a positive influence on the social and economic conditions of their time, just as the stories of our day," which appear in the magazine that is advertising, "point for this generation the way that America is going, and must go." You see, the kind of appeal to intelligence and education which you would expect to find in a Boston advertisement—but don't.

Frank Norris left Chicago for the East and his fame is drifting to forgetfulness. That he is dead is another reason, for the city, with a certain subconscious heartlessness, which is only an expression of the virility of its life, does not greatly desire to be reminded of those who have gone. As if in contradiction of nature, the sun of numerous Chicago writers has set in the East.

Only a few years ago it seemed that "The Octopus" and "The Pit" could not be forgotten. But "The Pit" was written after Norris went to New York. It was written in a room in the Italian tower whose windows look out over Washington Square toward the Arch. But it would have been better, for perpetuity of interest, had it been written in a room looking out over Lincoln Park.

Among the Chicago types of Norris is the young man "who always impressed me as though he had just had his hair cut"; and the broker's wife who "wore turquoises in her ears morning, noon and night"; and the wealthy Curtis Jadwin is described as sitting down before his big new mechanical organ

and, while boasting of its horse-power, as the machine thundered, putting his feet on the pedals, adjusting the roll, watching the sliding slip of paper —and feeling, proudly, that he was doing the playing!

There is, in Chicago, a street of endless dreariness, a street curiously uninteresting to the casual glance and more and more uninteresting to the lengthening look. Yet the touch of genius made this street seem one of the most fascinating streets of the world, in humanity, in humor, in tragedy and kindliness. It is Archer Avenue, in earlier days Archer Road, made by Dunne into "Archey Road." It was one of the earliest streets of the city, having been laid out on the line of an Indian trail and stretching away from the center and far out toward the wilderness. Finley Peter Dunne originated "Mr. Dooley," and placed him on "Archey Road," and proceeded to fascinate all America.

How he described the people and their daily lives: the priest and the policeman on post, the fireman, the ward politician, the parties and funerals and wakes and marriages, the heartbreaks, the rivalries, the triumphs: a world of its own, with its own happenings and happinesses, its own standards! You see politics and national affairs, too: and always you see through the eyes of Mr. Dooley. "There's no betther place to see what's goin' on thin the Ar-rchey Road," he said; and this is why he was so great a creation.

I find myself putting it in the past tense; and,

as a matter of fact, Dunne some time ago associated himself with New York, and—well, "and there you are" as Eugene Field would have expressed it. After all, suppose that Dickens, after his earlier work, had left London and gone to New York, would he have continued upward? It is not so much a matter of which city is the better as it is a matter of staying in your own environment—if you have the right environment.

Dooley was so extraordinarily good! Take the unexpectedness of twist of his "Old men f'r th' council, young men f'r th' ward!" And, for grimness, "His heart was shriveled up like a washerwoman's hand."

"Who'll tell what makes wan man a thief an' another man a saint?" wonders Mr. Dooley, as he remembers the "bit iv curly-haired boy that played tag around me place" and he tells of Clancy, the fireman, the pride of the Road. "'Wan more, an' I'll quit.' An' he did, Jawn. Th' day the box factory burnt. 'Twas wan iv thim big, fine-lookin' buildings that pious men built out iv cellaloid an' plasther iv Paris. An' Clancy was wan iv the men undher whin th' wall fell. I seen thim bring him home; an' his wife met him at th' dure, rumplin' her apron in her hands."

"I knowed a society wanst to vote a monyment to a man an' refuse to help his fam'ly, all in wan night," is one of his reminiscences of human nature as it actually is to be seen.

It is most curious, as showing how a general

change may come, that for the years of the supposititious Mr. Dooley's popularity it never occurred to any one to feel either shocked, or in the least degree critical, because of his supposititious business, which was that of saloon-keeper. That he was uttering constant wisdom, with humorous clarity of insight, was what made him so loved, with always his intense feeling for humanity and a hatred of everything wrong. " 'Tis cold outside the dure, ye say, but 'tis warrum in here; an' I'm gettin' in me ol' age to think that the diff'rence between Hivin an' hell is no broader."

Not long ago Dunne went back to visit Chicago, and he went to look at the house where he was born; and, so the story is told, catching sight of a tablet on the house, "Recognition!" he gayly cried, glad to think that honor had been done him while he was away; but as he neared the house, to read, he saw that it was merely "For Rent."

George Ade, as a Chicagoan, won the attention of all America with his delightfully clever "Fables"; and how he added to the joyousness of life!

Emerson Hough is of the very essence of the Middle West; born in Iowa, a Chicagoan by years of living, a writer who has won wide fame and who still remains a Chicagoan. The very mention of his name brings before us the great out-of-doors, the sweeping stretches of wilderness, the rivers and mountains and the Arctic snows, and novels of the days of heroic romance. Good Chicagoan

though he is, he loves, from a cheerful perversity or through force of artistic necessity, to locate his novels in places away from his city. And what a genius he has for titles! "Fifty-four Forty or Fight"; "The Girl at the Half-Way House"; "The Magnificent Adventure"; and that notable "best seller," "The Mississippi Bubble." And was there ever a better beginning than he gave this book!—"Gentlemen, this is America!" And there you see Hough all unconsciously display himself, for, more than anything else, he is American.

And remembering that in one of his stories he tells of a house on the Pacific Coast furnished with rare antique furniture as if it were an old house on the Atlantic Coast—for he well knows that to the lover of antiques the antiques will come, even in unexpected places—it is pleasant to know that his own home in Chicago is furnished with rare and beautiful specimens of old furniture.

Mention of that great success, "The Mississippi Bubble," leads to the question: What other American city can show anything like as many literary successes as Chicago? What other city can point to so many writers who have swept the country with their books? More than that, what other city can point to anything even approaching so many? New York claims the honor of being the literary center. But how many books of sweeping popularity have come out of New York! Whereas Chicago has been furnishing a steady line of successes.

Long ago E. P. Roe—to name whom is to smile —aroused the entire country with his "Barriers Burned Away." He felt the drama and tragedy of the Chicago fire and managed so to set it forth that the entire nation read and heeded. Not literature, you will say? But at least Roe had sincerity and a homely skill.

A few years ago the entire nation was stirred by "The Fat of the Land." Everybody read it; everybody talked about it. And the odd thing was that this farm book was written by a Chicago doctor, Streeter, who had never been a farmer!

His widow explained to me that Doctor Streeter had some slight knowledge of farming as a boy, but that he became a doctor and, although always dreaming of being a farmer, was too busy with his practice to carry out his dreams. He bought a country place at nearby Lake Forest, but even that was not a farm. He took regularly, and carefully studied, the crop reports and weather reports and Government pamphlets descriptive of plantings and crops. He wrote the book as fiction, and it was without his knowledge, and through a misunderstanding, so Mrs. Streeter told me, that the book was published as if descriptive of facts.

It had phenomenal success, and letters of inquiry and requests for advice came from all parts of this country and even of the world, and many pilgrim-aged to Chicago in the hope of getting in personal touch with the author and of getting further light on the age-old problems of back-to-the-land.

Streeter told his wife that he was able to write with such assurance because, for twenty-five years, he had regularly put himself to sleep by working out details of his imaginary farm.

Henry B. Fuller is a Chicagoan, a Chicagoan born. Years ago he wrote, with a certain quaintness of setting and handling, "The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani," but he really found himself when, leaving Europe as a field, he took up his own city and produced "The Cliff Dwellers," setting forth the spirit of the city as it appeared to him, and with actual people, so it was believed, either described or hinted at. The book, with its realistic setting, aroused widespread interest, and was a pronounced success.

Sinclair's novel about the slaughter-house workers cannot be included among books by writers of Chicago, but it is interesting to name it as an example of how a supposedly unpromising Chicago subject may be made to yield sweeping popularity.

Edgar Lee Masters is a Chicagoan who has aroused general attention with a book of verse, "The Spoon River Anthology"; pessimistic in the extreme, with its pictures of sordidness, viciousness and crime. Spoon River is the name of an actual stream, and it rises in Bureau County—homely household nomenclature!—and Masters lived in the Spoon River region as a youth and here sets down what he now thinks he saw; making every one tell his own sordid or wicked life story in supposititious epitaphs. Maupassant did that long ago in prose,

in a vivid short story, with each of the dead writing a few words on his own headstone with a bony forefinger. With Masters, it is this volume of verse, not without a certain power and insight.

In Chicago poets take themselves and each other very, very seriously; and one, Robert Nicols, addresses Masters as having a face with

> "The soft or savage night
> Dwelling in eyes under the bulwark brow";

and, after some lines:

> "Your heart you catch
> To mark those swart eyes largen as with tears."

But really, when swart eyes begin to largen—why, there you are!

"We don't use much poetry here except in our street car ads.," Lorimer makes a Chicago business man say, but nowadays there is a large annual output. William Vaughn Moody loomed largest with promise some years ago, and suddenly attained wide prominence with "The Great Divide," on account principally of its dramatic sex appeal in the first act. But he went down to New York; and I remember that he looked unhappy there; and after a while he ceased from notable production; and died.

Chicago has attained the marked distinction of regularly publishing a "Magazine of Poetry," of which Harriet Monroe is editor, and it sets forth the ideas and results of modern poets, with especial

regard for the poets of this city. And the magazine marks another of the city's steps toward intellectual leadership.

In earlier days, before the city had such a versical output of its own, it was willing to consider, as Chicagoan, poets from quite a distance away, and Will Carleton, of Michigan, the Carleton of "Betsey and I are Out," was one who was admitted as a local man. Eugene Field genially put in his column one day that: "At the meeting of the West Side Literary Lyceum last week the question, 'Are Homer's poems better reading than Will Carleton's?' was debated. The negative was sustained by a vote of 47 to 5." That, again, was typical Chicago humor. And what a zip to the finish! Another city might have suggested the proposition, but it needed Chicago to follow the humor to its logical conclusion with the imaginary overwhelming vote. Carleton was always ready to smile at a jest upon himself, and I remember meeting him in New York, one day, when he said to me that he had just been on a visit to his Michigan home town, and that while there they had honored him with a reception and speeches, and that the principal speaker had declared that this, their home product, had won such fame that his name was now known over "almost all of southern Michigan"!

Ella Wheeler Wilcox, then of Wisconsin, was also taken in as almost a Chicagoan in those days of dearth of Chicago verse; and, as a newspaper one day soberly announced, "We understand that Mr.

Gunther, the autograph virtuoso, recently paid two hundred and fifty dollars for an autograph of Dante Alighieri, which he discovered on the fly-leaf of a volume of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's poems."

Dana, of the New York *Sun,* owed to Chicago the uniqueness that made him famous. Not precisely like the idea of the Scotchman who, challenged to give some proof of his claim that even Shakespeare was a Scot, replied, "Look at his style, man!" There is more than a matter of general style to the Dana statement, though the style may be taken as clinching it. After quitting his confidential post with the Government, at the close of the Civil War, Dana took charge for a year of a newspaper in Chicago, the *Republican.* He expected to make Chicago his permanent home. But he did not succeed there. He and Chicago did not get along together. Whereupon he secured possession of the New York *Sun,* backed, politically and financially, by a group of powerful men which included Conkling, Evarts and other leaders, and for the remainder of his life he was himself the *Sun,* displaying throughout his career a vividness in writing, a succinct individuality, that marked the influence of his year's sojourn in Chicago. Without identifying himself with Chicago, he was inspired and filled with the spirit of the city, and it accented and aided his natural uniqueness of thought and expression.

Chicago is a great publishing city. There are over five hundred listed under that classification,

besides music publishers, law publishers, newspaper publishers and others, and a great number listed as printers.

"Who's Who in America" is published here. Telephone books and city directories are turned out in tremendous number. Here, too, are printed and published the books of Harold Bell Wright, or at least some of them, with such figures (not looked upon here as astonishing!) as first editions of two hundred thousand. Not long ago, by the way, Wright was offered sixty thousand dollars for the serial rights of a new story, but he refused, preferring not to have it published before it came out in book form. Although not precisely of Chicago, Wright was near enough, for a time, to be ranged under the Chicago banner with his amazing sales; and his sojourning in California caused him no loss of consideration here. But what a curious life record has been his! Beginning life as a decorator and painter; turning to landscape painting; then taking up the writing of religious romances with an utterly astonishing success.

The biggest printing plant in the world, as it is termed, is here. And among the publishers you hear such statements as, "We printed a million and a half of this catalogue last year," or "We shall print, as only a part of our work, more than a million school books this year," or, "We annually put out millions of telephone directories, for various cities." As I write, the zone system, for United States mail, is promising to make Chicago a center

for important publications heretofore brought out in the East, and some big strikes have also had the effect of turning publishers' thoughts Chicagoward.

When the creator of "Sherlock Holmes" visited Chicago he was recognized by the cabman, who explained, when asked, "Well, sir, of course all the members of the Cabmen's Literary Guild knew you were coming on this train, and I noticed, sir, if you will excuse me, that your hair has the cut of a Philadelphia Quaker barber, that your hat shows on the brim in front where you tightly grasped it at a Milwaukee literary lunch; your right overshoe has on it a block of Buffalo mud and on the top of your bag are the crumbs of a doughnut which could only have been bought at the Springfield station; and then, sir, to make sure, I happened to see, stencilled in plain letters on the end of the bag, the name, 'Conan Doyle.'"

For a time this was noted as a city where rich men become authors, by proxy; they had their names on the title page and found somebody to do the work. And one such man, of nation-wide financial fame, was so proud of his name on a book that it all seemed true, and he even sent one of his copies, autographed by himself as author, to the man who had done it all.

The city is not without real authors of social distinction, who really write their own books and do it with literary skill; and one of them is often referred to with awe as "the first gentleman of Chicago!"

And it is pleasant to think that, at least once, appreciation of Chicago was expressed by a Bostonian, for William James took pains to write, in his "Memories and Studies," of the "exquisite book of Chicago sketches" by Edith Wyatt, entitled "Every One His Own Way."

Oscar Wilde made an unexpected reference to Chicago in a lecture in which he spoke of how machinery should be valued if it does its best possible work. "A train, that whirls an ordinary Englishman through Italy at the rate of forty miles an hour and finally sends him home without any memory of that lovely country but that he was cheated by a courier at Rome or that he got a bad dinner at Verona, does not do him or civilization much good. But that swift legion of fiery-footed engines that bore to the burning ruins of Chicago the loving help and generous treasure of the world was as noble and as beautiful as any golden troop of angels that ever fed the hungry and clothed the naked in the antique times."

And the Great Fire influenced another Englishman, the author of "Tom Brown's School Days," in a noble way. For Hughes loved Chicago. He was here in 1870 and was touched and moved by his welcome. And he wrote that "this place is the wonder of the wonderful West." The next year came the fire, and Hughes saw his opportunity. He personally interested the authors and publishers of Great Britain; and the Public Library of Chicago was founded with some thousands of

volumes given at his request, among the donors being Herbert Spencer and Huxley, Charles Kingsley and John Stuart Mill, John Bright, Palgrave and Charlotte Yonge, Rossetti, Dean Stanley, Samuel Smiles, Disraeli and Gladstone; and there was even, among the thousands of volumes, "The Early Years of the Prince Consort," which was "Presented to the new Free Library of Chicago, by Victoria Regina. Balmoral, November 13, 1871." And the library has developed nobly from such a noble foundation.

Its building stands on the Lake Front, close to the heart of business Chicago. And I know of no other city where a library is so freely used by so many kinds of people. It attracts all classes. And a charming feature is that at the library, almost as if it were a club, one may meet delightful and interesting people, those connected with literature, art, and civic movements. The library is infused with such a spirit, under the influence of Librarian Roden and Miss Elliott, as to draw, with its hundreds of thousands of volumes, the *cognescenti* and the *hoi polloi,* the literati and, so to speak, the illiterati.

In some cities there is something slighting, felt or implied, in the idea of going to a public library; but not in Chicago! The people here not only use its books freely but it has become so friendly a feature of life that many a person drops in, or telephones, to ask about some point of grammar or pronunciation, or the author of some quotation,

or to know the precise location of some town in France or Florida.

The building is excellent, of dignified classic design, with arched windows, with columns, with elaborate entablatures. The massive elliptical arch of the main staircase, as you enter from Washington Street, and the landings and archways as you mount the broad marble steps, are admirable; and there is much of an ornate glittering, as in all "encrusted architecture," in mosaics of glass and mother-of-pearl, and in marble of green and white.

To carry out the idea of popular service, there are more than two score branches and a hundred and twenty-five delivery stations and more than half a hundred deposit stations. One of the branches, the Blackstone, is positively beautiful, a smallish building of marble and granite, with low dome and pillared entrance.

There are two other important libraries in the city, both of them heavily endowed, and possessing great and notable collections: the Newberry, specializing in history and the fine arts, and the Crerar, specializing in science. Chicago is indeed a city of magnificent libraries, for there is also the fine University Library, and the remarkable Ryerson library at the Art Institute.

The central building of the Public Library holds more than books; it holds what, in a way, represents the greatest triumph of Chicago: the central offices of the American Library Association, which sends, throughout the country, reviews, magazine cata-

logues, bulletins, and "The Booklist," and keeps practically every library in the country supplied with the most recent literary information. It has a membership of over three thousand, scattered through every State of the Union and much of Canada and even extending to some of the European cities. It is a delicate and highly important work that the "A. L. A." performs and the city which possesses its headquarters may properly feel itself a literary center: and Chicago feels it the more pleasurably from the fact that the "A. L. A." was transplanted to the Lake Front from Beacon Street in Boston!

The city has always attracted, as visitors, many authors not Chicagoan; and I was told of an old gentleman who, in the lobby of the old Tremont House, was listening to a story of a poker game in which Sol Smith Russell, the actor, was a participant. "Do you dare to tell me, sir, that my son-in-law plays cards?" suddenly cried the old gentleman: and it turned out that he was William Taylor Adams, whose books had given delight to millions of boys: for Adams was "Oliver Optic."

I think that the oddest of all literary happenings has to do with Chicago. For one S. E. Gross had written a play called "The Merchant Prince of Cornville," and he claimed that "Cyrano de Bergerac" was plagiarized from it by the Frenchman, Rostand, who had just been made an "Immortal" by the French Academy on account of his play; and Gross went into court in 1912, his chief re-

liance being a John McGovern, who had for sixteen years been on the staff of a Chicago paper and who worked on the case with such perseverance that he was able to dumbfound a United States judge, sitting in Chicago, with a list of over seven hundred "deadly parallels"! Whereupon, the court, deciding for Gross, actually issued an injunction against the presentation of "Cyrano"!

Year by year the Chicago injunction held. As recently as March of 1920, when a company at length prepared to present "Cyrano" in New York, the Gross estate brought forward the old injuction, but a New York judge refused to uphold it.

CHAPTER XI

HOW ART CAME TO CHICAGO

IN front of the portrait of General Dearborn, in the Art Institute, a devoted Chicagoan was standing. He looked with evident interest at the florid and agreeable face, at the double-chin and the high-brushed hair, with interest at the fascinating uniform, of dark blue with much of gold, and with white ruffles and red sash. That it was a Gilbert Stuart and that Dearborn was of a type which that greatest of American artists dearly loved to paint, that in fact Stuart had painted Dearborn at least twice, the man may not have known, but he knew that it was the portrait of the distinguished general after whom old Fort Dearborn, at the mouth of the Chicago River, was named. "And what's that medal he's wearing?" he asked; and when his companion told him that it was the insignia of the Order of the Cincinnati he was instantly in a burst of anger. "Cincinnati! What's Cincinnati got to do with our

Dearborn! He ought to wear some order of Chicago!"

Another picture, a landscape, in the Art Institute, might well be thought to represent the mouth of the Chicago, although it was painted by a man who never saw this city. The darkly mysterious water, in the painting, is the very hue of clayey green so often seen in the Chicago River and in the lake near shore. The sky is of clay-green hue. There are a few touches of land and ships in black. The picture, in the mysteriousness of its dark colorings, is an English scene by James McNeill Whistler; it is one of his "Nocturnes"; and even before seeing this picture the impression had come to me that the color effects in Chicago are often like those of some of the "Nocturnes." Whistler could have put on canvas the color effects of Chicago. And, odd man that he was, he would have cut a striking figure here. St. Gaudens, himself closely associated artistically with Chicago, describes Whistler, whom he knew in London, as "a very attractive man with queer clothes, a kind of 1830 coat with an enormous collar, a monocle, a strong jaw, very frizzly hair with a white mesh in it, and an extraordinary hat."

And Whistler would have liked to see this city, not only for its nocturne effects but because of his own association with Chicago. For Whistler's grandfather was Captain John Whistler, sent in 1803 by General Dearborn to build the fort here, and retained in command of the post for seven

years, when he turned it over to that Heald whom we have seen acting so disastrously.

Captain Whistler was assisted, in building Fort Dearborn, by his son George, afterwards to become a civil engineer in Russian railway building: and, which is of much more importance, also to become the father of the artist.

So Whistler, the distinguished painter, although he never came to Chicago, was grandson of the officer who built this fort. An uncle of the artist was also here, William Whistler, who entered the army and attained the rank of lieutenant-colonel, the height of six feet two, and the weight of two hundred and sixty pounds.

There is an odd Chicago connection between the author Kipling and the artist Whistler, for a close companion, at Fort Dearborn, of Whistler's father, was the John Kinzie who adopted the girl who became grandmother of the wife of Rudyard Kipling.

A daughter of this John Kinzie, and therefore granddaughter of the original John Kinzie, was born in Chicago in 1835 and, for years enjoying the distinction of the oldest living white child born in Chicago, lived until the extremely modern year of 1917. She looks down from the walls of the Art Institute, an adorable young woman with lovely eyes, exquisitely dressed in a low-cut party gown which shows the tips of her softly-rounded girlish shoulders and her rounded girlish arms. The portrait was painted in 1856, the year before her marriage, by Healy, who had such an influence on art

in Chicago and who might in a sense be termed the Gilbert Stuart of the city.

George Peter Alexander Healy—with the first names usually shortened to G. P. A.—was a Boston boy whose grandfather was painted by Gilbert Stuart; and the lad never forgot the thrill of once catching a glimpse of the mighty artist.

In beginning to be a painter, Healy felt that he must portray a beautiful woman, and he fixed upon Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis, one of the leaders of the socially elect. A friend gave him a note of introduction but even with that he hesitated and paced back and forth in front of the Beacon Hill home. But at length he lifted the knocker and was admitted: he told Mrs. Otis of his ambition; he was a lad of eighteen, and she liked his looks and his manner, and, *grande dame* though she was she was flattered; and he found a friend.

He studied in Paris. He went everywhere, saw everybody. He painted the Duke of Sussex, uncle of Queen Victoria, and described him as a tall, bald-headed man who used to sing, to his own guitar accompaniment, to his tiny morganatic lady-love of only five feet. Healy painted King Louis Philippe, and the King told of Gilbert Stuart, whom he had met on his strange journeyings before kingship came, and he had Healy paint him a copy of Stuart's Washington. He painted the singer Braham, who figures so much in memoirs of the first half of the nineteenth century, and he said that Braham was really a Hebrew named Abraham.

THE ART INSTITUTE

He painted one of Napoleon's marshals, the mighty Soult. He painted Pope Pius the Ninth, and told of an American, admitted to audience, who refused to bend when expected to do so, at which the Pope only said, kindly, "My son, an old man's blessing never did harm to any one." He painted Carmen Sylva, Princess of Rumania and afterwards to be Queen, but then little known, and he tells of how he painted her in her national costume, in red skirt, and red morocco shoes and with embroideries of red and gold.

In America he painted Webster, Clay, Pierce, General Cass. He painted President Buchanan. He painted Lincoln, who said to him that a lady had written, urging him to wear false whiskers to hide his ugliness; and he said to Healy, laughingly, "Will you paint me with false whiskers?" He went to the White House to paint President Arthur and, while waiting in an anteroom, saw on the wall a painting of his own of a long-past President, John Quincy Adams, painted in 1845, long after the term of Adams was over. He painted General Sherman. He painted Jefferson Davis, who told him a delightful story of the obstinacy of Andrew Jackson. "The horse was seventeen feet high," said Jackson. "Hands, you mean, General," murmured a friend beside him. "What did I say?" "You said seventeen feet." "Then, by the eternal, it was seventeen feet!"

Healy's connection with Chicago came through his meeting with William B. Ogden, in Paris in

1855. Ogden had been the first mayor of Chicago and was a man of power. He told Healy of the certain future of the city and urged him to go there, and from that year Healy was a Chicagoan, with, of course, absences for visits and work in other places.

In Chicago he seems to have painted everybody worth painting. He painted Ogden himself; and among the host of other names were those of Sheldon, Arnold and Skinner, Newberry and Blatchford and Blair and Kinzie. Always he painted with a certain verity, a certain quality, and he was of enormous industry. Born in 1808, he died in 1894, rounding out, with his life, the period from before the Chicago Massacre to after the Chicago World's Fair!

His portraits are prized possessions; incontestable proof of a family's ancient lineage, as it has been aptly expressed; I think by Hobart Chatfield Chatfield-Taylor. There are family traditions regarding the saving of Healy portraits at the time of the Great Fire. Newberry library has many examples of his work, in originals, and in copies by himself; and a few of his portraits are in the Art Institute. There, also, in the Institute, is himself by himself: black-haired, black-coated, white-tied; and there is his portrait of his brown-eyed wife, in gown of black velvet. In the same room, this being one of the charming features of the Art Institute, recognizing as it does art in various lines, are a Duncan Phyfe table, and two adorable Chippen-

dales, and a capable square-backed Sheraton: these being among the numerous examples of fine old furniture placed in the various rooms. And it is still told, that before close knowledge of antique furniture came here, a visitor aroused resentment by remarking that there were numerous fakes. "But you are not an expert," he was told. "No; I am not an expert; but one need not be an expert to see that those are fakes." And soon there was a weeding out and a gathering anew.

There, too, in the Institute, is the superb Gunsaulus collection of old Wedgwood; a collection surpassing those of Wedgwood in London, New York, Boston or Philadelphia, and unequaled except by the collection at the Wedgwood works at Etruria, where still the manufacture is carried on by descendants of the great founder, and where two or three buildings are still standing that were used by Josiah himself, where one may meet a great-great-grandson, and where may be seen, in a distant church, the monument to Wedgwood by the fine artist Flaxman, who worked so intimately with him.

Chicago, although interested in the best of European art, gives especial attention to the artists of America and particularly to those of this city.

The Friends of American Art, an organization nobly conceived, have gathered at the Institute the work of the best American artists, of the past and the present, including Gilbert Stuart and Benjamin West, Copley and Sargent, John W. Alexander and Robert Henri, and others, among whom should

be named Ralph Clarkson, not only an artist of admirable skill but one around whom largely revolves the city's art life. In his early days Clarkson was delightfully encouraged by Whittier the poet. For although a Chicagoan, now and for many years past, he lived as a boy and a lad in Whittier's town, Amesbury, Massachusetts, and he knew and honored Whittier, and when he returned from several years of art study in Boston and Paris, Whittier, then very old, sent word that he would like to see him, and Clarkson found him tall and thin and stately as of old and, as of old, dressed in garments which accentuated the stateliness, the thinness and the height. The old poet was keenly alive to the work of the young painter. Clarkson remarked on the poet's love of nature, and Whittier replied, "Yes, I have always loved nature, and the promise that she made me in my youth she has kept in my old age and she grows more and more beautiful to my sight."

Clarkson is one of the artists who resort in the summer months to the little town of Oregon, in the Rock River valley; and there is a Ganymede Spring there, but it is not a modern christening by some artist of to-day, but received its name some three quarters of a century ago, from the original of the highly picturesque Zenobia, of "The Blithedale Romance," who in real life was the writer, Margaret Fuller, who visited out here in Illinois, at Oregon.

Chicago itself, as a city, has begun to purchase paintings by artists who have lived here for at

least two years, and the pictures are to be peripatetically exhibited in various public buildings and in the public schools.

When one thinks, to use the quaint old Shakesperean phrase, of "the memorials and the works of art that do adorn the city," the mind goes at once, here, to the Art Institute. It is a part of the city's daily life. Each year more than a million people enter its doors. One who may be considered the dean of Chicago authors told me that when he wrote an article about the Institute for one of the leading magazines of New York, in which he stated that the Institute had more visitors than any other art museum in America, he was amazed to find this altered, in the proofs, by the addition of "except the Metropolitan Museum of New York." But it has vastly more visitors than the Metropolitan, and is claimed to have twice as many as the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and four times as many as the Philadelphia Academy.

It is among the few best art museums of the world in its high proportion of the eminently good. An odd feature is that it annually sells over two hundred thousand postcards with pictures upon them of some of its artistic treasures. And to show how it holds the public love it need only be said that it has a membership of seven thousand, many of whom have given it large sums.

It is saturated with the very spirit of art, and at the same time is full of the city's dynamic energy. The present building was opened in 1893 and has

not been closed for a single day, since, either Sunday or weekday!

The building stands on the Lake Front at the foot of Adams Street, and is thus close to the very heart of the city. It stands by itself, detached, with great open space on either side and with a noble background and setting of lake and sky. And the first thought is that, Florentine-like, some of its best art is open to the view of the passers-by, on the terraces or seen through open arches.

The building is beautiful. It is extraordinarily effective. It is built of gray limestone, in the style of the Italian Renaissance, with classic Ionic and Corinthian details. It is three hundred and twenty feet across and is terraced on front and side with superb stone balustrades.

Go up the broad steps that front the central portion, past the monumental lions of Kemys. Above you, with open arches, are niched statues, Loggia dei Lanzi-like. On the level of the entrance is a niched copy of Houdon's Washington: the original being at Richmond, Virginia; and there comes the memory of the Frenchman's visit to America, sent by Franklin and welcomed so cordially by Washington. Within the building is Houdon's Joel Barlow, the Connecticut poet who died, with Napoleon's army, on the retreat from Moscow.

You enter, and, before you, there are steps leading up, and they separate and continue upward on either side, with the Nike of Samothrace superbly facing you, as in the Louvre.

The entire entrance system is splendidly planned, on the grand scale. To the right, through an arch-wayed vista, is seen a great cast of Donatello's Gattamelata, made for the Signoria of Venice; that superb equestrian which still stands in the Piazza di Saint'Antonio in Padua. Through an arched vista to the left is seen a great cast, matching it, of Verrocchio's noble equestrian of Colleoni. And how old Italian stories come flocking! Of Donatello's hastening home from Padua from fear that flattery would turn his head; of Verrocchio's defiant leaving of Venice because his pride was touched, and of how the rulers threatened to take his life if ever he should return; and of how they lured him back with honeyed words, and how, the statue almost completed, he suddenly died—of course, from perfectly natural causes!

In a causeway, between these two great equestrian statues, is a tawny Il Marzocco, the Lion of Florence, of the Bargello, and it is so a lion of an impression, so upsitting a lion, so cute and pawky a lion, with paw on escutcheon, as to give a final touch on entering the building.

It is well to speak with enthusiasm of this Institute, for to understand it and the forces behind it is to understand Chicago. From the earliest days, one remembers, even when Chicago superficially seemed all rawness and roughness, there were people here of the finest inherited traditions; always, that has been recognized by intelligent visitors from abroad, much more than by Americans from the East. And

this Art Institute is a shining light, an accomplished result, to show what taste and knowledge and energy and money can accomplish.

Here (not copies, but rare and precious originals) are examples of the work of the masters. Here are Corot and Daubigny, here are the stately Rubens and the magnificent Rembrandt, here—one may only name a few, almost at random—here are the beauty and mystery of Monet, such as the Venetian San Giorgio, with buildings of blue and gray and red, with sky and water all magic blue and green, such as you see in going by gondola to Murano. Here is Raeburn, painter of men; but this example is his "Jean"; and how she would have been amazed could she have known, in her home near the Trossachs which Scott made so famous, that this painting, with its background of the wonderful Scottish hills stretching away for miles, should within a century find its way to a distant city on the level flats of an interior lake of North America! Here is Winslow Homer, "whose name was writ in water." Here is Chase's "Alice," expressing the joyousness of youth. Here is a superb full length by Henri, a lady, all in black. Here is a recent portrait of Joseph Pennell by Wayman Adams, a striking presentation of the long, lean, earnest etcher.

No other individual artist is so honored here as Inness. For there is a room devoted entirely to him; to a score of his paintings; and one sees here his sunsets and sunrises and mists, his sweet distances and his trees and distant hills; one sees

American scenery so presented by an American artist, with rich coloring and misty sheen and softly glowing beauty, as to show what a paintable land this is. It is a triumph which Inness himself would have profoundly appreciated; and especially because he would have remembered the immense contrast of this with his visit to Chicago in the days when he had modestly to count his dollars.

After establishing himself and his wife at a hotel, on that long-ago visit, he left his card at the proprietor's office, and shortly afterwards was surprised by the coming of a bell-boy, who deftly gathered up their belongings and, saying that their room was changed, led the way to the most elaborate suite in the hotel, Inness uttering no objection but thinking that he would stand the expense for a day and that then they would quietly leave. But there came a note from the proprietor, Potter Palmer, saying that Mr. and Mrs. Inness were to be his guests while in Chicago and sending, with his note, baskets of fruit and flowers. It reads like a pleasant fairy tale.

Outside of the southern end of the Art Institute has been erected the Fountain of the Great Lakes, by Lorado Taft, who was commissioned from a fund of a million dollars whose income is for monuments, in Chicago, to men and women prominent in American life, or for the commemoration of American events.

Under the Institute roof, or rather in spaces stretching out beneath the terraces or in wings

stretching out behind, are rooms devoted to various branches of art study; for there are annually over twenty-four hundred students, taught by the best instructors and according to the most advanced methods, thus making the Institute of great influence, not only in Chicago but in the many parts of the West from which the students also come. The presence of so many students, of both sexes, adds an air of life and brightness. Scholarships and prizes give stimulus to ambition and to skill. It is interesting to watch the students at work, in class after class; and one class were practicing drawing without looking at pencil or paper but keeping their eyes fixed intently on the subject.

The strength and the profound influence of the Art Institute are not due entirely to any one man. Therein lies its enduring power. Not only are there the thousands of members and the annual million of visitors, but among its friends are men and women who have given with lavish generosity or have gathered and donated important special collections. The Ryerson Library, a magnificent collection of books on art, commemorates the name of its founder, and it is a noble foundation; and among other names connected with special collections are Higinbotham, Gunsaulus, Blackstone and Nickerson, and Mrs. Field, now the wife of the author of "Meh Lady." But, though far from being a one-man Art Institute, one man has more than any other been associated with it: Charles L. Hutchinson, a banker, who was chosen president of the Institute in 1882, three years

after its founding, and who has been president for every year since: president for two score consecutive years! His love for art, his wide knowledge, his unwearied devotion to the interests of the Institute, his administrative ability, have been of immense advantage. And the Art Institute, recognizing this, has honored him in a unique and noble way.

For it set aside one of the large exhibition rooms as the Hutchinson Gallery of Old Masters; and, to begin with, it placed within it a painting by one who may by comparison be called quite a new master; a portrait of President Hutchinson by Gari Melchers.

Around the room are ranged paintings of vast distinction. Here is a Van Dyck, his Helena Dubois; an aristocrat, cold, aloof, with collar and ruff. Here is a superb Rembrandt; a girl with tawny reddish hair. Here is a Terburg, his "Music Lesson," with the guitar teacher wearing his hat, and the student with a little velvet sack, with ermine, such as Terburg's contemporary, Vermeer, loved to paint. Here is a Franz Hals, a portrait of his son, a black-hatted, chestnut-haired young man with hand on hip; a portrait fascinating in its richness and finish. Here is a Rubens, the Marquis de Spinola; and above armor and ruff is the long face of the long-nosed general. (One of the paintings by Velasquez, the "Surrender of Breda," in the Prado Gallery at Madrid, has as its central figure this same Spinola.) Here is a Hobbema; it is of green and shadowy mystery, with mysterious dark trees and an even darker pool.

And here are also Teniers, the Younger, Jan Steen, Ruysdael, and others.

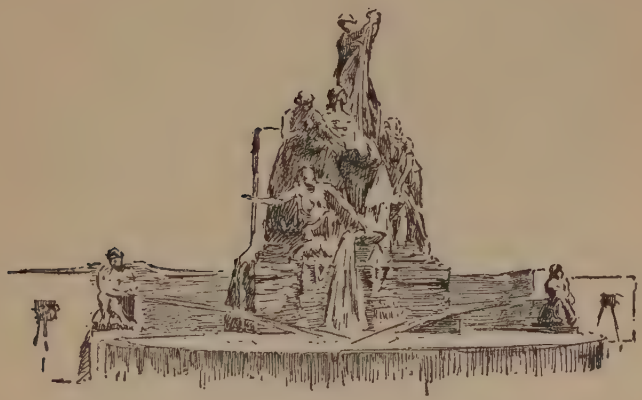
In a sense, this collection of paintings points out an odd connection between Peter the Great, the famous Czar, and Chicago. (And an additional touch is that Czar Peter was reigning at the time when the first Frenchmen so long ago came to Chicago.) Almost every one of the paintings in the Hutchinson Gallery came from the Demidoff collection. The Demidoff who first won fame and fortune was a cannon-maker for Peter, and Peter gave him rewards and opportunities, and he gained ownership of mines and became very wealthy and was made a prince. Descendants piled the fortune still higher and the income mounted to over a million dollars a year. A Demidoff of the middle of the last century acquired a palace in Florence and also a ruined palazzo of the Medicis to the northward, at Pratolino.

But changes came; and in 1880 the then Prince Demidoff sold his Florentine palace and great part of his collections. But the pictures which he most prized he would not sell, but took with him to Pratolino. Then the prince died; and his artistic prizes, chosen gems of art, are now the pictures of the Hutchinson Gallery of Old Masters.

Lady Randolph Churchill has told, in her "Reminiscences," of a Princess Demidoff, living in Paris in the closing years of the reign of Napoleon the Third, who, through positive orders from the Czar, was paid by her husband, from whom she was separated, a total of millions of dollars; which may at

least help to explain the decline of Demidoff finances.

The paintings started on their journey from the Medici palazzo, in its region of great hills and groves of giant pines; they came southward through that golden land, past lovely Fiesole and the hillside where the Boccaccio tales were told; they reached fascinating Florence, whence Demidoff had grimly retreated with them into the wonderful land to the northward; from Florence they came to Chicago: and now, ranged about this gallery, on walls of midnight misty blue with threads of gold, it is as if they are to be companions forever of the man whose portrait has been placed beside them.



CHAPTER XII

SOME MATTERS OF BUSINESS

THE Chicago business man is a busy man. He gets to work an hour or at least half an hour earlier than does the business man of New York and he keeps at work a little later. And he works hard. I remember two men who, speaking separately from each other, expressed standpoints oddly alike. "I came to Chicago without a cent and I failed for a million dollars," said one, now a rich man. "I came to Chicago with ten dollars and in eight years had two million" said the other. A New York business man once said to me, "I told my Jap that I was going on a trip to Chicago." "That's good; that's good," said he clasping and unclasping his hands. "Why good, Mahdi?" I asked. "Oh, always good go to Chicago. Always bring home money from Chicago." Which would surprise Chicagoans, who are not accustomed to have visitors take away money from them.

Merely to say that Chicago works hard, gives attention to business, and takes advantage of opportunities, does not sufficiently explain the city's tremendous success. But Chicago carries these traits to their highest power. And it exercises swift originality of action.

A minister of the city preaches a sermon in which he tells what he would do if he had a million dollars. A man with millions listens and is impressed. The million dollars is given, a technical school is established, the minister is made its president: and Chicago and Chicago business are immensely benefited, and the school wins world-wide fame. That is business in Chicago. And, soon, the million is increased, which is also Chicago business.

There is lavish advertising. In this it is the veritable home-town. Every magazine and newspaper in the East uses pages and pages of Chicago advertising. Even with minor advertisements there is constant aim at catchiness. "It is cheaper to buy good soap than new clothes." You see the appeal to intelligence! And note this four-line appeal to men who would fain not lose time:

"Hats cleaned while you wait.
Hats blocked while you wait.
Suits pressed while you wait.
Shoes repaired while you wait."

"Do away with the high cost of charging," urges one. "Our wagon at your door means the package is paid for" says another. "If it's used in an office

we sell it," is a succinct declaration; whereas others get at their ends by divigation, as, "Whether you live on the Gold Coast or in the Ghetto, in a ten dollar kitchenette or a six hundred dollar mansion, whether you feast sumptuously every day or lunch contentedly on cheese and crackers, this, the biggest bargain of the age, will be of interest to you."

Note the clever brevity of: "If you love her you will get her this washing machine." And another, with something similar to sell, begins, "That old saw about 'woman's work is never done,' may have been true when Chicago was young. But conditions have changed with our electrical outfits." "From factory to feet," is a style of phrasing that the city lives; as is also, "Made by the mile, sold by the yard"; and "Tot Shop" is delightful.

Naturally, this is not a city for quaint ancientness of signs: but even the signs in London were once new! And in time these present signs will be ancient curiosities and people of the future will notice, "Barbers' grind shop," and "Manufacturers of creamery butter and eggs" (the "eggs" arousing thoughts!) and "Song and hat contest," with no explanation offered of this. "Watch our window for your new hat," is of high excellence; and the fact that Chicago is a windy city may explain the "Uncalled for hats for sale"; and I thought I noticed an indication of cold winds in "Blue nose powder" but then saw that it was really "blue rose."

The "booterie" is rivaled by the "shoe doctor," but one would not have anticipated popularity for

"Le grand foot parlor." And another example of misplaced effort might be the altogether delightful "Overstuffed ladies' boudoir chairs"!

The feeling for brevity leads even to single word announcements. In a window I noticed, with nothing illustrative or explanatory, the one word, printed large, "Exterminating"—a threatening sign! Another single word, in another place, was "Plugoscillators." Another was the one word "Higgledepiggledy."

The "Palace of Sweets" is distinctively Chicagoan. And in the way of music I noticed a "Supreme jazz band" and also a "Syncopating jazz band"—so that a choice is thus offered of either kind. "Wanted, a third hand on bread," and "A heat that beats the sun," attract your attention; and in "You can split a hair four times with a razor sharpened on our strop" you recognize positive genius in the designation of the number of times.

Intense local pride does not bar the Paris barber shop, The Boston store, the Russian baths, or the Connecticut pie—which one sees advertised at Thanksgiving time.

An advertisement beginning, in big black type: "Let the loop-hound buy his clothes in the shopping district. The foxes are coming down here," is sufficiently cryptic. And "Wanted, trimmer for men's hats," would seem to point to an exchange in the status of men and women. "Watch for your name in our new department of society news," is the indirect path taken by a newspaper to secure sub-

scribers. And there is the real Chicago spirit in this declaration, by an expressing company, "Anything from Anywhere to Everywhere at Any Time."

Then you notice, lettered large, "A different rug displayed here every day. At this rate it will take over four years to show our complete stock. So don't wait. Come in now."

Frequently there is what may be termed the stately type of advertising, as "Dress, with its dawn in the dim distance of the past, finds its noontide glow in the great retail store of to-day. Let the imagination travel over all the continents, in all climes, tracing all time from the early days of savagery to the latest period of civilization; gathering all art, all science, all industry; boiling, compressing, and condensing them into a compact mass—and the sum of all is revealed in this store!"

And I was charmed, one day, by noticing the effect of a furniture advertisement in a Wabash Avenue shop window; it was far from wealthy furniture, quite within the range of the twenty-five hundred a year man going housekeeping, and there was set forth a quiet-looking dining-room set, with cross-braced sideboard and cross-braced chairs, labeled at the footlight spot, "William and Mary," and two lovers were eagerly looking: they were doing a little window-shopping and were planning their furniture on the way to the theater or a "pop" orchestra concert, and they had become so fascinated by the "William and Mary" that I thought those must be their names; and they seemed to be marveling

at the wonder of finding them so opportunely.

I cannot even offer a suggestion as to why the age of the men was specified in the following: "Wanted. Forelady assistant. To take charge over machines on young men's pants." But there is no doubt about the excellent Americanism in a "Help Wanted" advertisement for men, inserted by one of the great houses: "The men must be American citizens and must understand our language." And the man who advertised, "Lost, two removable bridges," assuredly had no reference to one of the city's bascules.

In one single issue of a newspaper I noticed the following delightful advertisements: "Money loaned on your automobile while you drive it"; "Want automobile or diamond for my Chicago real estate: 3 vacant lots on West 59th Street"; "Will trade 5 acre farm for late model light six any make"; "Will exchange share of good industrial stock for readymade clothes"; "Will accept typewriter, or what, as payment on city lot"; the odd specification of a typewriter being more than equaled in oddity by the "or what"; "Will exchange player piano for good used touring car"; and, best of all, is: "Will exchange shotgun and violin for electric sweeper." What a triumph of utilitarianism over sport! But what apparent hopelessness in the idea of landing not only a man willing to dispose of a carpet sweeper but one who also wants a violin and a shotgun!

A marked feature of Chicago business life is the

fact that in the great stores one sees comparatively few but Americans, either as sellers or customers. The great foreign population of the city lives and does its shopping mainly in its own districts. And perhaps this explains the pleasant attitude of clerks in general, for they are certainly more interested in what a buyer wants, and more cheerful and ready to please, than the average clerk in Eastern cities.

One of the illustrative Chicago developments is that of freight subways. It was found that the downtown streets were really quite too crowded, as one of the results of the centralization of business within the Loop: whereupon came the idea of carrying material underground, with the result that under the congested downtown district there are over sixty miles of tunneling, all with tracks and electric locomotives and trains of cars, for hauling freight to and from railway stations, for carrying away rubbish and ashes, and earth excavated in building operations, and for delivering coal and building material. The big wholesale and retail establishments, and the railway and freight stations, are connected with the system, and it lessens amazingly the number of horses and motor trucks on the streets.

It makes a labyrinth, beneath the busy streets, of tunnels mostly six feet wide and seven and a half feet high, the tops of the tunnels being thirty-three feet below the streets, the idea being not to interfere with the future passenger subways; and the system goes under the Chicago River in a dozen lines or more. Hundreds of thousands of tons are annually

hauled. There are three thousand cars used, each about twelve feet long; the tracks are of two feet gauge; and the Lilliputian dimensions of cars and of tunnels add an odd picturesqueness.

Everywhere and constantly, in this city, one comes upon odd business developments. Three brothers came here after the Great Fire. They looked at the reviving town. "These people are going to make money: their wives will buy hats," they agreed with each other; so they began with a millinery store. Continuing, their question always was, "What will people want?" And now they own such things, among others, as restaurants, and hat shops, and various shopping places, and they founded two publications which now have large circulation.

I noticed a few days ago some statements from a man of immense wealth and of worldwide fame. "No eight-hour day for any one who wants to advance," he said: and he added: "For my own part, I am often at work, at my house, before going to the office, by seven in the morning, busy with reports sent out to me there." And one of his favorite phrases is that "Luck may give a man a job but luck can't make him hold it." And he lays stress on the distinctive Chicagoan idea: "It is more important to pay attention to the hiring of office-boys than of any other class."

As an example of self-confidence I saw another Chicagoan quoted as saying that he could buy a thing from a Jew and sell it to a Scotchman at a profit. One department store declares that there are days

on which over three hundred thousand people enter its doors; and that their eighty-two elevators, on busy days, carry more people in ten hours than do the combined South Side and the Metropolitan West Side railways of the city in twenty-four hours. One day I came upon this fine business motto, soberly announced by a great house: "Our aim is to do the right thing, at the right time, in the right way; to recognize no impediments; to master circumstances."

A station agent at a little town begins to sell watches by mail. He is successful and decides to branch out. He comes to Chicago. Here he founds a business, and it grows: grows so enormously that, as an indication of it, its trade publications, mostly catalogues, mount, so it is stated, to over sixty-five million copies a year, the catalogue surpassing in annual output every other publication, even the Bible. Over six million customers, in all parts of the country or even in other countries. An average of one hundred and eighty thousand orders received each day. And they tell you such things as, that ten million pairs of shoes are annually sold, and ten million pairs of stockings. Everything is done with marvelous order and system, by employees numbering twelve thousand or more. Everywhere is an astonishing quiet. Machinery that almost thinks has been invented, for the handling of packages and orders. There are surroundings of brightness and fresh air and recreation and even music, and all this with an atmosphere of pleasant but concen-

THE WALL STREET OF CHICAGO

trated work. The chief executive, a quiet man, has a desk which is kept extremely bare, for with him there are no left-overs, his rule being to decide every question at once.

Always, in this city, one expects to find a touch of originality: as with the highly successful dressmaker whose question, on her table of measurements, always is, not "How old are you?" but "How old do you wish to look?"

Here and there one sees, in an advertisement or upon a business building, a declaration such as "Established 1898," or some such recent year. And for a moment one may feel amused, contrasting with such dates those of anciently established businesses of old cities; and then comes the realization that this is Chicago's way of looking to the present and the future. After all, a London house, established say in 1702, was once just a new concern.

And yet, it must not be thought that Chicagoans do not look backward. Leaving the University Club one day, with a Chicago business man, we continued our talk as we walked along Michigan Avenue. "I remember," he said, continuing some topic which he had himself introduced, "that Long John Wentworth told me that John Quincy Adams once leaned across the aisle, in the House of Representatives, and asked, 'Just how do you pronounce that queer-named city of yours?' " And this reminiscence came as naturally as if the episode of Wentworth and the sixth President was but of yesterday.

The stockyards are a feature of enormous magni-

tude in the business life of the city. The figures are of hugeness, in totals of dollars and of animals. There are twenty-five miles of streets within the yards, and three hundred miles of railway track, and seven million gallons of water are consumed on a hot day.

It is astonishing, how many Chicagoans, within the first five minutes of acquaintance, will tell a visiting Easterner that they have never themselves seen the stockyards and will urgently advise him not to go there. It is the one thing in regard to which Chicago is touchy or peevish. And the queer thing about it is that there is nothing to be ashamed of.

In the early years of the business, when the location of the yards was then the distant edge of the city, no use was made of by-products and there were in consequence great quantities of refuse that were fit for nothing and which were merely thrown out upon the prairies, making the region, to express it moderately, most highly unpleasant. And this aroused the feeling of being ashamed of the stockyards, as a region of dirty undesirability, of awful and offal odors. But not only has the city spread out far beyond the yards, making it necessary to pay attention to sanitary conditions, but even without that there would be no refuse to throw away. The by-products, once scorned, long worth less than nothing because they had to be carried away, are nowadays worth enormous sums of money. As some one has expressed it, within fifteen minutes after going in, a pig comes out as hair, sausage,

hair-oil and the binding for a Bible. By-products include such things, to give a partial list, as sandpaper, pepsin, isinglass, ammonia, feather-pillows, glue, hair, wool, leather, greases, banjo-strings, lubricating oils, pharmaceutical preparations, surgical ligatures, gelatine and of course oleomargarine. The packers will tell you that forty-four per cent. of a steer cannot be sold as food but must be used in by-products if at all: and it is understood that the entire forty-four per cent. is used.

Most visitors, largely owing to the attitude of Chicagoans themselves, go to Chicago prepared to criticize the stockyards. They know that Chicagoans shudder about them. And then they are surprised to find the yards to be miles from the center of the city, in a direction in which tourists have no temptation to go, so that they need not be seen except by such as really wish to see them. A question actually put to me, recently, in New York, by a highly intelligent acquaintance who is well acquainted with the Eastern States and with Europe, was, "Is there really anything in Chicago but the stockyards?" Whereas the stockyards merely represent an unusually important branch of the city's business, splendidly developed, on a mighty scale.

The great covered sheds, with Rembrandt-like effects of light and shadow, give an odd picturesqueness, as also do the rounders-up, like cowboys, on horseback, and the immense lengths of covered runways, and buildings rising low or high, black or gray or some shade of red, above the twenty thousand

pens that checker-board the hundreds of acres of space. There are bizarre color effects, from great signs, in red or black, with great spaces of yellow; from the blackest of smoke, in eddying clouds; from the whitest of steam; from the yellows and blues and whites of the long lines of railway cars; from stockyard wagons painted all red or all blue or all yellow or all brown; from the colorful costumes of the foreign workers; from the cattle themselves, in reds and grays and blacks and browns. There is the sound of roaring machinery, of scurrying horsemen, of the trampling of hoofs. There are the cries of the drivers, urgent, sharp, mandatory, the cries of the cattle, with a premonition that it means the end, sounds that are expostulative, recalcitrant, making a strange chorus. At times there rises a volumed cry that goes from runway to runway, that is taken up from pen to pen, a dreadful, dissonant, swelling, many-throated cry. In his Pélléas et Mélisande Maeterlinck makes one of the characters describe cattle driven toward their death, saying, "They cry like lost children; you would say they already smelt the butcher."

Under the heading of business should properly be included the immense achievement of actually turning the Chicago River back upon itself, of absolutely reversing its course. The intent has been twofold, for the problem has been twofold. Beginning as a matter of aiding trade movements, it developed also into an enormous solution of the problem of sewage disposal.

Joliet, one of the wonderful Frenchmen who were here two centuries and a half ago, declared that by cutting out and clearing away where was then a short portage, it would be possible to go by boat between the Mississippi and Lake Michigan. And Joliet's idea has been carried out on a vast scale.

The first effort was made three quarters of a century ago, with a canal forty feet wide and five feet deep, but it was quite inadequate, and in 1892 the present Drainage Canal was begun. It was opened in 1900.

The situation of the city, at the bottom of Lake Michigan, as at the bottom of a water-bag, made a dangerous condition as to health; for the city's garbage, although carried farther and farther out into the lake, was persistently buffeted by winds and waves till it returned; and the intake cribs of the water department seemed to have a special fascination for it.

The water bottle could not be tipped up and emptied, whereupon the city decided to cut a hole in the bottom. The Chicago River was to become an outlet for the lake, instead of the lake being an outlet for the river. Enormously sluice-gated and dammed, with a depth of twenty-two feet and a minimum bottom width of one hundred and sixty, it carries away the sewage, offers a water-way for boats, and at the same time is so constructed, with water power and power stations, as to generate for the city an enormus supply of electricity. And further plans are

under active consideration for making the canal still more of an asset for Chicago.

When it was first planned to turn the river about, and make its water run to the Illinois and the Mississippi, the idea attracted amazed attention, and one local versifier wrote:

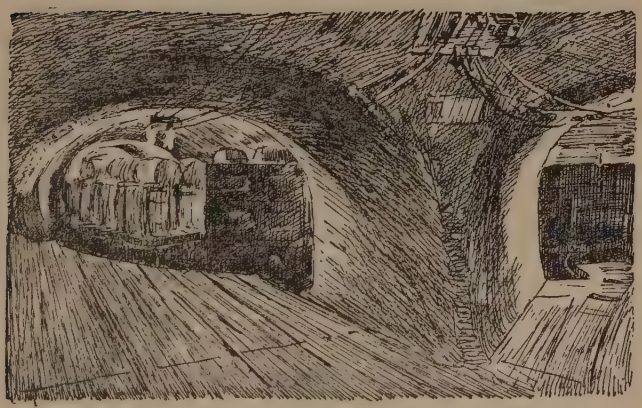
> "This notion surely is an awful staggerer,
> Down to the Gulf they'd carry great Niagara!
> And, by forestalling all its feeding torrents,
> Made a dry bridle-path of the St. Lawrence!"

Although the results have not been so marked as that, there have been some complaints as to the lowering of levels at other harbors on the lake, and as to the contamination of river water for some Illinois towns, causing watchfulness on the part of the Washington authorities, and cautions or orders as to the control of the water: for necessarily the reversed river is now a controlled stream as to quantity of flow.

Swinburne, in some of his most brilliant lines, thanks "whatever gods may be" for, among other things, the fact that "even the weariest river winds somewhere safe to sea." But the apparently immutable laws of nature are no bar to Chicago, even though versifically expressed by a Swinburne, for this "weariest river," as I think it may fairly be called from its past reputation, is no longer permitted to wind its way to the great inland sea.

By a delightful chance the canal ends at a point

only a few miles from the town named in honor of Joliet, the man who so long ago saw the opportunity for it. And the remembrance of the farsightedness of Joliet, and the proximity of the town named for him, bring to mind the visit of Harriet Martineau to Joliet three quarters of a century ago; she knew it had been named for the explorer, and regretted that she found it called, by a perversion, Juliet, because, so she wrote in all seriousness, with the town of Romeo close by, she feared that Juliet it would remain!



CHAPTER XIII

A MODERN CORSAIR

ON a July afternoon a little craft was driving ashore in a heavy storm, a short distance north of the mouth of the Chicago River. It was a terrific struggle. Great waves tossed and swung the little boat and rolled over it in torrents. The beach was white with raging foam. The dragging anchor would not hold. At length the vessel grounded; and when the storm died down, the captain waded ashore and claimed ownership by right of discovery.

This reads as if it happened far back in the days of the earliest explorers, when discovery still gave unquestioned title. But it was really an event of rather recent years; for the claim through discovery was made half a century after Chicago had become an incorporated city; forty-nine years, if one would be exact in regard to so important a matter. It occurred in 1886.

And it was not a fantastic jest but a serious matter and a serious claim, added to by other serious claims as rapidly as legal ingenuity could formulate them, and supported in time by rifles and bullets, by desperate conflicts and desperate bravery.

Nothing so extraordinary, so wild, so bizarre, so outré, ever happened in the history of any other American city. It was the perils of the early explorers, brought to this great modern city in these modern times: it was the Middle Ages; it was knight-errantry. And as Longfellow put it of some New England celebrity, it is the more interesting through its being an American and an American happening than it would be if it were a story of

> "Old Sir William, or what not,
> Clinking about in foreign lands
> With iron gauntlets on his hands
> And on his head an iron pot!"

George Wellington Streeter was one of the children of a pioneer of the West. As a young man he served in the Civil War. After that he drifted about, wandered though much of the Western country, became acquainted with buffaloes and Indians, did steamboating on the Cumberland and the Mississippi, and then gravitated to Chicago in the late 80's.

He had been roaming up and down the land, a knight-errant, ready to fight with pistol or knife or fists with anybody who wanted to fight: like those old-timers who are so admired because they went

about with sword and spear looking for trouble. Streeter was always looking for trouble, or at least expecting it! He had fights innumerable.

The summer of 1886 found him operating a little steamer, scarcely larger than a steam launch, with the ends of the deck open and the center inclosed. With this he made trips out from Chicago, as far as Milwaukee and return. It looked as if his life of adventure had become a life of the commonplace. But the greatest adventure of his adventurous life was immediately in front of him.

On July 10 he steamed out of the harbor for one of his trips to Milwaukee. He had a party of passengers aboard, and was to return with them the same day. But a storm arose, and so threateningly increased that the passengers determined to return to Chicago by rail.

But Streeter was not daunted. He started out in the growing storm and managed to get his tiny steamer opposite the harbor of Chicago. But to enter the harbor was another matter. The gale had furiously increased. Darkness came, and found him still contesting with wind and waves, foot by foot, inch by inch. Twice he was swept overboard; but he had tied a rope around his waist and was dragged back by his wife or by one of the crew; the crew totaling one or two men.

Hours passed. The boat rolled and struggled. Darkness came. Ten o'clock came. The engine broke down and there was now sheer helplessness. The boat struck and slid and slithered onward. The

seams of its hull opened. It grounded again and sank.

It was now three in the morning and the boat was aground at a point four hundred and fifty feet from shore: or, again to be precise, just four hundred and fifty-one feet from the shore line, this figure being insisted upon in the legal battles that were to come.

He had landed near what was to be the foot of Superior Street, and the general aspect of the neighborhood suited him admirably. There were some houses at a little distance back from the water, but the stretch bordering the lake was an uninhabited waste and he very soon decided to become its inhabitant. The spot where his boat was wrecked was less than a mile from the mouth of the river and from Rush Street Bridge. It was unsettled and unclaimed. The conditions were ideal. For Streeter was not the man to let anything desirable go unclaimed if he had the right to claim it.

An adjoining owner—it is said to have been N. K. Fairbank—told him he might haul in the boat and strengthen its position: and this strengthened Streeter's legal position. Before very long the rich owner asked him to leave: but this was not the first time that an "Old Man of the Sea" stayed on, unwelcome, after having been welcomed.

The claim of Streeter seems sufficiently whimsical. The treaty of peace between the United States and Great Britain, so he set forward in his argument for possession, gave as the national boundary a line through the center of Lakes Ontario, Erie, St. Clair,

Huron and Superior, but omitted Lake Michigan. Were Lake Michigan a little inland lakelet this omission would be of no importance; but Streeter declared it to be essentially an ocean, requiring to be considered and named in a treaty: and that its omission left the bordering land in the legal situation of unclaimed territory, and that therefore his claim of possession through discovery should hold.

Perhaps Chicago should be pardoned for not quite following his logic; perhaps it was not unreasonable in being frankly puzzled; but the assurance of the claim, the arrogance, the unexpectedness of it all, were fascinating.

Streeter, man of action that he was and not mere visionary, mapped out his claim and offered lots for sale. Then the law was invoked, and a long series of legal struggles was begun.

Streeter did not confine himself to the claim of discovery. He asserted that Chicago owned only through the rights of Virginia, and that Virginia owned only to the water's edge. He would thus own everything outside the technical water's edge: and from the beginning he had set himself to the task of filling in land.

The original claims might be taken by his opponents to be a sort of jest; although not a jest to him; but the matter of the filled-in land, the made land, outside of the technical water's edge, could not be treated as a jest by anybody. The owners of adjoining land soon began to feel considerable con-

cern; and such bitterness entered into the contests that there was for a long period resort to violence as well as to the courts, and Streeter was charged at one time or another with murder, assault, forgery and other crimes. When a warrant was successfully served, and he was marched off to be arraigned, his wife stood guard in his absence, eye looking along rifle barrel, finger on trigger, and as Streeter's absences were brief, the judges' verdicts deciding that there was no reason for holding him, he would find everything safe upon his return.

His wife, Irish-born, was indeed a helpmate, ready to help him devotedly. She was not his first wife, nor was she his last—it might perhaps be said that he had the marrying habit—but she was his wife during the years when his need was for precisely such a helper as she was, valiant and absolutely devoted, not only sleeplessly on guard to aid him but, woman though she was, of physical fearlessness.

He called his claimed land the "District of Lake Michigan," and had it formally organized, with legal ceremony, under this name! And Chicagoans loved to go and look wonderingly at his Peggotty-made house.

The boat had settled too firmly to be floated. Sand began to drift and gather about it with astonishing quickness, and he promptly assisted this filling-in. Much excavating for building was going on in the city and he arranged with contractors to dump refuse stone and brick at the edge of his

claimed tract. They would dump it as near as they could, and he would load it in his yawl and carry it out and dispose of it around his boat.

Sand gathered more swiftly. By the end of November he was able to put jacks under the boat and lift it inch by inch. It was the "Toiler of the Sea" story, right here on the Chicago beach; a tale of infinite patience, of skill, of strength, of tireless energy. How Hugo would have loved it!

He repaired the cabin. Gradually he got his boat three feet above water. Gradually he made land around it. He and his wife prepared to face winter there and its cold and storms. And, as it turned out, they lived in this boat for a number of winters and summers. Often, storms would wash away his piled-up stone. But nothing dismayed him. Always he was like Hugo's "Toiler of the Sea." He worked patiently and with vast labor at the filling in. Now and then he found pieces of lead or zinc or copper, lost wreckage, uncovered by storms, and sometimes gold or silver coins! "Pieces of eight!" What a touch! And as he would naïvely express it, he felt that he was making a valuable homestead for himself!

It has been asserted, and apparently believed, by some of his opponents, that on that July day of storm it was his deliberate plan to get himself wrecked and driven ashore: but if that was so it would but add to the desperate wonder of it, the daring, the intrepidity, the readiness to face death to gain an end.

The legal proceedings dragged slowly on. One of Streeter's claims, through some delving lawyer, even went back to some ancient King Richard law regarding forcible entry and detainer. And Streeter claimed that his millionaire opponents were outlaws trying to get him ejected by hired force. There were attempts to catch him off his guard. There were attempts to get him into fights, and as fighting was his forte there would be grounds for new warrants, new arrests, new charges, but with astonishing absence of result.

Though the civil proceedings went loiteringly there was no loitering with what may be termed the uncivil. There were sieges and night watches. His principal weapon was a sawed-off army musket, which he often used as a club. It was kept loaded with small shot instead of bullets, for he had no desire to kill. For several years, for the guerilla warfare was lengthy, the doctors of the growing North Side were busy picking shot out of men engaged in the Streeter War.

He built a new cabin on top of his boat, and this Fenimore Cooper-like cabin was often held by his wife while he, like Deerslayer, dodged and watched and listened outside. Often, police and crowds of people gathered, to look on, in anticipation of a battle.

He had a place to hide his gun so that he could get it after an absence without going to his cabin. One night, getting back after one of the arrests which did not hold him, he suspected an ambuscade and ap-

proached with infinite caution. It was bitter cold, and he found that five deputy sheriffs were in the boat, laughing and joking about their success thus far and planning to get up into the cabin. They sat by a lamp. He fired at it through the window, putting them in darkness. Then he put a volley of small shot among them. There were wild yells and excitement. They rushed out. Three he knocked unconscious. Two escaped but only by dashing through icy water.

Conflicts grew more bitter. He gathered men about him. Assailants tried to burn him out. Lawyers flocked to Streeter ready to go into court for the advertisement of it and for a share of what they might gain. The situation grew more tense and savage. A man was killed. The situation could not continue forever. And it had by now gone into this Twentieth Century!

After long delays, he was convicted of murder. His wife died while he was in jail. He appealed, and was set free. But somehow, the active physical war was over although in some phases this Jarndyce and Jarndyce case is still in the courts. There seems to be some question as to precisely what Streeter may have got out of it, but for a time he actually offered lots for sale in what was colloquially known as Streeterville.

And as I write Streeter still lives in the city where he played out his story for years; and the land that he claimed is immensely valuable, closely built over by those he fought, laid out in streets; and he goes

up and down, cinnamon haired and cinnamon coated, a D'Artagnan of Chicago.

Going toward the center of the city, through Lincoln Park, you see land jutting out into the lake. Upon it rise tall apartment houses, which seem the taller through their position at the edge of the water. Beyond, you see the towered end of the great recreation pier, and somehow, in all, you get an odd effect as of Venice. At your right, bordering the park, are homes of wealth. It is charming, this view; it is one of the striking bits of Chicago; and it is near where these big apartment houses now stand, it was here in the very atmosphere of wealth, that Streeter was wrecked and where was organized the "District of Lake Michigan."

CHAPTER XIV

TRAITS AND ASPECTS

THE word "Chicago" has an electrifying effect on the real Chicagoan. It rouses and stimulates. "Chicago!" It is a battle-cry, a slogan, a watch-word, an appeal, a defiance, a boast. "Chicago is Chicago. It is inevitable. Nothing can stop it," says one of the characters in Fuller's "Cliff Dwellers."

And, following from absolute confidence in the city, comes high personal confidence. Advertisements offering for work (one does not say, "asking for work") would seem to show that all the most able men and women in the land are ready to work in Chicago; at least, taking the advertisers' statements of their own abilities at even a great discount, the impression still holds of the marvelous amount of high capacity awaiting the invitation to highly-paid work. And they are not in the least diffident about declaring that they must be well paid. After

all, it is a very old Chicago story, that the lawyer, called upon to settle a bet as to who was the best lawyer in the city, promptly declared that he himself was; and when asked, by the embarrassed inquirer, how this could be proven to the other man, replied, "You don't need to prove it; I admit it." (Chicagoans "with great art will lie on the watch to hook in their own praise," to quote a quaintness from an Englishman who wrote before Chicago was founded.)

It was another Chicago lawyer who never talked ill of any one—because he never talked of any one but himself! And it was still another who demanded the release of his client, a deaf man, on the ground that he had not had a hearing. And it was a long-ago lawyer who, receiving from Horace Greeley an account for collection, with the offer of half the amount for collecting, wrote Greeley after a while, "Dear Sir, I have collected my half, but your half is uncollectable"; a joke which Greeley deemed altogether too good to keep to himself.

Greeley, by the way, in spite of his "Go West" slogan, did not particularly impress Chicagoans when he was in the city on political or other matters; they described him, with a phrase that has since been often applied to other men by other cities, as a self-made man who worshiped his creator.

Chicago has been so freely abused that she has felt quite at liberty to be critical in return; and she has kept her temper, and her comments have had a cutting edge. When George William Curtis was an

idol in the East he went to Chicago and was duly looked over. "His profile is fine; we suppose it might be called classical. The forehead and nose are particularly good. The chin has a dimple, and we have yet to find a man with a dimple in his chin who has any staying qualities. He parts his hair in the middle, and that lends him an air of effeminacy." And in conclusion comes the terrible insight of the summing up; no one but a Chicagoan or Dean Swift could be so easy and so crushing: "His whole appearance is that of an overworked confidential clerk in a metropolitan jewelry store." Not just a clerk, you notice, but so very much stronger from the imagined detail of the jewelry store.

Often the jibes are not only clever but good-naturedly so. "His Western trip will do George F. Hoar a power of good. He will learn that the codfish is no more the national bird than baked beans were the manna which heaven showered upon the children of Israel in the wilderness."

And humor may be very serious. It may be used to point an argument or an idea, as by John T. McCutcheon, the cartoonist, the best in the world in recent years, whose pictures combine humorous presentation with a tremendous effectiveness.

Chicagoans, hard though they work, also know how to laugh. They have the *joie de vivre*. Their humor is likely to have an unexpected drollness: and always it is distinctly of a Chicago quality. Some man is spoken of, who "was married twice and was

also in the war." Or, apropos of nothing in particular, a friend will just happen to say in his talk that your head sits upon one end of your spinal column and that you sit on the other. Or "If that man ever gets an idea, he would die of childbirth." And, according to a newspaper, a little boy calls back to his grandfather, "Come on, grandpa, put a little more pep into your legs." And I remember that one evening, in the ladies' reception room of one of the clubs, a young woman beside me asked an older one, of fifty years or more, "How's your mother?" To which the elder replied, "Full of pep!"

The city has a few favorite words and pronunciations. "Sure" is met very often: and it is uttered with wide variation of intonation, from friendly to quarrelsome with indifference in between. "Horning in," one of the most expressive phrases on the lips of man, comes obviously from a local source. The pronunciation of the Des Plaines River is always just as spelled: no weak yielding to foreign influence! Halstead Street is given a markedly broad "Haul." Devon is usually "Dee-vone." Now and then there is a striving for the unusual, as, "The singer was listened to by an abundant and adulant audience." I have more than once noticed the pronunciation of "trait" as "tray"; something to be met with, but rarely, in England; and also one may hear, as if in England, "Rafe" for "Ralph."

Often there is vivid brevity of speech, an ability to answer. A judge sentencing a woman to ten years' imprisonment for expressing socialistic views,

added: "You'll be an old woman when you come out"; to which, turning a level gaze on the taunter, she replied, "Yes; I'll be an old woman—but I'll see a young democracy."

Men's evening clothes are still, at times, a subject of local jest, although they are worn as generally as in the East. The days when a rich man was "backed into his dress coat," as Lorimer delightfully put it, are passing: always, "one generation passeth away and another generation cometh"; and one would scarcely find any rich Chicagoan saying, to-day, as the original Armour is understood to have growlingly declared, "My culture is in my wife's name." But one may refer to George Ade's wealthy man, whose "wife or daughter always had to go to his room and look him over and turn him around a couple of times before they dared to lead him out where the company could see him." And it was Eugene Field who joyously wrote:

> "Oh, hand me down my spike-tail coat
> And reef my waistband in,
> And tie this necktie round my throat
> And fix my bosom-pin."

The young men who "remove their pajamas to put on evening clothes" represent a certain type of leisured wealth, not much in evidence; but the absence of an important theater district makes for the absence from sight of the young spender, the "gilded youth" so prominent in New York and London.

The real leaders of Chicago society are people,

mostly of great wealth, who are cultured, alert and intelligent, unpretentious and unassuming; even though the men may have won world-wide fame in connection with beef or banks, soap or sleeping-cars. A lady described to me an afternoon reception, and wishing me, a visitor, to know of it as a "select" function, said: "Mrs. B. poured tea, so nothing more need be said!"

There is much of a breezy openness of life; and I have seen women, of undoubted high standing, freely and breezily powder their faces in public. I have seen it in hotel restaurants, in hotel corridors, in aisles of the big stores. And I notice in a society column that "if done daintily" it is good form, but that it is "very bad form" if the woman should open a bag and "display toilet accessories."

One may find amusement in reading any city's "society notes," and "hints on etiquette"; and I quote from an extremely serious Chicago column some advice for "those people who desire to create an agreeable impression in the dining room." They are told to "sit up straight and a comfortable distance from the table (not so close as to be awkward, and yet near enough to prevent any danger of a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip)." And, "Don't put your elbows on the table or toy with the silver at your place. Don't begin to eat until all present have been served. Take small mouthfuls and chew silently. A well-bred man makes no more noise when he eats toast than when he eats custard." Which delightfully well-put statement is followed

by the admirable directness of "Do your best to keep conversation going, except when your mouth is full."

Women cling to big heavy long fur coats; they are freely worn as late as April fifteenth; and above the heavy fur coats are perched little gay straw hats.

Chicago breakfasts early, lunches promptly, dines early; it is not in the least ashamed to dine at six or six-thirty; but, delightfully, it keeps its libraries open until ten; it may eat earlier than other big cities but it reads later.

Chicago people have a character all their own, among those of large cities, through the constant meeting with one another, in the shopping district and at the clubs; they all know what their neighbors are doing, and if a friend has a visitor it quickly becomes common knowledge what he does and says and what kind of person he is and whom he meets and where he goes. Boys and girls still go to school together, and grow up together, and use first-names, and if anything happens to anybody it is talked over by everybody. At bottom, this illustrates a principle enunciated by Mark Twain, that of course people are more interested in gossiping about a tragedy or scandal or accident or murder among those they know than among strangers. Naturally, the intimacy of life makes for cliques and piques, and the piques loom easily into mountain piques.

Altogether it is a city that is loved, and not only by its own folk but by sojourners. I know a couple

who went there to live, for business reasons, when they were sixty. They lived there for three years, and found the big city like the little place they had long known, for they promptly came to know many people, and everybody was friendly and everybody talked; they found friendliness even in the atmosphere of butcher and baker. The man works for Standard Oil and was transferred to Cleveland, but still takes a Chicago paper that he and his wife may read the "personal news" of their three years' home. Of Philadelphia it is said that no one can become a Philadelphian; that it is like being a Jew —one either is or isn't one; but it is not that way in Chicago.

In short, Chicagoans are folksey folk; and there is no difficulty in finding apartment houses that have no objections to children; than which it would be hard to find better proof of folkseyness.

Much more than any other city, this is a place for meetings: not lectures by professional lecturers, such as Boston so multitudinously loves, but meetings at which some up-to-date subject is discussed, with an up-to-date man or woman to lead. I find that I noted for one single day from a newspaper—and just an ordinary day for Chicago—that there was a serious talk by the mayor at a large and attentive gathering, that there was a serious talk in another hall by the general in command of this department, and there was a serious talk before the Fortnightly Club, by the president of the University of Chicago, upon conditions in Persia, to which

country he had led a Government commission, and that there were two or more important talks at still other places; and on the same day a great audience gathered for the Chicago Orchestra.

I was invited one evening to a meeting to be held in a hall in one of the business blocks. I asked the elevator man to let me out on the floor for the meeting. "Which meeting do you mean?" he asked; for in four separate meeting-places in that building there were that evening to be meetings!

Chicagoans are good listeners; and I first noticed this at a noonday meeting at the University Club, when some two hundred business and professional men gave quiet, steady-eyed attention to an earnest and steady-eyed speaker. One notices, at such meetings, that business men wear their clothes with much of an air, and at the same time with a sort of likable or even almost lolling unconsciousness. And at any gathering of Chicago's business men it will be noticed that the average is younger, and that there is more of baldness, than one sees in similar gatherings in Eastern cities.

Chicago is not always a good theater city for brilliant plays. The city has its own standards, and, clever though it is, resents the cleverness that is different. "Androcles and the Lion," for example, in its recent remarkable presentation, was frankly resented, was not understood. Indeed, the best British actors, as well as playwrights (not that I mean that Bernard Shaw is British, except

THE NEW FIELD MUSEUM

through his adopting London!) are rather frowned upon here: Chicago neither understands nor likes the English accent so markedly given by some actors, and bare chairbacks are mute but indisputable evidence of Chicago's opinion.

There are two or three really admirable theaters, with charmingly correct exteriors; but there are few first-class plays. Vaudeville is popular, and has at least one highly imposing theater: and I remember, on the night of the opening, the awe with which the news was passed from one to another that some wonderful roses in the vestibule had cost ninety-eight dollars a bunch. If the cost had been given as one hundred dollars it would not have been nearly so effective as the particularity of ninety-eight! (Is it necessary to add that this is the "largest, handsomest and costliest theater in the world!")

If, after all, some may think that this polished city still has something of a substratum of rawness, it may be remembered that it was but yesterday that here were wolves and wildcats and wilderness. And one thinks of this when a huge audience goes wild with joy over a pillow-fight between a girl on the stage and one of the orchestra; and I remember the roaring guffaws of thousands when two little dwarfs were kicked by a man extraordinarily tall. I suppose they were not really hurt: but the audience would not have laughed had they not taken the kicking to be real: and if they had not laughed the dwarfs would have no engagements—so it's a

topsy-turvy world after all; and the next day I saw the two tiny dwarfs on the street, very solemn-faced, walking to the theater to be kicked.

Moving pictures are palatially housed, with elaborate programs; and of course in myriad places unpalatial; and a successful form of advertising is to announce that "The title is forbidden by the censor to be used," and a close second in popularity comes from the sign, "No children admitted." But such deplorable bids are not used by the excellently managed places.

Theaters of all kinds are open on Sunday: and in this city it is not wicked to have your hair cut on Sunday! On Sunday night shooting-galleries are highly popular. With quieter folk Sunday is a great day for card-playing. "We had a little party up at our house yesterday," is something said very often on Monday. And Chicago shares with the Puritan and the Quaker cities a love for Sunday motoring and a long game of golf.

The police, as in other cities are, as a city's recreation, made a common target for criticism: but, recently, criticism was quieted for at least six months through the outspoken declaration of the police head that for every dishonest policeman there were five hundred dishonest citizens—which made the city gasp and grow silent.

And this brings to mind the Chicagoan who after taking a taxi for a long drive, found that he had no money with him. It was night. It was an awkward situation for he was to call at a home where he did

not want to borrow. Nearing his destination he called to the driver to pull up in front of a cigar store. "I want to get a candle. I have no matches. I dropped ten dollars here on the floor," he said. He went into the store—and instantly the taxi went swiftly away!

Even religion is not without its distinctive treatment. Rudyard Kipling's susceptibilities were quite touched by it, but really, a city need not take very seriously the esthetic susceptibilities of a man who, with all the world before him where to choose, established himself in an unattractive location at a place with the dreadful name of Rottingdean. To Kipling, religious treatment in Chicago was a "revelation of barbarism complete." The church was "a circus really," and the minister, "with a voice of silver and with imagery borrowed from the auction room, built up for his hearers a heaven on the lines of the Palmer House, and set in the center of it a loud-voiced, argumentative, very shrewd creation that he called God."

To those who know the quiet decorum of the thousand churches of Chicago, and the pleasant friendliness of the Sunday golf-playing of a host of members, it will seem as if such criticism can never have been even remotely justified: and yet, after all, this is the city of "Billy" Sunday, who left the city's baseball club to become the city's religious exponent—not without sensational ways and words! And this was the city of Dwight L. Moody, the wonderful shoe clerk who preached to fifty millions

of people, a man of magnetism and power, of bluntness of religious method, who would stop a stranger on the street to ask him about his soul. In his early days he went frequently to the newspaper offices to see about his notices: and it is still told that, one evening, a voice sounded from the entrance of the *Tribune* editorial rooms: "Is Christ among you?" it demanded. "No, he's just gone out to see a friend. He'll be sorry to miss you. Will you wait?" There was a moment's ominous silence. Then, "Here's a notice I want put in." And he called back abruptly from the door, "Christ will get you yet!" And I thought of this local story the other day when I noticed, over the door of a Moody branch, the old-time Moodyish directness: "Do you want a friend? Come in! God loves you."

I noticed among the advertisements recently an example of what is proverbially next to godliness: "Wanted, room: by a clean man." Brief; it could not be more brief; yet how complete it is!

The city boasts of more litigation per capita than any other city of the world. It also claims more divorces, with figures ready to prove the claim, than any other city of the world: and a Chicagoan went before a committee of the United States Senate, in April of 1920, with that divorce claim.

In spite of its newness it has become a mellow city: and it would not tolerate the New York custom of streets torn up for months or even years, with the consequent appearance as of a mining camp.

Making a beautiful city on absolute flatness is a

Chicago triumph; and they do not even have an island out in the lake to help in this! But they have the water and the sky and a love of beauty. And such things as lagoons and peninsulas and wooded slopes and sites for new museums are created in short order, in almost Genesis-like quickness.

There are few things more agreeable than to see Chicagoans flocking into the sporting-goods stores, in spring, to get their fishing outfits. Crowds come thronging; all sorts of people, all types. And with the greater number, who cannot travel to some distant aristocratic lake, it is for the sake of sitting for hours on a pier, soaking an ineffective bait in the calm, indifferent water. And, speaking of fish in these parts, I remember a hotel fountain with little fish swimming; and—was it typical?—they were gold fish!

Chicago regrets not having a few places of historical prominence to show; she knows that cities are expected to have them—yet she did not even keep Fort Dearborn! But, pleasantly predatory, she took, for the World's Fair, "John Brown's Fort," and set it up here, brick by brick. More ambitious, and ready to take another city's treasure if she had not some of her own, she almost secured the Old State House, of Boston!—a shock from which that city has not even yet entirely recovered. Boston had neglected the building, had let it become shabby and broken down, and Chicago reached out and almost got it. Not daunted by failure she tried to get Shakespeare's birthplace, so as to set it up

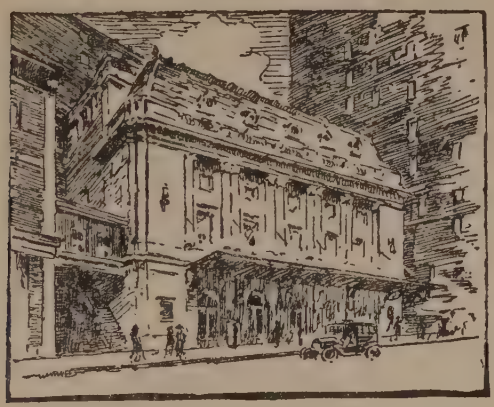
here—and only by a frantic rush of subscriptions, largely from Pittsburgh, was it saved for England. What next? Who can say! Possibly the Taj Mahal. Or the National Capitol and the White House. And indeed, Chicago has had serious thoughts of becoming the capital, there being, she thinks, no longer any reason for holding to the now illogical and inconvenient location of Washington.

Always, the very confidence of the city, as a city, makes the individuals confident: and they must look out for themselves. If a lamp-post or fence is painted there is likely to be the merest casual warning of "Paint." Elevators in business buildings and apartment houses, are not protected, from the standpoint of careful cities, double-doors being practically unknown. 'Buses, with passengers on the roof seats, run for a long distance under Elevated tracks below which hang live electric wires that are a grim menace to life. Hidden motor cars back out swiftly across sidewalks, without even a warning honk. And motor cars are likely to rush at you or back at you unexpectedly at crossings. To turn a corner without honking seems the usual way. In fact, motoring is fairly in the ranks of hunting sports.

One would expect certain natural results from the general carelessness. And at least the subject of funerals exercises unexpected fascination for a city so extraordinarily alive. Herrick's "The Common Lot" begins with a funeral. George Ade writes of the man who "winds up as the Principal Attrac-

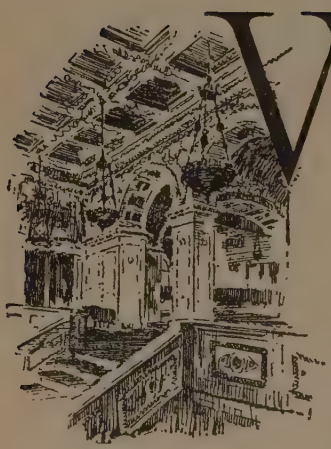
tion at a daylight Function at which six of his old-time Friends wear White Gloves. Every one sends Flowers, but he does not have to acknowledge them." And an advertising sign that looks down at you as you sit in a trolley car begins, "The spirit of emotion is tenderly woven into every bouquet from the sympathetic hands of a master florist."

When a caucus was picking candidates it came to the office of State senator. But Springfield seemed far away from the loaves and fishes of Chicago politics. One after another present, offered the chance, declined it. "It's a dress-up job and poor returns," expressed the general feeling. Then, suddenly, came the winning idea: "Why not give it to Ed's brother? He's got a silk hat! I saw him with it at a funeral the other day."



CHAPTER XV

MUSIC



WHEN Jenny Lind made her memorable tour of America she did not come to Chicago. She went to St. Louis, Cincinnati and Cleveland, but although some thought was given to the idea of Chicago, her manager, P. T. Barnum, did not manage to get her here. After all, shrewd though he was, he was an Easterner and, like many an Easterner, was unable to discern Chicago's qualities. But none the less the Swedish Nightingale delightfully associated herself with this city.

It was in 1850 that she crossed the ocean; and in the course of her first week in New York she was fascinated to learn that out in a new city, called Chicago, a thousand miles to the westward, a congregation of her fellow countrymen were building a church. It was not so much that she was actually surprised, for she knew her race to be colonizers;

she probably knew that the Swedes had antedated William Penn at Philadelphia and that Swedes had actually fought a battle on American soil with the Governor of New Netherlands, Peter Stuyvesant. But it keenly interested her to know of Swedes in distant Chicago. And so, in spite of her being lionized and acclaimed as few men or women have ever been lionized and acclaimed, in spite of the excitement from immense throngs struggling to get seats to hear her, in spite of the atmosphere of adulation, her mind dwelt sympathetically upon that distant congregation of Saint Ansgarius, and she sent them a check for a thousand dollars, and, what they prized still more, for the entire country rang with her fame, she sent her warmly expressed good wishes.

Saint Ansgarius used the money delightfully. Most, of course, went into the building fund; but a large part was spent in buying a silver communion service. The building, after some years, was burned; and the present church is on Sedgwick Street; a structure of dull red brick, already threatened with ruin, and not so attractive nor in so attractive a neighborhood as one would like it to be with this happy association; but it still possesses, in spite of the perils of fire and removal, a chalice and a patten engraved with the name of Jenny Lind, mementoes of a charming connection with one who has been deemed the finest singer that the world has ever known.

At that time Chicago had made no advance as a

musical center. Apollo, the God of Music, did not much concern the city; although now, as I have noticed, there is great popularity for Apollo. with restaurants and cafés and "buffet" bearing his name, and a theater and several business establishments, and a commandery and a hall, and a musical organization of high local standing and popularity, numbering some two hundred members. It is the oldest existing English-speaking (ought one to say "English-singing"?) musical organization in Chicago, yet even this was not formed until some score of years after the delightful act of Jenny Lind. The oldest non-English musical society dates back to 1865.

The only musician who seems to have left any mark in early days was an odd fellow named Mark Beaubien, who looms prominent in early Chicago annals. Born at Detroit, he witnessed, as a boy, Hull's surrender; and shortly thereafter went to Chicago and, having the very urge of rhythm within him, fiddled for every party and every dance. Between fiddlings he built the first frame tavern on the south side of the river and established the first regular ferry; but such things were but minor; fiddling was his vocation; it was known that his dances would never break up early, for if a string broke he kept right on, and if another broke he still kept on, and in fact he finished many a dance with a single string! Year by year he kept alive the Chicago musical tradition. He had twenty-three children: he had fifty-three grandchildren; but

when the great-grandchildren began to come along he stopped count, as he expressed it. It is remembered, in particular, that he once fiddled for a great gathering of Indians and half-breeds, French and Americans, and that he stopped fiddling only long enough to sing a song that he had learned at Detroit, a dolorous song composed by one of the inhabitants to express the grief and rage caused by the surrender to the English.

It was immediately before the Civil War that music became a real presence and influence in Chicago. For a man went there who had within him the genius (it is not too strong a word) for writing songs: and he wrote song after song that thrilled the nation; homely songs of affection and feeling, and war songs. He wrote songs that appealed to the very fiber of Americanism, and numbers of them, known and loved by every one from the Atlantic to the Pacific, are still widely known and loved, for they have within them the very spirit of music. That composer was George Frederick Root; a man that Chicago may well honor. But, as with Eugene Field, I have noticed no monument to him in this city where such princely provision has been made for statues or memorials of such as become justly famous.

Never was a man who, in appearance, more represented the unwarlike than did this war-song writer. With baldish head, and hair brushed toward the front of his ears, and close-cropped whiskers and mustache of gray, he was a gentle,

genial, likable, peaceable-looking man; with this effect added to by the white bow-tie that he loved.

At the outbreak of the Civil War he wrote "The First Gun is Fired," but did not, with that, get into martial stride. Soon, however, came the unforgetable "The Battle Cry of Freedom," and people and soldiers everywhere were "Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom." He also wrote, "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching," thrilling, as it does, with tramping and marching and war. You are ready to go on marching forever.

It is bootless to say that such things are not "great" music. What, after all, is "great" music? Many a writer of music that is "great" according to technical standards, has longed for fame such as that of Root, who stirred and moved and filled with patriotic enthusiasm.

"Just before the battle, Mother," was crooned in thousands and thousands of homes and drew tears from the eyes of millions. A nation's liberties could be in no danger so long as its public stirred to such songs as those of Root. And his war-songs alone number thirty-six. Old Fletcher of Saltoun, some two centuries before Root began his career, wrote, in a letter to the gallant Marquis of Montrose, that if he could make the ballads of a nation he need not care who made the laws.

Among Root's songs of feeling were such as "Hazel Dell," and "We shall meet but we shall miss him,"—who does not know them!—and "There's music in the air," and such as these still live, even

though others of his have vanished into the limbo that awaits most songs and other things in this forgetting world.

Boston could have had Root. Born in New England, he worked his way through a musical course in Boston, sweeping out the rooms as one of his tasks. Then Boston swept him out; or at least ignored him; and in 1859 he settled in Chicago.

Cities are apt to have some happening in their musical past which they would fain forget. With Boston, proud of her standing as a city of technically correct taste in music, the blot on the musical 'scutcheon—or at least, the memory which arouses smiles—is that of the unforgetable Peace Jubilee, when thousands of voices joined in chorus, to the accompanying clamor of an enormous orchestra and clanging anvils and firing of cannon! As to Chicago, I do not know of anything funnier—and even in this the humor was in the name rather than in the music itself—than the "Chicago Church Choir Pinafore Company!"—remindful of what seems that long, long ago time of simple days, which was really not so very many years ago, when not only was every well-to-do or fairly prominent citizen of Chicago known by sight to practically all, but when members of the church choirs were widely known and generally talked about: when Smith the bass singer of such a church was contrasted with Jones the bass of a rival church, and when the acquisition or loss of a soprano was matter for comment at the dinner tables of the city. The combination

of church choir and "Pinafore" did not then seem so bizarre; and I refer to it because, connected with that combination of churchly seriousness and musical comedy, was a Chicago singer who afterwards won nation-wide fame: Jessie Bartlett Davis. Through Gilbert and Sullivan she thus had the training which enabled her to leave the church choir for the stage, and before long she was singing in Grand Opera, and there are many Chicagoans who thus remember her.

In her stage experience, Mrs. Davis sang, among other operas, in "Dinorah": and it was in the Meyerbeer opera that I first heard a Chicago singer of marvelous voice, Galli-Curci; Chicagoan by adoption and connected with the city's Grand Opera. It was in New York: the Opera company, under the leadership of the late Campanini, having boldly gone down there to show what Chicago could do. And throngs went to listen, for there was not only Galli-Curci but the wonderful Mary Garden who, though born in Scotland, owed to Chicago her musical cultivation: this being a Garden naturally cultivated in the "Garden City." (Galli-Curci had been secured in South America, where she had gone to sing after being refused a chance by the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York.)

On that "Dinorah" night, in New York, the building was packed, to hear the Chicago singers but in particular to hear Galli-Curci. There came on the stage an insignificant figure, slight, ungraceful, plain-faced, wearing a frock of dull purple and a

waist of drabbish green. But such a voice! Exquisite, smooth, of flute-like quality: and how the house rose at her, wild with joy, hoarsely shouting with inarticulate bravos, with choking cries: recall after recall following the Shadow Dance song, six times, eight times, ten, a dozen, till she stood before the curtain and sang it once more.

At home, in Chicago, the Opera Company, generously endowed, is housed in the Auditorium; with a hall somewhat too heavy and garish and too garishly lighted, beneath the strong square-sided tower which gives an air of massiveness to the big Auditorium Building. (Central Church, the remarkable organization presided over by Doctor Gunsaulus, technical-institute president, minister, professor, man of broad and varied interests, has its meetings in the Auditorium, and there, week by week, he finds time to deliver earnest Sunday morning addresses; and there, as elsewhere, I noticed what excellent listeners Chicagoans are.)

To show how earnestly Chicago takes music I shall quote from the brief reviews of the various Sunday afternoon performances of a single typical day. And, incidentally, one may gather an impression of Chicago's methods of criticism.

Galli-Curci sings, "in great voice, in the Auditorium, which held its limit." A pianist plays at the Studebaker, "putting into his bill a queer haunting thing by the eerie Erik Satie, whom most pianists inexplicably snub." Boris Torckinsky is at the Playhouse, and is "the kind of baritone that

gets a great notice in the 'music news' " and "makes the rain-drenched boulevard seem a better place than the hall." Isolde Menges is at Kimball Hall: " 'world renowned,' said the heralding, although the audience had heard of her not. She played the violin with a big rich tone and with musical sense." Isadora Duncan appeared somewhere else with "six girls, knuckle-kneed and well-nigh naked, who danced, after a fashion, while an accompanist played Chopin." Chicago is eminently capable of forming its own opinions.

There have been a number of well-known Chicago musicians. Reginald de Koven won prominence as a composer and his name is pleasantly linked with "Robin Hood." De Koven's rich father wanted to make his son a banker, but music successfully lured him. "His mind was filled with melody, but his hands were filled with money," as Anna Morgan, herself so completely imbued with the spirit of Chicago, expresses it. De Koven associated himself with New York when fame began its promise; but he was back in Chicago when death came suddenly to him.

A Chicagoan who has remained a Chicagoan is Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler; like many of the city, she was not born there, but it has been her home since she was two years old: and as a pianist she has won fame throughout America and Europe, and has had a long career.

On the whole, a great number of Chicagoans love the Symphony Orchestra more than they love any

individual musician or any other musical organization. This is largely due to the popular character of the movement which made the possession of such an orchestra possible: for, to begin with, a hall was needed, and to put up a building containing such a hall required nine hundred thousand dollars, whereupon the sum was raised by an extraordinarily popular subscription, with a total of many thousands of contributors of all classes, who gave in sums varying from ten cents to twenty-five thousand dollars.

Orchestra Hall is on Michigan Avenue, between Jackson and Adams. It was finished in 1904. The Chicago Symphony Orchestra was organized by Theodore Thomas, and for years he led it and it was long known by his name, and he lived long enough to be its conductor for the first year of its life in this new home.

All along, in buildings nearby, are nooked and hidden away clubs and studios and gathering places and studying places innumerable. It is a pleasant sight, on an orchestra afternoon or evening, to see the flow of people drawn by the magnet of the Orchestra Hall entrance.

Endowed though the organization and building are as a financial precaution for musical art, there is such demand for seats as to make the orchestra, so it is stated, self-supporting. Friday afternoon and Saturday evening are the usual weekly rule, during the long orchestral season; but Chicago can absorb even more, and I noticed, in one week, the two usual concerts, and one of the popular concerts,

known locally and affectionately as "Pops," and two others to make up for two that had been missed on account of an "influenza" epidemic. Five orchestra concerts, thus, in one week! Old Beaubien left Chicago a grand heritage of musical endurance!

The city has given loyalty to the successor of the honored Thomas, and as a Chicago newspaper puts it—and one wonders why the modestly qualifying "known" is used!—"No other city in the known world is in possession of an orchestra and a leader so good as Chicago's." Always, one sees, the best in the world, in music as in everything else. The city, you are told, makes more violins than any other city in the world; similarly, it is the largest maker of drum heads and of harps; it has "the greatest music house of the world," makes more pipe organs than any other city, and, with over sixty music publishers and ninety-seven music schools claims full right to be deemed the most important of musical centers. "Sound the loud cymbal!"

If the orchestra hall gives an odd impression as if the audience are sitting in the big horn of one of the old fashioned phonographs, that is doubtless as the city wished to have it. And if the orchestral music seems somewhat thunderous, especially after one has known, say, the delicate sweetness of the Philadelphia orchestra under Stokowski, why that again is doubtless as the taste of Chicago loves to have it.

The founder, Theodore Thomas, was born in Europe and began his career there. It was a

precious memory with him that as a youth he played in concerts with Jenny Lind. He gave up Europe for the greater promise of America, and was associated for a time with various cities, but his forcefulness, his profound self-confidence, led him to become a Chicagoan. He loved to take his vacations in the White Mountains, and he had a cottage up there, and, as he once wrote, "I go in the morning and at night and talk to my trees and my mountains that I love. And I catch a little bit—just a little bit—of what they answer me." It was in Chicago that he died, and his wife has told of his final words, on the winter day in 1905 which was his last. He spoke to her, low and dreamily: "I have had a beautiful vision—a beautiful—vision"; and with that the famous Chicagoan died.

As to Boston, and the concerts of the Symphony Orchestra of that city, one retains an impression of musical students following the score in big black music books, and of more than a sprinkling of the gray haired and elderly. At the Chicago concerts, the students and the big black books are absent, as are any marked number of elderly folk. But it is clear that Chicagoans love music; that music gives them quiet joy. And I noticed, at these concerts, what close listeners the people of the city are, how absolutely attentive. Chicagoans have not yet learned either the pose or the reality of superciliousness.

If, in rendering the most beautiful music, the orchestra may present it with somewhat greater vol-

ume of sound than the composers dreamed of, why, that must be as Chicago prefers to have it; and it is, too, not unlike the way of the Boston orchestra in this regard; with the difference that in Boston the over-noise is with the drums, whereas in Chicago it is with the horns: which, after all, may be deemed not un-Chicagoan, for each man is blowing his own.

CHAPTER XVI

WHERE ONCE WAS THE WHITE CITY

THE first time that America turned out for an unrestrained good time was in Chicago; and that properly gives the city a strong claim to distinction as well as to gratitude. For America went happy over that special feature of the World's Fair, the Midway Plaisance Mile! (This city seems naturally to turn to Miles: there is the Lake Front Mile and there was the Midway Mile.)

Where the Midway flourished is now a broad decorous open space, extending in front of a line of University of Chicago buildings that have been almost altogether built since the great Fair. Chicago has a vision of flooding this broad Mile into a long and broad lagoon, and of spanning it with a few bridges, and then, faced by the fine buildings of the university and bordered by driveways, it would be an unusually beautiful and distinguished feature; and, as the city is in the habit of carrying her visions into reality, this will probably be done.

The oncewhile Midway Plaisance is now part of the city's boulevard system and makes an admirable connection between Washington Park and Jackson Park. A delightful old professor stood with me at the entrance of one of the university buildings—he wasn't really old, but somehow the environment, and something in his air, gave him a charming effect of age, just as the university buildings themselves, though not at all old, give somehow an air as of age—at any rate, the professor said to me, with a sort of prim puzzlement and a sigh—the primness from subconscious fear that any knowledge of the Midway Plaisance would seem unprofessorial, and the sigh from his dimmed memories of Midway joyousness—he said, with slow thoughtfulness, "I cannot sufficiently orient myself to repicture the scene as it was in ninety-three."

To many, it is the memory of the Midway that represents the Fair. Of course, they went where duty led, and saw all the other portions of the Fair; but, with a host of people, the thought of the Midway transcends all else, because no Mile ever before or since gave such quantity of joy, and mostly good and wholesome joy. Whatever there may have been that was not wholesome, most people did not find. Even the hoochee-koochee dancing did not greatly shock but only apprehensively thrilled; and compared with what is commonly given at the best theaters nowadays the hoochee-koochee seems but mild.

You look over the Mile and it is vain that you ask yourself where stood the Irish village, where was

this, that or the other favorite eating place? Where were the restless Javanese and the quiet folk of Japan? For the very atmosphere of foreign lands was there. You look again: for where were the Streets of Cairo! Is even that locality lost, merged, altered into a part of the present-day ordered calm! Where were the bazaars and the donkey boys, the tawny men, the supercilious camels in their ungainly awkwardness! And you think of the native procession in the narrow twisting street, and the casements, and the color, and you remember the close-veiled women, and the swordsmen whirling their naked blades and striking and parrying with dangerous skill. And most likely you too will sigh, as the professor sighed, finding it impossible to orient yourself though you know you are looking at the very Mile where all the joyous wonders of the Midway were wrought, the Mile within which America was taught joyously to be joyously merry.

The Midway Plaisance was an offshoot. The main grounds of the World's Fair occupied the huge extent of Jackson Park; and Jackson Park is still a great park, looking out serenely upon Lake Michigan. Within the park still stand a few, a very few, of the buildings of the "White City," the name given because of the white marble effect of most of the buildings, which effect was secured by the use of "staff." The buildings were planned for temporary use only, and were therefore built of temporary materials; but miracles were wrought in the beauties of architecture and grouping. The

architects and artists of America threw themselves into the work with a wonderful degree of comradeship, of *esprit de corps,* and perhaps there was not much of exaggeration, even if there was exaggeration at all, in the declaration that it was the greatest getting together of artists since the fifteenth century. And it is no exaggeration to say that the results were worthy of the efforts of the artists of any century.

It was hard for the English, in advance, to gain an understanding of what America was planning to do. The statesmen and the business leaders saw political and business advantages for both sides of the water, and warmly entered into the plans even though they did not fully understand them; but the class who deemed themselves "intellectuals" were quite frankly slow to perceive anything at all.

What it meant to Kipling was that there was "some sort of a dispute between New York and Chicago as to which town shall give an exhibition of products, and through the medium of their most dignified journals the two cities are ya-hooing and hi-yi-ing at each other like opposition newsboys." And even Wilde, although on the whole ready to be friendly to things American, saw but the opportunity to round one of his most brilliant dialogues. When Lady Caroline, in "A Woman of No Importance," says to the American girl, Miss Worsley, "They say that in America you have no ruins and no curiosities," Mrs. Allonby remarks aside, "What

nonsense! They have their mothers and their manners''; the American girl responding to Lady Caroline, says, ''The English aristocracy supply us with our curiosities, Lady Caroline. They are sent over to us every summer, and propose to us the day after they land. As for ruins, we are trying to build up something that will last longer than brick or stone''; to which Mrs. Hunstanton, with her ideas of the coming World's Fair at Chicago vaguely awakened, says, ''What is that, dear? Ah, yes, an iron Exhibition, is it not, at that place that has the curious name?''

There was certainly an exhibition, though not precisely an ''iron'' one, at the ''place with a curious name''; although, just in passing, it might be remarked that the last man in the world to refer to a ''curious name'' ought to have been Wilde himself, whose full baptismal name was ''Oscar Fingall O'Flahertie Wills Wilde!''

Burnham, an architect trained in Chicago and full of Chicago ideas, was the moving and directing spirit of the structural work; a post of vital importance. He could plan, he could arrange co-ordination, he could bring things to pass. Yet not with him originated the designs of pure beauty. His buildings in the business district of the city, such as the Rookery, and the Masonic Temple, would alone show that. But he was a big man, with big ideas, and he was a splendid executive.

One goes to Jackson Park as to a scene of achieve-

ment, a place of memories. Of the few buildings of the Fair still standing, highly worth while is La Rabida, the reproduction of the convent so intimately connected with the success of Columbus; and perhaps, for the newer generation, it should be mentioned that the World's Fair, although held in eighteen hundred and ninety-three, instead of ninety-two, was to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America.

Who, that saw it at the time of the Fair, will forget La Rabida, with its white walls and red roofs, its long cool arcaded cloister-like walks, and the monks' benches! Who can forget its atmosphere, so dreamy and peaceful, so restful! To hundreds of thousands it gave a thrill. It meant foreign travel, it meant the magic and mystery of foreign lands: not, as with the Midway, the gayety and glitter, but the sweet fine intimacies of one's dreams.

La Rabida stands on a point of land between the lake and a broad lagoon. It should be seen, for the best effect, at the present time, from the opposite side of the broad entrance to the lagoon and a point a little to the east. And it is best seen as evening is close hovering on the very fringe of dark. You see a little mass of building, with an odd little tower, and with all the proportions just the right proportions. It is as if "Made in Spain" were plainly upon the building's architectural face. On one side the darkened water of the lagoon, on the other massed trees standing close, with other trees stretching dimly into the distances along the shore,

A BEAUTIFUL RUIN OF THE WHITE CITY

and with the water of the lake whispering and lisping in loveliness. It is lonely there now, for the building is unused and closed.

The great and sweeping waters of the lake, upon which Jackson Park looks out, and the lagoons and inlets within the bounds of the park, are reminders of the superb use of water effects at the World's Fair. And the well-remembered Statue of the Republic is here: not the original, which was of temporary materials, but a costly permanent reproduction. During the Fair this statue won the name of "Big Mary," so stodgy, so graceless and stiff, so heavy, was she; and the Irish policemen of the park —for Chicago remains so much of an American city as to have Irish policemen much in evidence! —still casually retain the name, not as criticism but merely as the natural appellation. The statue is now of bronze, and is covered with gold leaf, and the great pedestal on which she stands is of solid granite, and the total cost was a huge sum.

Thackeray wrote some lines on a World's Fair of long, long ago, and referred among other things to the statuary:

> "There's statues bright
> Of marble white,
> Of silver and of copper;
> And some in zinc,
> And some, I think,
> That isn't over proper."

But the statuary was mostly proper enough at

Chicago, and this statue of the Republic, as one may see, was eminently and stoutly respectable.

But what an opportunity the city has missed! —this city, with its great legacy of an income that must be devoted to sculpture. For there could have been, instead of "Mary" with the uplifted arms, to commemorate the Fair permanently, a perpetuation of the Lady of the Chair; that wonderful MacMonnies fountain, at the Fair, of which St. Gaudens, writing long afterwards and thus expressing his sober estimate of the work of a great rival and friend, said that it was "the most beautiful conception of a fountain, of modern times, west of the Caspian Mountains" (was there ever so queer a reservation!); it was to St. Gaudens, "the glorification of youth, cheerfulness, and the American spirit." What a pose the Lady of the Chair had! How splendidly she sat there! And such accessories!—the water and the boat, the rowing maidens. And that thing of beauty could have been a joy forever for Chicago. But the city let it go: perpetuating instead this other statue.

Even more than on the Midway one wonders, going about in Jackson Park, where the once familiar buildings stood. They were somewhere within this great acreage with its mile and a half of lake frontage, a space now thick with trees and shrubs and paths and drives and water.

Bordering the park on the Stony Island Avenue side is a great long grassy pathway, an *allée verte,* such as one sees in great French parks or forests;

a long grassy way between two parallel lines of tall Carolina poplars of the height of eighty feet or so; and—best seen from the corner where the "L" ends—this *alleé verte,* this tall-bordered, green-grassed way, stretches into the distance on either hand, with an effect distinguished and beautiful.

Wooded Island still retains that World's Fair name. And as you go into the park, from the "L" station, and look across the water at Wooded Island, it is a Corot-like view, with thick shrubbery along the edge of the dark water, and with Lombardy poplars, in groups and singly, standing straight or leaning out above the lagoon.

Tucked away on Wooded Island is "Cokey." So at least it is commonly pronounced; but it is really Cahokia Court-House, the first court-house built within the present limits of Illinois. It was carried here from its original location in the southern part of the State, and here set up. One feels some disappointment in the practical result. But it represents an effort to secure and retain what was left of a building which represents early Illinois history. This little building was successively the seat of local government of French and British and Americans, and it was built in the year 1716. Why, the "Grand Monarch," Louis the Fourteenth, died but the year before! How it sets us back into the very atmosphere of the past!—for the time of Louis the Fourteenth seems long ago even to France. And a watchful policeman, for it is all loneliness here on Wooded Island, obligingly finds the key and opens the little

old court-house for you; and, seeing that you are interested in the unusual, begins, somewhat hesitant, to tell you something of the migratory birds that he has seen here; on Wooded Island he has been studying them, and he is full of briefly-expressed lore of scarlet tanager and oriole, of robin and red-winged blackbird; and he swiftly tells of wading and water birds; an unusual policeman.

You start to leave Wooded Island; and where, you again ask yourself, did the great buildings stand? Where, even, was the wonderful Court of Honor? And again there comes the versification of Thackeray, of three quarters of a century ago, about the English fair:

> "With conscious proide
> I stud inside
> And look'd the World's Great Fair in,
> Until me sight
> Was dazzled quite,
> And couldn't see for starin'."

But in what direction ought you now to stare? Then, through the trees, you catch sight of a dome, and you walk swiftly toward it, and part by part a glorious building comes into view as if rising from the past; a building of pure classic, the only building remaining of those which gave the distinctive name of the "White City."

> "Say not, 'Greece is no more,'
> Greece flowers anew and all her temples soar."

Thus Richard Watson Gilder, Easterner and New Yorker though he was, expressed his admiration of the superbly beautiful triumphs of the Fair; and, of all of those triumphs, this remaining one most fully justifies his lines, for it so fully represents the noble beauties of Grecian architecture.

This great building was preserved in order to hold the collections of the Field Museum; but the completion of the great new museum structure on the Lake Front, in Grant Park, seems to render this World's Fair memento, this oncewhile Fine Arts Building, of no further practical use, and it is set down for early destruction.

Even while used by the Field Museum the building was permitted to go gradually into a tragically ruinous state, with great fragments of "staff" flaking off. To come upon it, lonely and still lovely, seen across a great lagoon, is deeply impressive; and it is affecting to see so much of beauty going drearily to final loss.

In splendid center and wings, in pillars and pilasters, in pediments and dome, it is the very joy of architecture. It is a larger temple of Pæstum, here in Chicago. Pæstum is of stuccoed stone, and this Fine Arts Building is of plastered wood, Pæstum was permanent and this "White City" impermanent—yet after all, what do permanency and impermanency mean! For the Greek temples of Pæstum, set up, twenty-five centuries ago, between snow-capped mountains and summer sea, and this Greek temple of Chicago, set up not much more than

twenty-five years ago, and now sleeping over the wimpling water of the lagoon, are alike in ruins.

The "White City" was a dream, and dreams must fade. Those wonderful creations of beauty

> "Are melted into air, into thin air:
> And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
> The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples—shall dissolve,
> And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
> Leave not a rack behind."

CHAPTER XVII

AN OXFORD OF THE WEST

CLEVELAND holds the formal monument to John D. Rockefeller, set up by himself years ago. But Chicago holds his finer and greater monument, also set up by himself years ago. The Cleveland monument is a monolith. The Chicago monument is the University of Chicago.

It was in Cleveland that his business life began and where for years he made his home. So he chose that city for his monolith, and it is understood to be the tallest monolith in America, with the exception of the so-called Cleopatra's Needle, in New York; which hieroglyphic-covered stone was really put up some sixteen hundred years before the time of Cleopatra, with the intent to keep forever alive the memory of an up-country ruler named Thotmes, long since forgotten except when some one casually

remarks that the Needle was his, after all: and if Rockefeller would but cover his own monolith with a genuine history of his own money-making, it would undoubtedly be preserved and studied for as long a time as the three thousand and five hundred year monument now in Central Park.

To be the founder of a university is to seek for another kind of fame than the monolithic. And the founder of the University of Chicago sought for that fame, with the aid of his mighty wealth, and a great deal of personal attention. Yet there must necessarily be something of the casual about the establishment of an institution by a man of many millions. And so it was in Chicago. It was like Coleridge's Kubla Khan: the University of Chicago was "decreed." But it was a stately pleasure house that Kubla decreed, whereas here was decreed a series of stately Oxford-like structures. At the beginning, indeed, the buildings were not Oxford-like; the first few were quite ordinary in design; but the idea of following the ancient English university style was soon adopted and now the entire effect is akin to that of Oxford. The buildings are of dignity and distinction, they are of a high degree of beauty, and although the look of venerable age has not yet come, it will come in time, as Chicagoans smilingly declare, and meanwhile it has actually come in surprising degree even within these few years, owing largely, no doubt, to the drifting smoke clouds of the city, and largely to the kind of stone used, and no doubt in considerable degree to the

subconscious effect, upon the mind, of a group of buildings, of ancient and stately style.

Although Rockefeller was the founder of the university, the one whose fiat caused it to exist, it would not have had successful existence without the cordial coöperation of Chicago. He gave great sums of money, but citizens of Chicago also gave with a fine liberality. He gave in all more than thirty millions of dollars. More than ten millions of dollars was contributed by others, and in the list of donors may be noticed such names as Ryerson, Noyes, Cobb, Hutchinson, Field, Blaine, Williams, Culver and Yerkes. Not a one-man university, this, for the total of contributors reaches to more than ten thousand! Ten thousand givers, some few giving a million dollars or more each, with their total of more than ten millions, properly lifts the university quite out of the one-man class. And, more than that, there was the enthusiasm of the entire city behind it.

After all, it was the taking up again, and carrying on, of a distinctively Chicago institution, the University of Chicago that had been founded by Stephen A. Douglas in the Civil War period, and which, after a hard fight financially, had ceased to exist less than five years before Rockefeller founded the new University of Chicago.

The founder naturally exercised a great deal of control in essentials, but at the same time showed restraint. Had he so desired, he could have given his own name to the University, but this he de-

clined. But he did not forbid the use of his name as founder, upon the university seal; though he may have been somewhat surprised by the form that it was given by Latinization: "A Johanne Davison Rockefeller Fundatae": and he ought to be pardoned should he wonder why two-thirds of his name was left untouched, with one-third given the odd twist of "Johanne," and it is possible that he was mildly surprised by the "A." However, what really suffered, on the seal, was the name of the university, made over, as it was, into, "Universitatis Chicaginiensis"; than which ingenuity could go no further. "Bless thee, Bottom! Bless thee! thou art translated."

More impressive than the seal is the University "yell," with its plain recognition of Chicago and even of the "go" in Chicago:

"Chi-ca-go, Chi-ca-go!
Chi-ca-go—Go!"

That the president and a majority of the trustees must always be Baptist came not only through the desire of the founder, himself a Baptist, to seize the chance of strengthening his own churchly denomination, but because he worked with a Baptist organization in the founding, and also because the original university of Senator Douglas was a Baptist institution. But the fact that the big new institution was so distinctively Baptist in its control did not check the enthusiasm of Chicago, for among the ten thousand financially active sup-

porters may be noted the names of people of every shade of belief. Nor was generous giving checked by the knowledge that the credit was likely to go almost together, in popular belief, to a man who was not even a Chicagoan.

Even after the university had been decided upon there was some question as to the best city for it. Nor did the founder have any occasion to regret his decision in favor of Chicago, for, as he expressed it in an address at the university:

"It is due to you of Chicago, to your enterprising business men, to your public-spirited men, to say that in no other city on this continent, in no other city in the round world, could there have been accomplished what you have accomplished." And he made the altogether delightful declaration: "I am profoundly thankful that I had anything to do with this affair. The good Lord gave me the money, and how could I withhold it from Chicago?" And it should be understood that it is customary for Rockefeller to speak familiarly of the Lord, as of a very real personage; and this is remindful of a story told, by one of his most trusted lieutenants, at a recent dinner given in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Standard Oil. It seems that Rockefeller had been called upon to help some new hospital, and that he noticed that no provision had been made for its upkeep, but only for the starting, and upon being told that it was expected that the Lord would see to that, he replied, dryly: "Possibly: but the Lord is very busy: I think we

had better provide a fund." And he assuredly followed this principle in providing a fund for the University of Chicago.

The broad-mindedness of Chicago, the public-spiritedness, the mutual friendliness, the absence of destructive rivalry, the steadiness of the city, are shown by the fact that the president of the board of trustees has held the post since 1892, that the vice-president has held his place since 1894, and that the first treasurer of the board, selected in 1890, still retains the position.

The first president of the university held the presidency until his death. He has been described as a steam-engine in trousers, for never was a man more full of energy: and it might be suggested that instead of being a steam-engine, he was an example of perpetual motion. To build up a great university in Chicago involved immense difficulties, in getting pupils, in getting professors of the proper standing, in getting the entire project set forth to the world with the necessary importance. The city was setting out not only to rival Western colleges but to put itself abreast of Yale and Harvard and Princeton, and it was imperative that a man of immense organizing power be in charge. The very fact that huge sums of money were behind the project made the selection the more difficult. William R. Harper was the man whom Rockefeller chose; and even the most severe critics of the oil magnate have never questioned his ability to pick men. In this case he needed one with all the characteristics

of a masterful, driving, far-sighted business leader, who at the same time must be of high and recognized standing for scholarship. It was a seemingly impossible combination of qualities, but Harper possessed them, and Rockefeller recognized them.

And Harper had the glorious asset of what, for a university president, was youth. He was but thirty-five years of age when he became the president of the unformed institution. He was a man of precocious success. He had entered a country college at the age of ten. When he was only nineteen he was given the degree of Doctor of Philosophy by Yale University. He rapidly made name and fame as professor and lecturer and organizer. He was a man who could bring things to pass. And if, at times, he was ready to be ruthless, ready to take advantage of technicalities, it is not impossible that the possession of such practical qualities would but the more endear him to the greatest business man of the world. A position at Yale was assured him, backed by a specially raised and permanent endowment, but in spite of Yale's strong effort to hold him the Chicago University won.

And the strangest thing in regard to him, all-alive man that he was, the very personification of energy and of up-to-the-minute life, was that he had won his way, primarily, through being a student and professor of Hebrew and Assyrian, of Syriac, of Arabic and Aramaic! This worker of miracles rose from the dead languages.

And there were quaintly odd qualities too. It is

remembered that he was a cornet player, and that as a young man he played as a member of a band, and that after becoming a university president in Chicago he did not forget his early musical love but would often play his precious cornet for recreation (his own, of course). As another recreation, thus the tale has sifted into university lore, he would take a fast train to New York, merely to turn about and take another fast train back to Chicago. Being a steam-engine, he needed safety valves.

He succeeded in setting the university in motion. He indefatigably dictated, managed, organized. Under the years of his administration the university went successfully on. And he personally won intense admiration for his abilities.

Then, one day, two of the faculty with whom he was on terms of special intimacy, were summoned to his home. They hurried over, and greeted with cheerfulness—even with hilarity, as one of them has recorded—their round-faced, spectacled, stockily-built chief, for they were in high spirits in anticipation of some special news. And it was indeed special news that they were to be given.

Harper, calm and quietly master of himself, said: "I have asked you to come, to say that I have today received my death sentence from my physicians."

Thus was the grim news given. He lived on for over a year, doing in that time what was even for him a tremendous amount of work, for he knew that, for him, night was near at hand. It was cancer.

And in 1906 he died, after but half a century of superstrenuous life.

Fortunately there was a man ready and fitted to take his place. Harper had from the very beginning chosen Harry Pratt Judson as his right-hand man. Judson was of fine scholarship and of managerial ability. He now became president. He could not have done what Harper did, in beginning, organizing, setting in motion, grinding into workable shape. Harper could not have done what Judson has done, in rounding and smoothing and adjusting. The university has been extraordinarily fortunate in having two such men, alike and yet so unlike, as its successional presidents in the first thirty years of its life.

The first building of the university was begun in 1891, and students began to come in 1892; unmindful of the obvious jests regarding the expected "refining" influences of the oil-founded institution. And the number of students has steadily increased, until now the university reports show an annual total of about ten thousand.

As the university began, there came the oddest of building apparitions beside it. For adjoining the first university buildings there was constructed the fenced-in Midway Plaisance. The unexpected proximity of this branch of the Great Fair caused amazed hilarity. Of those first days, those beginnings, one of the students gayly wrote:

Oh, there were more profs than students, but then we didn't
care;
They spent their days in research work, their evenings at
the Fair.
And life upon the campus was one continual swing;
We watched the Ferris Wheel go round, and didn't do a
thing.

The land hereabouts was low and swampy, requiring to be filled in, and for the filling there were used great quantities of the débris from the buildings of the World's Fair, and it was long remembered that for years, in wandering about, one might see fragments of "staff," largely of classic design, sticking up through the grass, giving a queer impression of walking over classic ground as, say, of the Roman Campagna.

And that chance effect as of the ancient calls attention anew to the actual aiming at the ancient: to the attempt of the new university—new, but now numbering among its teaching staff some who were born since its founding!—to make itself look like Oxford, doubtless with the idea that following the outward and visible sign would come inward and collegiate grace. And this city of miracles did the work of five centuries in a quarter of a century.

The university buildings are within the city limits, and only seven miles from the business center. Yet here has arisen an Oxford with a splendidly beautiful Gothic architecture. (And the love and appreciation of this very new city for ancient Gothic is itself surprising.)

SOME TOWERS OF THE UNIVERSITY

There was no thought of going off to some picturesque locality to gain picturesque surroundings. The university was to be in and of Chicago. Flat! Of course it was flat! And on an area of flatness has arisen beauty.

Approach the clustered buildings from the direction of Cottage Grove Avenue and you are amazed to notice the steep roofs, the mullioned windows, the stone gables. It seems incredible; but the effect is deepened and strengthened as the buildings are neared and reached, and still more deeply strengthened as you go about among them, through the Oxford-like quadrangles. To Charles A. Coolidge, as architect, most of these buildings, which so reproduce an ancient scholastic age and so represent an ancient environment, are due; and they are far in advance of Oxford in possessing the most modern appliances for health and convenience and comfort.

With corbels and crockets and pinnacles, with floors of oak and stairways of oak, with feudal-looking entrances and passages, with sun-dials and gargoyles and stone turrets and wrought-iron gates, with friezes of stone, with oriel windows and windows casemented, with buttresses and pinnacles, with ancient-seeming stone bridges between buildings, there is wealth of fascinating detail.

It is partly by copying that the general appearance of Oxford is secured, and partly by working under Oxford influence. And, as one of the professors put it whimsically, "It's like the Scotchman who was asked if it always rained in Scotland.

'No,' was his reply; 'whiles it snaws.' So, whiles it is not Oxford but Cambridge."

Most noticeable of the buildings is the Harper Memorial Library; a beautifully massive structure, with massive stone towers, a building really superb. It is two hundred and sixty feet long, having been planned for ample space for library needs. Although among the newest of the buildings it has already begun to acquire a gentle patina as of time; it would be admired as a beautiful and fitting building if it were actually at quadrangled Oxford, and therefore it should be recognized as a beautiful building here in quadrangled University of Chicago. And if it be said it has not the lists of men that come with the centuries—why, time will remedy that. For men will come and men will go, and, so the city hopes, the university will go on forever.

There is spaciousness for books and reading, and there are mighty stacks of books resting their weight, not on the floor, but down upon the very foundations, and there is a great reading-room which is itself a glory. It is a great hall of stone, with fan tracery in the high stone ceiling and with a line of seven great Gothic windows, stone mullioned and heavily leaded, and all of clear glass, on either side. There is a marvelous effect of gray; everything seems to be of an exquisite silver gray; gray stone, gray lead and glass, gray linen at the windows of the same gray hue as the stone, to draw down on the sunny side, and even the floor of gray. You are told

that it is planned to make an end of this gray beauty, marvel of restraint that it is, with colored mural decorations, "when there is money enough"; this last phrase being entirely without intent of humor, such being the mental standpoint of any institution which has always depended upon donations, although in this case the founder has announced, in all good feeling, that he has himself given his last payment to it. But a donation-supported institution never thinks that it has enough. One can only hope, in regard to the unhappy project of changing the effect of exquisite gray, that the time will never come when there shall be "money enough."

At each end of the library hall is a stone gallery, with rail and reredos expressing the gorgeousness of the Gothic, and through each reredos is an entrance-way. Books are on oaken shelves along the walls, beneath the windows, and there are massive reading tables and solidly comfortable chairs. And at either end, as I write, is a stand of colors; not the colors of foreign lands, but glorious American colors, seven flags in each stand, arranged more superbly than any that I have ever elsewhere seen.

Leaving the library, there is in every direction something to be seen that is distinguished or striking; and the eye rests with pleasure upon Mitchell Tower, modeled as it is after charming Magdalen. There is a chime of ten bells in this tower and their ringing has been made an impressive feature of the university life, for solemn and sweet the towered

chimes are for various occasions sounded, and every night, at five minutes after ten, they ring the "Alma Mater."

Within Hutchinson Hall, adjoining, is a noble dining hall, remindful of the dining-hall of Oxford's Christ Church. The great room is dark and somber, with timber roof, and with eight tall Gothic windows on each side, set high like a clerestory. The walls are of gray stone, paneled in brown oak. There is a carved frieze of oak, with the arms of various colleges, in colors, beneath the windows. There are appetizing odors from the adjoining kitchens. And the only unbeautiful feature, but an amusing one, is the huge crockery water-pitchers, such as one sees in the dining-room at West Point. There are two real fireplaces, in stone. The hall is finely given a hundred and fifteen feet in length, forty feet in width, and fifty feet in height; and, as with the Oxford original, and the dining hall at Harvard which was inspired by that original, there are lines of portraits along the walls, of men importantly connected with the university.

There is a Rockefeller by Eastman Johnson, showing him a quiet business man seated in a Chippendale chair, with accessories simple and excellent; and the books upon which his hand rests are not elaborately bound. There is a portrait by Lawton Parker, of Martin A. Ryerson, a leading citizen of Chicago who has been a finely liberal and constant friend of the university. There is a Gari Melchers portrait of President Harper, presenting him stand-

ing against a gray-green wall in gown of purple and red and blue, and with gold-tasselled mortar-board. There is a President Judson, by Lawton Parker, gray-mustached, and in purplish gown and hood. There is a Frank W. Gunsaulus, scarlet-hooded and with a red book in his left hand: and there comes to mind an expression used by him in a commencement address at Oberlin in 1920: "Education," said Gunsaulus (himself not only a professor of the Chicago university but also President of Armour Institute), "education is not what you put into a man; it is what you find in him and pull out"; and therein seemed to speak the voice of Chicago. There is a portrait of Charles L. Hutchinson, by Betts, standing against a background of gray-green. And there are numerous others.

One imagines visitors of the future, even of the future of centuries hence, walking through this hall and, guide-book in hand, picking out by name, and noting what manner of men they were, leaders, in finance and education, who stood behind the university in its formative years.

Among the other portraits in Hutchinson Hall, are several by Ralph Clarkson, one of them being of Silas B. Cobb, who was among the first of the donors of great sums to the university. Cobb died in 1900. He had come to Chicago in 1833. And what made him especially interesting was—and it points out, as dates alone could not point out, the strikingly short period during which the city has grown—that he liked to say that every building

standing in Chicago had been erected during his residence there!

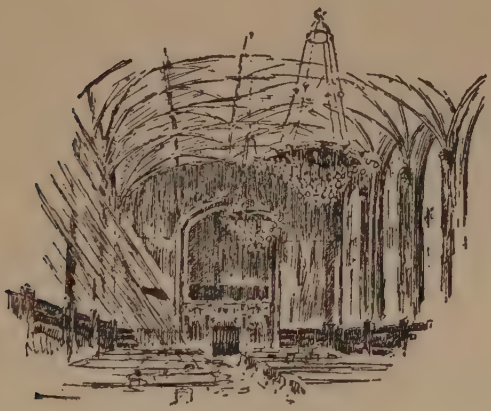
Greenery and shrubs and flowers and climbing vines have become an important feature of the university grounds. Much of the growth is lush and lavish. And when the oncewhile Midway space, now a magnificent boulevard, six hundred feet wide and a mile long, shall be converted into a long sheet of water, there will thus be secured a glorious effect. And even as it is, it is attractive; it may be even beautiful; as one evening, when there was a beautiful sunset such as Turner would have painted, a sunset all dull red and glowing with splendid color tones.

There are no visible university limits, no walling up or fencing in. The university merges with the city; and this, I take it, is indicative of a purpose to merge with modern life.

The general atmosphere is that of earnestness, softened by geniality and humor. This is not particularly illustrated by the colloquial pronunciation of Ida Noyes Hall; a beautiful building, for women students, and rather more in Tudor style than Gothic; but merely as a genial example of college humor it may be mentioned that instantly, on its completion, this beautiful Ida Noyes Hall was just naturally given, in college talk, the name of Adenoids Hall.

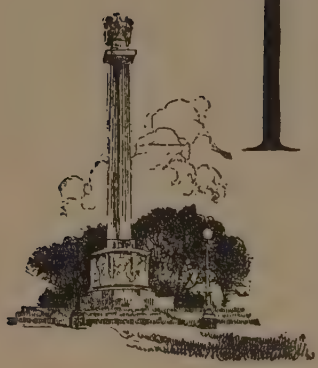
The members of the university faculty now number almost five hundred. This makes, to quite an extent, for specialization; and it is a faculty

story, as a special example of this tendency, that a Biblical professor among them, when asked a question about St. Paul, replied, with dignified displeasure, "St. Paul is in the New Testament"; adding, in grave reproof, and with marked accent on the "my," "My field is the Old Testament." And a correlated story is of the college scrub woman who would not answer a question as to the location of a professor's room, and doggedly refused even to point out the office of the president; her determined words of finality marking the last word in college specialization; for "I only know about scrubbing," she said.



CHAPTER XVIII

THE DUKES OF CHICAGO



IT was long ago remarked that he that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city; but certain men, in Chicago, have not only ruled their own spirits but a great many very tumultuous spirits besides, and have at the same time taken charge of the city of Chicago and ruled that too; thoroughly "bossed" it, to use a familiar American word.

There have been a number of such men, and they have held the mayoralty office for a total of many terms, and I like to think of them as the Dukes of Chicago. Not in the sense in which the term is understood in England, as meaning a set of enormously wealthy individuals, with great houses, still astonishingly intent upon finding means of getting more money. Nor do I use the expression in the sense in which it would be understood in Philadelphia; it was but a few years ago that a young woman of that city, traveling in England, declared

to some English acquaintance that, if her city were part of England, her father would be Duke of Philadelphia; and, indeed, just to go back a few generations, one Wharton, in the time of the Revolution, whose estate was used for the Mischianza, was commonly referred to as "Duke Wharton," because he was very wealthy and a leader of what is known as society. But when I use the phrase, "Dukes of Chicago" I use the word "duke" in its strong original sense of "dux" the leader, the man who controls, the man who commands and is obeyed. And in that sense this city has been ruled for many mayoralty terms.

It is among the most extraordinary of civic phenomena; or rather, among the most singular—to observe a distinction made somewhere by one of the characters of Dickens—that Chicago loves to be arbitrarily ruled. Perhaps one may fairly declare it to be both extraordinary and singular. Strong though the city is, assertive, full of energy, forceful, vehement, stubborn, eager, mighty, potent, in general impatient of control, she yet accepts the control of her ruler. It shows how easy it is to rule people, by merely insisting upon it—and insisting with politic understanding.

To judge from public clamor, when Chicago is under the control of some such ruler, the citizens wish nothing so much as to get rid of his rule. There will not only be free criticism, and the very harshest of denunciation, but likely enough the entire press of the city will be arrayed against him.

But, when the votes are counted, he will be found again to have a majority of them.

The man who most strikingly carried out the idea of strong-handed rule, the elder Carter Harrison, followed a remarkable example of how to do it successfully. Doubtless he had instinctive ability for the rôle of ruler, but the inspiration, and the suggestion of the very heart of his method came from France. As a young man he was in Paris, at the time of the successful *coup d'état* of Napoleon the Third. He was tremendously interested in the scenes of violence and was in constant expectation that the people would resist. He could not believe that a brave and high-tempered and advanced people would permit the overthrow of their republic by a chief magistrate who wanted to increase his power. But a distinguished French woman with whom he eagerly spoke about it, only shrugged her shoulders and said: "But you do not understand! The people will only thank Napoleon for giving them so magnificent a show."

That was the most important practical lesson of his life. It gave him the secret of ruling the unruly. And he clearly saw that in connection with keeping the people amused, and giving them a show, must be the constant and assured exercise of power. Whether or not this would always and everywhere be a winning system, he saw that it won in Paris and he later found that it won in Chicago. He never forgot Napoleon the Third. Like Napoleon, Harrison amused his public. He gave them shows.

Whether standing as representative of his city in welcoming distinguished visitors, whether riding down the street on horseback, doffing his broad felt hat to right and left, whether leading a parade or being a parade all by himself, whether saying something striking and quotable, he kept the city interested—and interested in himself! He was literally the "man on horseback."

It is worth while noting that this city, disregardful as it is of the formal claims of "family," this city, whose people do not spend their time in climbing up family trees, who stand on their own legs and not on those of their grandfathers, does after all pay a good deal of attention to ancestry although apparently unaware of doing so; it likes to know that its distinguished folk could, if they so wished, refer to ancestry of distinguished folk; that "they could an' if they would." Chicago cares little to talk of such things, and always a man must justify his ancestry by his own abilities, by his own achievements; but, with ability and achievements obviously existent, a touch of ancestry may add a desirable tang.

Born in Kentucky, Carter Harrison came of a long line of distinguished Virginians. There was, too, in his blood, and this is especially odd in regard to Chicago, with its early Norman connection, a flavor of Norman descent; and this helps to explain his being a natural ruler. The name of a Harrison, in ancestral connection, is listed among the dead on the Hastings-like "Battle Roll" of Tippecanoe,

and the commander himself at Tippecanoe, General Harrison, was also a connection ancestrally. Carter Harrison was descended, directly and collaterally, from long lines of fighters and leaders.

When he went to Washington as Congressman, he found that he did not much care for being there. Like Big Tim Sullivan, of New York, who found that Washington was much too far from the Bowery, so Harrison found that Washington was much too far from the block bounded by West Randolph, North Clark, West Washington and North La Salle Streets. But he managed to get a good deal of joy out of his Washington life and to keep the people at home interested in what he did and said.

Chicagoans, even yet, chuckle over his speech in regard to the proposed abolishing of the Marine Band, for after picturing the Republican Presidents, and their friends, in the city of Washington, in white vests and white cravats, listening to the "dulcet tones poured forth from the silvered throats of silvered instruments by twenty-four gentlemen in scarlet coats," he deemed it unfair, as he declared, to deprive the next President, who, he was sure, was to be a Democrat, of the pleasure of enjoying in company with his white-tied and white-vested Democratic friends, the silver music from the silvered instruments of the twenty-four scarlet-coated players. "Shall the coming Democratic President be deprived of this music! No, sir! never!"

When he was mayor, Harrison amused the people, as old-timers tell, by gravely presenting the "free-

dom of the city" to Colonel Mapleson—"Colonel James Henry Mapleson, of Her Majesty's Theater" —and, without serious meaning as it was, still, Colonel James Henry Mapleson, of Her Majesty's Theater, saw good advertising in it, and exploited the fact that he was the first of Englishmen to receive such an honor from Chicago; and, so he declared, returning courtesy for courtesy, the city of Chicago was certain, within a few years, to become the first city of the United States and probably of the world. Thus Mapleson and his friends were all pleased, and every Chicagoan was pleased, and everybody was at the same time amused, and Harrison added as usual to the number of his friends and admirers.

He married, in Kentucky, and the wedding trip was at the same time a search for the town which was to be the home of his wife and himself. At that time they knew nothing of Chicago. St. Louis drew and almost held them, but, Southerners though they were, they found the atmosphere of slavery unpleasant, and turned their thoughts to the then promising Galena. But at Galena there were too many mosquitoes! On such odd things do important decisions at times depend!

They went to Chicago, still not seriously thinking of it as their home-town, but taking it on their journey. They found the city full of unpleasantnesses, and swampy. It needed the eye of faith. But Harrison possessed the eye of faith. He saw beyond the swamps to the future glories of the city. He recog-

nized the unusual character of the people even at that early time. Newly though he had come from viewing the cities of Europe, and liable though he thus was to misjudge a raw city of our West, he was clear-sighted and clear-headed. Comparing the finished cities of Europe with the then rough-looking Chicago, with its probabilities of greatness, he deemed those cities finished indeed while Chicago was but beginning. He bought land at the junction of Clark and Harrison Streets, perhaps somewhat influenced in his choice by finding a street with his own name, although it of course represented the great William Henry. He put up a hotel, and lived there for a time. Throughout, one notices the gravitation of Chicagoans of prominence toward the ownership of hotels. And hotel-owning was especially fitting for a Duke of Chicago, for I remember that in London (at least it was so previous to the World War), English dukes owned London hotels in business rivalry, and an American might, for example, patronize one of the hotels of the Duke of Bedford or be welcomed at a hotel of the Duke of Westminster.

When Harrison was at length elected mayor, he made himself so liked that he was elected for term after term till he had been chosen for four terms in succession. He had promptly become a profoundly worshiped idol. He was known to be absolutely fearless. He stood for good government, in the sense of maintaining order in the city and seeing that the various departments of the municipal government did their duty. But he used the immense

THE COURTYARD OF HULL HOUSE

patronage power of mayoralty as a means of rewards and punishments. He believed in personal liberty. Press and pulpit attacked him, but the people rallied to him. In essence he was following what he had long ago learned from Napoleon the Third—he was giving the people a show; and in two senses! For they knew that he was "giving them a fair show," and he knew that he was at the same time keeping them interested.

After the four terms he decided to drop out for a time, and sailed for the Orient, not only to see more of the world, but to study arbitrary government in the eastern lands where nothing else had ever been known.

To understand Harrison is to understand the spirit of Chicago; and the impress of Harrison is still strong upon the city. Returning, he ran again for the mayoralty. Heatedly charged with being a boss, he quietly responded that the charge was true. Of course he was a boss! And actually, he was quite ready to admit that his opponent was not in the least a boss. "But," he grimly declared, "my opponent is bossed by the boss of his party. But I am my own boss and the boss of my party too!"

He knew his city, street by street, house by house, man by man. And he saw to it that the entire city knew him in return. Nose longish and straight, ears close-set, eyes within which, far back, was the glint which marks the ruler—no wonder it was said of him that when he looked sternly at a man it was like aiming a pistol at him. But he was to find that even

this look might have practical shortcomings as compared with a literal pistol.

In 1893 Chicago was to have a show that would astonish the world. The people demanded that their favorite again take leadership. They wanted him to stand for them when the world came flocking to the Fair. He was elected amid scenes of wild excitement. And at once he began to fasten his control upon the city, even more firmly than before.

As the city's executive he well played his part. He met visitors and visiting associations. He addressed myriad bodies and delegations, from all parts of our own country and of the world.

Though he was sixty-eight years of age he still felt in the full vigor of his strength. But his star was about to set.

The great Fair drew toward its end. The great mayor still went about, making a friend whenever he doffed his broad-brimmed hat. On October the twenty-eighth, 1893, after addressing mayors who had gathered from all over the country (fitting finale, for him, the most prominent of all mayors!) he went to his home, and was there sought out by a disappointed office-seeker, and was shot and killed in his own house.

But, as if in fact an hereditary ruler—and this is the most wonderful evidence of his power—he had so won control that he was able to leave the rulership to his son. And notable though his record was, of five elections, still more notable was it that his son, also bearing the name of Carter Harrison, was

likewise elected mayor for five terms; father and son thus uniting in ten terms of a great city's mayoralty!

No wonder that many a puzzled Chicagoan has firmly believed that it was the first Carter Harrison he was voting for, when he was really voting for the son.

"'I voted f'r Carter Haitch,' said Dugan. 'I've been with him in six ilictions and he's a good man,' he says.

"'Why, man alive,' I says, 'Carter Haitch was assassinated three years ago,' I says.

"'Was he?' says Dugan. 'Ah, well, he's lived that down be this time.'"

The first Harrison did not learn his politics altogether from his observations in France. He had also observed that the general run of Chicago mayors had been firm men, rulers, not themselves to be ruled. He had seen, in Chicago as well as in Paris, that a democratic community will yield surprisingly to a man determined to rule.

Of the other strong and arbitrary mayors who have shown Chicago how it may be governed with a strong hand, Long John Wentworth was the most striking. He it was who brought back from the House of Representatives, in Washington, the story of how old John Quincy Adams leaned across the aisle to ask him how they pronounced the name of that "queer place out there." He it was who used the first fire engine of the city to sweep into the lake the houses of an unsavory neighborhood.

Long John made no secret of the fact that he held a good opinion of himself. When an ambitious local writer sent him a history of Chicago, asking for his opinion of it, Wentworth calmly marked out every part that did not refer to himself, and sent it back with the comment that now it was a correct history of the city.

It was Wentworth who ruled in 1860, when the Prince of Wales—long afterwards to be Edward the Seventh—visited the place. And this big mayor bossed the prince just as naturally as he bossed Chicagoans. It is curious, by the way, that the Prince of Wales went there, not to see the city but only with the intent to shoot prairie chickens; itself a comment on the recent development of the place; and he frankly found the city surprisingly full of interest.

Long John introduced him from a hotel balcony, thus doing the royal visitor full American honor. His speech of introduction was brief.

"Boys, this is the Prince of Wales. He's come here to see the city" (he said nothing of prairie chickens!), "and I'm going to show him around. Prince," with a wave of his long arm, "these are the boys." Can't you still hear them cheer!

Long John was so free and easy that the Prince of Wales did not at first quite understand him, and the result was that he also became free and easy. But when he spit into a load of grain on board a ship getting ready to sail from Rush Street Bridge, Wentworth, who stood in no awe of royal blood

and especially when royal blood did not mind its manners, instantly yelled a decisive warning: "Stop that, young man! Don't you know any better than to spit into a load of grain?"

Wentworth, like every successful Chicagoan, had a full share of confidence in his city. One day some men were speaking of what had been done for the place by this, that or the other leading citizen, whereupon Long John put a blunt end to the discussion by saying: "I never heard of any man who has done more for Chicago than Chicago has done for him."

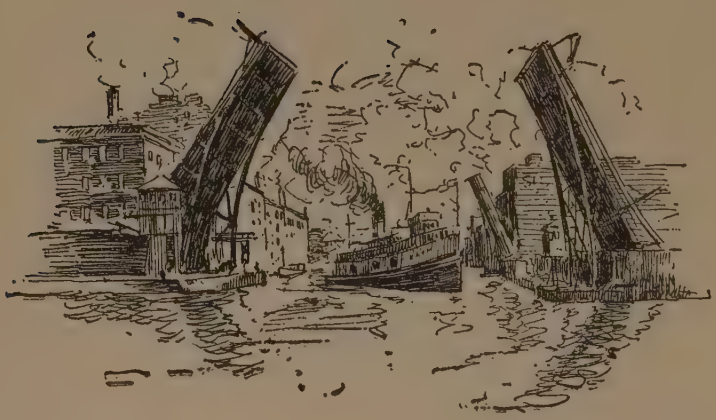
When he knew that he was dying, he directed that no name be put upon his monument. "You don't need to, for everybody will know that it is John Wentworth," he said, passing to his end with that serene and typical self-confidence. Some time after his death, however, his name was put upon the stone.

Mayor Thompson has been another strong-handed ruler, and, as with Carter Harrison, his ancestral line stretches nobly back to the earliest Colonial days; not to Virginia, however, but through a line of New England leaders and administrators, from the ancient Plymouth times. A strong man, he has faced denunciation and opposition—until election day has shown him to be a favorite after all!

The very first of the mayors of the city, William B. Ogden, was the first one to illustrate what it meant to be a strong ruler. He was one of the men who really governed. He was at the same time a man of

culture, a man of fine and liberal tastes. It was he who first built his home from the plans of an architect instead of letting the builder be the architect. It was he who secured for Chicago the artist, Healy. He traveled in Europe, and there he made an admirable impression among people of standing and discernment. And the historian Guizot, so it has been said, declared in regard to him:

"That man is the representative American. He built Chicago."



CHAPTER XIX

A MARQUETTE CROSS

AMONG the charming ancient features of some old English towns is the market cross, a cross of stone, set up in the center of business activity centuries ago, and now offering the appeal of picturesqueness and time. American towns will never have them, no matter how many centuries may elapse, for market crosses came from conditions of society and business of a vanished time. And this makes it the more interesting that Chicago, although it has not indeed a market cross, has a Marquette Cross; and although the cross is not itself ancient it marks a place that was anciently made a place of note.

Father Marquette, missionary and explorer, immensely notable in a period of notabilities, spent the winter of 1674–5 on the site of the future Chicago, and the cross has been erected on the spot where his hut was built, as nearly as it can be ascertained from

his description of the locality, taken in connection with the probabilities of the case. How it takes us back into the glimmering beginnings of Chicago history!

It would not be deemed, by most people, that the trip into the Illinois country, a journey of hardships, from which Marquette was returning, could by any possibility be deemed successful, for he writes that he is not quite sure that he had saved even a single soul. Had there been only one, he says humbly, he would have deemed his fatigues well repaid. And then his heart lightens as he sets down that he thinks there was one soul saved, after all, for just before reaching the Chicago River a dying child had been carried to him and he had baptized it.

The stop at Chicago was made perforce. Marquette was very ill. The news spread through the Indian country, and the Indians were profoundly affected, for they loved him and trusted him, even though so backward about being formally converted. Fortunately, there were with Marquette two faithful followers, Frenchmen, and in a few days another Frenchman appeared. For the news of the missionary's sickness reached a French surgeon, who was some eighteen leagues away. Who the surgeon was, the record does not tell, nor how it happened that he was in that distant land. He figures shadowily in the narrative as a man of mystery. He is just "the surgeon." And, hearing of the illness, the surgeon instantly sets out for the Chicago, with a supply of blueberries and corn. He stayed with Marquette for

some days, and then returned whence he had come—coming out of mystery, to vanish into mystery again. And he sent to Marquette "a sack of corn and other delicacies."

It was a terrible winter. The Indians themselves were suffering from cold and hunger, as deep snows and intense cold kept them from hunting. When Marquette's companions managed to kill some deer the animals were so lean as to be uneatable and were abandoned.

Through miles of snowdrifts came a party of young Indians, bearing more corn, and dried meat, and pumpkins, and beaver-skins, "on behalf of their elders"; and we read that Marquette gave them from his diminished stores, a hatchet, two knives, three clasp-knives, ten sets of gold beads—how delightfully particular Marquette could be!—and, what the Indians dearly loved, two mirrors; "in order to reward them for their trouble and for what they had brought me."

All the Indians loved him. They wanted him to live; but if he must die, they solemnly told him that they wanted him to remain in their country till the end.

Late in March the ice in the Chicago River began to break up, and the water suddenly rose, and he and his two companions tried desperately to rescue their belongings by getting them up into trees. From the brief description of their efforts, in the darkness, to save their lives and goods, one sees a case of desperate misery, even had Marquette not been ill.

On March 31 they managed to get away and plunged again into the Indian country, and on April 6 is the pleasant note, "We have just met the surgeon, going up with a canoeload of furs." One pictures the friendly greetings!

With April 6 the journal ends; Marquette became pitifully weak. He headed northward and made feeble efforts to get to Mackinac; but his illness (and one is deeply sympathetic on learning that it was stomach trouble) held him back; and on May 18, on the shore of Lake Michigan, where now stands the city of Ludington, he died.

As nearly as can be ascertained, the spot where Marquette lived in the bitter winter that was the last winter of his life, was at what is now the junction of the Drainage Canal with the Chicago River, at the foot of Robey Street. The neighborhood may be reached by the Blue Island Avenue trolley, the cars going through miles of two-story shabbiness, with hardly a blade of grass, hardly a tree, to be seen, not a park to relieve the dreariness of miles, and with other miles, likewise suggesting dreariness of aspect, stretching off on either side. And this portion of the city is essentially Chicago, quite as much as the portions of beauty and grandeur; it represents a dour and bitter and unhappy Chicago. In one quarter is noticed from the car window, a long line of junk-shops, with barrels and bottles and rubber and brass and feathers and bones—a shivery lot. At length you get into a district skirting a manufacturing and shipping region, and then, soon, you are at

Robey Avenue, where you leave the car and walk a mile to the southward, along a public street occupied by railway tracks, and with no sidewalks except, for part of the distance, boards laid in mud.

There are railway cars, factories, close-piled lumber, planing mills, and, odd and interesting, cutters of veneer. A veneer cutting company has a yard piled with huge logs, squared, from thirty to fifty inches square! The logs are seasoning out of doors but are preciously covered with great strips of bark and protective planking. They are mahogany; queer-looking mahogany, from Africa, logs very dark, some with what seem hieroglyphics on the ends; and you picture them handled by the slaves of the Congo.

The monument cross stands beside the water in what was intended to be a tiny park. The water of the river flows backward, with current steady and full. A miracle, the pious Marquette would have held it to be; and it is!

On a base of three diminishing levels of concrete, forming steps from all four sides, stands the Marquette Cross, in somber dignity. It is fourteen feet high, and of wood—perhaps, when one thinks of it, a cross really ought to be of wood—but such wood! Black, sombrous, impressive; and it is of the mahogany from Africa. The immediate surroundings are lonely. The water is dark and gloomy. There is no path to the monument. It is in nobody's way. Yet a previous cross of wood was sawed down and carried off, and an iron cross was overthrown by a

switch-engine, which barely missed going into the water in doing it, and another iron cross was cut down with a hack-saw and disappeared. And now the cross is made again of wood, but of this black and heavy wood, and its edges are bound with tool steel, so tough that a hack-saw cannot touch it, and the steel is fastened with countersunk steel screws.

How long, long ago it all seems! And how long, long ago it all was! Here lived Father Marquette, here came "the surgeon," here came the visiting Indians, bearing gifts.

And the days of the Indians might be but yesterday, if one were to judge from the city maps; for the latest map still marks, partly within the city limits, at the northwest, and partly stretching outside, a tract of sixteen hundred acres described as "Billy Caldwell's Indian Reserve"; Billy having been a half breed whose title was not extinguished when those of the Indians were done away with, he being held to be white. His tract was until very recently quite unbroken, and even yet is practically so.

And diagonally across the southern part of the city, crossing Lake Calumet on its way, is what is termed an "Indian Boundary Line."

And it is merely an odd chance which makes my eye strike among some advertisements—and any one who would understand a city must read its advertisements!—among "positions wanted," the notice that a place is desired by a "neat American Indian"; and he wants a position as chauffeur; thus far present-day conditions having led him. And in

this same newspaper was an advertisement of an "Indian Fellowship League," announcing that "any person of the white or red race is eligible to membership." Really, a foreigner might be excused for going about Chicago preparing to dodge tomahawk wielders.

The Marquette Cross, commemorative as it is of the French of long ago in Chicago, brings to mind another West Side connection with the French; but here the French of recent times. For one day I came upon the church of "Notre Dame de Chicago": and how quaintly delightful was the unexpectedness of the name!

It is at Oregon Avenue and Sibley Street, and may be reached by the Harrison Street trolley. It is not a rich part of the city; from appearances it never was a rich section.

The interior of the church seemed to me the quietest place in Chicago; so curiously and almost uncommonly quiet it was. The great central nave, rising high under a lofty dome, has much of dullish chocolate pink in walls and ceiling; but in the stained glass windows, including two huge Gothic wheel windows, and around the main altar, itself of white marble, are touches of green and blue and orange and maroon, albeit extremely florid; and the exterior of the building shows as a great domed mass of mellowed yellow brick.

Every Sunday there are services in French; and the church represents an important coming in of French Canadians, likely enough descended from the

old *couriers de bois* whose canoes came out as far as this, and farther, years and years ago, although they have been quietly living in Quebec for many and many a year.

Around the corner from "Notre Dame de Chicago" I came, with entire unexpectedness, upon the church of "Our Lady of Pompeii"; a modern and unattractive building, but interesting from contrast with the church of the French close by.

The Italians have come to Chicago in swarms; and not far from "Our Lady of Pompeii" one finds a "Caffe della Grotta Azzurra"—this reminder of Capri and its azure grotto being in a neighborhood now dirty and squalid. And near by is wonderful Halsted Street, that thoroughfare of many nations, with its more than twenty miles of little stores. Italian signs are frequent, and in particular I noticed the Banca de Napoli; with the proud boast lettered upon its front: "Il piu' antico institu del mondo" —the oldest bank in the world; and, indeed, the home house was founded in 1539.

De Koven Street is at no great distance; and it was there that the Great Fire began. To commemorate the spot where the fire started a tablet has been placed on the front of the building, number 558, which stands in front of the site of Mrs. O'Leary's barn, but the house is not the original house, and the tablet is inadvertently misleading as to this.

It is a neighborhood of rear tenements and outside wooden stairs, and wooden sheds, and narrow passages between buildings, and yards that are much

below the sidewalk, this being one of the regions in which, although the level of the city has been raised, as to streets and sidewalks, many of the property owners have never filled in their own land.

There is much in the neighborhood to give a sense of drab despair, especially from débris and litter and mud; but it is a March aspect that I have in mind, when the region was looking its worst and where here and there a tottering wooden house on rotting wooden foundations seemed more decayed and tottering than usual. But much of the West Side is of dreariness, in contrast with its many streets of comfort and happiness. And as to the undesirable portions, some of which are menaces to the city's health, Chicago, ostrich-like, puts her head in the sands of the Lake Front and Lincoln Park and imagines these other regions hidden and harmless.

The Great Fire began on an October night. There had been a dry and scorching summer. The wooden houses and sheds were baked to an infinite dryness. A man and his wife, named O'Leary, owned the house and barn behind it. Part of the house was sublet to another family, who that night had a gay time with some friends. In the barn were a horse and half a dozen cows.

A terrific gale was blowing when the fire began. There is no reasonable doubt, there is really no doubt at all, that it was a case of Mrs. O'Leary and an overturned lamp. But naturally, the O'Learys themselves tried to escape the terrible blame. At nine o'clock the alarm was given. With such incredible

speed did the fire go that in less than an hour the entire city was threatened. At ten o'clock the courthouse bell began to toll a general alarm, and it solemnly boomed for four hours, till the fire seized upon the building. The dreadful destruction, the panic-stricken throngs, the frantic efforts to save life and the hopeless effort to save property, the miles of fire, destroying everything in its path, even the strongest and supposedly fireproof buildings, the miles of fire-swept desolateness when the fire was over, united to make a tragedy of world importance; and here on DeKoven Street, one stands at the spot where it began.

On the great West Side, organized charity goes on its well-organized way. Some of the settlement houses are here; notably Hull House, that has made its name widely known, and that of its founder, Jane Addams, who modestly began the work some thirty years ago.

An aggregation of buildings of dull red brick, occupying the space between Polk Street and Gilpin Place, on Halsted Street, collectively makes Hull House.

The tone of the place, and of the work that was to be done in the place, seems to have been set, unconsciously, by the use of the name of "Hull"; for it glorifies nobody; it was entirely without pretension; it was merely that a man named Hull had owned the house that was bought for the beginning of the work.

The old house (old, for Chicago, probably having been built about 1860) still exists, though not in-

THE MARQUETTE CROSS

stantly to be picked out from the mass by the casual observer. And the treatment of that house displays, again, an attractive spirit. The rooms, big and square, might have been given a barren and public aspect, but instead, as you enter, you find that there has been such treatment as to give a homelike air, with pervasiveness of a soft and intimate patina-like green. There is furniture of the period of the house, and some still older. There are great old sofas and likable pictures. The dining-room is highly attractive. And outside is a courtyard, with effects, in the moonlight, almost mediæval, with the soft light shining on gables and stone balustrades and mullioned windows and a terrace which looks very far away and foreign: for the buildings that have been built around the nucleus have been pleasantly planned, and always with a studied simplicity, with gables stone-edged or of brick, and with quoined corners, and diamond-panes, and a balcony above a triple-arched arcade; and all without attempt at ornateness or ostentation. In one of the newest buildings is an assembly hall, with dark-wood paneling, plain and austere, and Tudor-like windows, and walls rough-surfaced in gold and brown, and a gallery, plain yet remindful of the musicians' gallery in some banqueting hall of old. It is one of the most dignified assembly halls that I ever entered, and leaves an impression, simple though it is, somewhat akin to that of the Salone, in Padua, and of one or two ancient monastic refectory halls elsewhere in Italy. And it is illustrative of Hull House, that even this

hall is not too fine to be used; everything in Hull House is for use! And not long ago, the hall was filled and emptied four times in one single evening, so that four separate throngs might see and hear a woman from Russia who was looked upon, by those of her own race, as a deliverer.

The work of Hull House has broadened out into many channels, making it quite the best-known settlement house of the world, and the original head is still its head. Miss Addams would be surprised to be compared with Locke's "Beloved Vagabond"; yet that unique character, when in doubt and trouble, went to the statue of Henri Quatre and believed that he got it from some necessary inspiration; and Miss Addams has told that, in the dark days of 1894, when traffic was tied up by strikes and Federal troops were in charge in Chicago although their presence was resented by both city and State, and when there was gloomy trouble threatening Hull House, which had then not much more than begun, she walked (as no cars were running) the long distance to Lincoln Park "in order to look at and gain magnanimous counsel, if I might, from the marvelous St. Gaudens statue of Lincoln."

At Hull House, as at other places, it is often the unexpected that happens, as was the case at the close of a meeting which had been addressed by a rich woman, exquisitely gowned. "Now," she said in conclusion, "ask me any question that occurs to you." There was a diffident silence. "Don't hesitate. Just ask me any question which occurs to

you." Whereupon a woman breathlessly stammered, "Please tell me where you get your corsets"!

The West Side holds within its far-flung bounds immense numbers of foreigners, and it is in these regions that so many live, with their own centers of business and pleasure, that they seldom if ever get to the Loop and never have had a glimpse of Lake Michigan!

There is more than a population of foreigners. For example there are a number of great hospitals that have established themselves in a group on the West Side, and you will not be surprised to know that it is "the greatest group of hospitals in the world," as I think it really is.

Certain portions of the West Side are still pleasurably remembered by people who, as children, lived there when those sections were lived in to some extent by "exclusives." And there are still many houses of size and comfort. And on Ashland Avenue, one of the oldest of Chicago streets, laid out even before it became a city, the first Mayor Harrison made his home. But West Side "exclusiveness" was overborn by the South Side, just as the South Side has since yielded prestige before the advances of the North Side.

But it is for its great foreign sections that the West Side is now generally known. And at one of the large settlement houses, not far from Hull House, it was thrilling to hear, in a big hall packed with the children of foreigners, the enthusiastic "Tramp, tramp, tramp! The boys are marching!"

And when, at the end of the verse, the children were told that the song had been written by a Chicagoan, they went at the next verse with intensity of enthusiasm. They had caught the spirit of Chicago!

The West Side has, of course, its "Death Corner," and its "Little Italy," where the life and habits and superstitions and language are of a veritable Italy, except that the low houses of frame are very different from the tall stucco houses of Italy. There are a few Chinese, but, small though their numbers are, they have the faculty of making their little section a place different and apart. They were, until recent years, on Clark near Van Buren, and a vague Oriental touch still lingers upon the buildings that they have left. But now they center on the West Side, in a little section at Wentworth and Twenty-second Streets. And their passive silence, their unfathomableness, their plum-colored or blue tunics, their dark clogs with twinkling white soles, are already giving a tinge of orientalism to that highly un-Chinese section, with its railroad tracks and its vacant lots and its unattractive buildings. Chinese homes never catch fire; or so seldom as to seem never; and this is fortunate, for the frame buildings of their present region show, markedly, what one sees in much of Chicago, wooden galleries, extending the length of several houses, with wooden stairways connecting the galleries, and reaching down as fire-escapes. And this is a city that has peculiarly suffered from fire!

The West Side has its so-called Ghetto, and at

a Sunday forenoon market, centering on broad Maxwell Street between Halsted and Jefferson, the Ghetto dweller may be picturesquely seen. Then the street is packed and jammed with carts and boxes and stands, loaded with every variety of clothing, new and old; and one wonders where so many second-hand derby hats can possibly come from! There is cloth in every shade of green and blue and orange and red and purple and maroon; for these are color loving folk. There is every variety of household utensil. There are dresses and jackets, and piles of cloth heaped directly upon the concrete pavement, and other piles on boards or paper. It is the most colorful street in Chicago, bright, brilliant, with every variety of glow. Even the men, and more particularly the women, wear caps and jackets delectable of hue, in fetching greens (particularly greens) and olives and reds and blues. These many colors moving animatedly about among the piles of every-hued merchandise make a scene of kaleidoscopic activity. There is food in boxes and trays: beans and peas and coffee, fish, fruit and vegetables, the bright yellow of oranges, the bright green of cabbages, all adding to the variegated colors. There are crates of fowl, there are guinea hens, awed for once into silence, there are chickens in variety of color. Always color! With always a curious chirring murmur from the ambulatory throng.

One is likely, through looking on at a market as at a show, to think that it must be just a show to

the participators. But I remember a night market, also a street market, of the Ghetto folk, when there was rain, and drizzly dripping snow, and misery. The street lights seemed somehow to be poorer than usual. One noted sinister-seeming passages leading off into darkness. The dealers, men and women, stood in persistent misery, every one wanting to quit, but every one hoping for one more sale.

The magnificent boulevard system, sweeping through all the sections of the city, cuts its broad swath through this West Side as well as through the show parts of the city; but it is well seen to that those who motor on the forty miles of boulevard of which the city is so justly proud, do not see the undesirable.

The West Side has, too, some highly attractive parks; and one of them, Garfield Park, claims to have the largest conservatory and the rarest collection of orchids in the United States. It also has an unusual collection of ferns, and many brilliant-hued tropical plants.

Here, one day—at least, so they will tell you—an obviously rich woman came in and, looking around, became fascinated by the names that she saw upon the plants.

"They are—Latin names?"

"Yes, madam."

Encouraged by her success she continued: "And have all the flowers Latin names?"

"Yes, madam."

"Even the little simple flowers?"

"Yes, madam."

Then, with a gentle smile of rumination: "Ain't nature wonderful!"

CHAPTER XX

OUT IN THE SUBURBS

SINGULARLY enough, the mud of early Chicago, so long ago done away with, had a great deal to do with the life and the location of the home of Frances Willard. Her father migrated westward, with his family, from New York State, three quarters of a century ago, she being then a mere child. But child though she was, she was deeply impressed by the mud of early Chicago; she never forgot it; its memory vividly remained. Where there ought to have been roads, in the region approaching the new city, there were ominous signs of "No bottom"; there had been heavy rains, making what seemed the hopelessly swampy regions still more hopeless; it was an exceptionally bad period in a bad season of those early days without macadam, and her father edged his canvas-topped emigrant's wagon away from the place which, had it not been for its mud, would have

become his home. He strained every nerve in aiming for dryer roads and a safer region, until, with infinite trouble, he worked into safety, whereupon he continued in his search for dry roads, until he was over the border of the State and found himself in Wisconsin, and made a home there.

But fate was to make Frances Willard a Chicagoan in spite of the mud; for when she became old enough, her father sent her to Chicago for an education; or, at least, he sent her to Evanston, which has always been looked upon as part of Chicago, although never actually acquired by the insatiable city. Frances Willard was given a college education at Evanston, in that faraway time when, for a woman, a college education was looked upon as a distinction—and perhaps, by many, a doubtful one!

It is probable that her life would have been more of a loving home life than one of public distinction, had she not been faced with a bitter disappointment. For she fell in love, fell in love with intensity; and when disappointment came, with its wreck of promised happiness, it threatened to wreck her life through her capacity for feeling. But she had will-power as well as feeling, and pulled herself together, and put away all thought of marriage, and, facing life from a new angle, decided to adopt the noble career of teaching; and as a teacher she was a splendid influence upon those fortunate enough to be in her classes. The Northwestern University, of Evanston, made her formally a pro-

fessor, and then selected her to be the dean of its Woman's College.

But, for a second time, her life career was changed. One day in 1874 she saw a party of well-dressed women kneeling in front of a saloon, in Chicago; and she listened and inquired and pondered; and soon she herself was one of a kneeling band.

For the kneeling women were the Crusaders of that striking and even romantic movement which, throughout the land, took women, rich and poor alike, to march to saloons and strive, with prayers and singing, to move the hearts of saloon-keepers and their customers. Almost forgotten though it now is, the remarkable movement swept the land, and, reaching Chicago, achieved its greatest and most unexpected triumph in the winning of Frances Willard for leadership in the prohibition cause: and in time she became a mighty force, as president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and founder and president of the World's Christian Temperance Union.

Miss Willard stood also, and strongly, for woman suffrage, in that long ago time, which is really so recent as national affairs go; and hosts of people will remember a most impressive argument that was used at the Chicago World's Fair. It was a large placard, placed prominently—I think it was in the Woman's Building—with a plainly lettered sign reading: "The Disfranchised Classes," and above this line four pictures: one, that of an

idiot, one of a criminal, one of an Indian, and the fourth, the fine womanly cultured face of Miss Willard. I think that practically every visitor to the Fair, whether or not ready to be a woman suffragist, carried away a vivid impression of that pictured argument, whose force was due to the fine womanliness of the face of Miss Willard.

The Evanston region, which developed Miss Willard, developed also Myrtle Reed, who won a great following for her books, whose sweetish sentimental qualities attracted readers of a certain order of mind. She lived in Edgewater, a trifle northwest of Evanston, in a place called "Paradise Flat," but the end of her well-meant life was unhappy and tragic.

Chicagoans are enthusiastically, even vehemently, laudatory of their own suburbs. They do not hesitate to declare that there never were such wonderfully beautiful suburbs of any other city, ancient or modern, foreign or American. They do not, one notices, err on the side of moderation. Yet it might be remarked that, after all, of Chicago suburbs there are very few, the city having so enthusiastically adopted the policy of annexation, and having so built its homes, within the city limits, as to give to the excellent residential portions of the city what may be termed a suburban character. The city is so much a city of homes, with a grassy space around each house in the more fortunate regions, and with at least an open space, even though perhaps used for débris and ashes, beside many a home in other

regions, that it does not greatly need suburbs. What the people of other cities go to their suburbs to secure—spaciousness and air—Chicago has within her corporate limits. But she has, also, suburbs of a great deal of attractiveness, and with much of composed and charming living.

Evanston is really a continuation of the city, and at first impresses one as not being noticeably different from the city, but after a while one comes to realize that it has an individuality all its own, and a general aspect as of churchliness; and I noticed three church spires close enough together to be reminded (although not otherwise similar to the English spires) of the three which inspired Tennyson to make poetry out of "waiting for the train at Coventry."

Evanston gives such an impression of quiet that it was interesting to read, after the Armistice, a telegram from Washington which stated that, closely hidden and guarded, somewhere at the capital, was a tiny vial of the deadliest poison ever known, which was perfected just as the Armistice was shown, otherwise it would have caused hitherto undreamt-of devastation in the destruction of entire armies and populations; and this poison, thus asserted to be the deadliest of all poisons, was stated to be the invention of a professor in the university at Evanston.

And was it not from Evanston that a frantic message went to the postmaster of Chicago a few years ago, signed by a woman's name and begging that he

hold till her arrival two letters which the telegram described?—the telegram being promptly followed by a highly excited young woman, who breathlessly explained that she had had two proposals of marriage by letter, and had answered them by the same mail, and feared that she had got the letters in the wrong envelopes!

A short series of towns immediately to the north of Evanston, are associated in a general way and in the general mind with Evanston itself, including the charming Glencoe and Winnetka and Wilmette —Wilmette having its name, so the Wilmettians would have you know, from a Frenchman named Ouilmette who lived in that locality in 1803, and married an Indian woman, and had a daughter who married the first Irishman in Chicago; and they still preserve his name, Michael Welch. The village hall of Wilmette is in the form of a little Greek temple and is most excellently done.

One who is acquainted with the rocky soil and stone-walled fields of the suburban regions of Boston, Philadelphia and New York, notices the striking absence of stone hereabouts. I was taken by the owner of a particularly attractive lakeside home, to see a rock in the garden, which with difficulty and pride had been acquired and was the envy of the neighbors; and the honored object was about the size of a bushel basket.

Lake Forest, near these very attractive suburbs, is mostly inhabited, so it is said, by the extremely rich; and you are told that one of them spent mil-

lions of dollars upon his estate, and—such being one of the methods of measuring financial greatness—that "he has five separate telephones."

A little to the north of these suburbs, all of which are upon the Lake Michigan front or very close to it, are Fort Sheridan and the Great Lakes Training Station; this latter having capacity for forty-five thousand men, but with no place provided for even a single boat. However, the station has a remarkable record of a vast number of men efficiently trained, in spite of this great handicap. Men who were trained here had to be carried in motor trucks to Waukegan before they could embark on Lake Michigan; Waukegan (its name calling attention to the free use of the active "walky" in names of this region; as, Waukesha, Milwaukee, Pewaukee, Waukegan) being a manufacturing town, still farther north, which retains, in spite of its steel mill development, a number of houses which are unusually old for this region, with hints of quaint old-fashionedness.

With the idea of preparedness for a possible next war, Chicago is now urging Congress for large appropriations for the purpose of making the great but harborless training station a naval station in fact, by building a fine harbor there.

Zion City may be mentioned, among suburbs, though its people were never suburbanites in any suburban sense, but held themselves strictly aloof from Chicago. It was Dowie who founded this Zion City, and made it famous; John Alexander Dowie,

a Scotchman who traveled over pretty much all the world and established Zion here in the early 1890's. He built a tabernacle, which he declared to be the largest building in the United States devoted exclusively to religious worship. He established lace-making and other industries. He made himself a severe dictator for his town, forbidding even smoking. He made a religious and industrial center; but he died; and the importance of Zion City has waned.

And still farther to the northward, and perhaps too far away to be classed literally among suburbs, is charming and much-loved Lake Geneva, and before me is a description by a Chicago woman whose summer home is beside it! "A long lake with deeply-dented shores that slope into its shining waters. A lake which captivated us." The list of flowers and birds is amazing, and one of the joys of charming country living is found to be "to take possession of the sunrises and the starlit nights."

Although the principal suburbs are to the northward, there are towns of pleasant living toward the west, and there are also towns to the southward, such as Blue Island, important as an active manufacturing and railway center, and worth while, also, as the place where, following a town ordinance, a newspaper announced that "Hereafter it will be unlawful for persons to be on the street after eight o'clock without their tail lights burning."

There is a very real sentiment for suburbs, among Chicagoans, in spite of the fact that most of them

do not live in suburbs. Although such a thoroughly practical folk, most of them have a deep sentiment for things of out of doors. As I heard a distinguished Chicagoan, an apartment dweller, express it, with a sincerity which took away petulance: "I want a home in the country. I want to be carried out of my own door when I die. I don't want to be wheeled out on a tea-wagon!" And one of George Ade's "Fables" is of a rich business man of Chicago who wanted to quit business and become a gentleman farmer and raise chickens. "He figured how many Eggs he could get per Hen, and sometimes, when the Pencil was working well, he estimated that he could make the Place self-supporting."

Paralleling the Evanston region is a north and south valley known as the Skokie. It is a wildish desolate district, with marsh and stream and pictorial trees. Artists paint pictures of the Skokie. Young poets write poems about the Skokie. Plainer citizens tramp along the Skokie. Golfers play beside the Skokie. And everybody wants to keep it untouched by modernity. So, again one notices the possibilities of sentiment in this practical city. For capitalists have freely given their names in promise to join in plans of preservation, and the city itself is actually preserving considerable part of the region and will probably get more.

The love of Chicago for the Skokie is remindful of the love of the Philadelphian for the Wissahickon;

ONE OF THE LONG BATHING BEACHES

although water and sky are perhaps pretty much all the two valleys have in common. Chicago nature lovers speak affectionately of the Skokie as if it represents the Elysian Fields. They bring out the name with a loving purr. "The Skokie!" Strangers are fascinated by the word and by the general devotion. One city dweller tells you, as if it were a secret of sacredness, that the lotus grows there. In reality, it is the plain friendly yellow water lily. Another informs you that in winter time there is a wonderful warm red-brown color on the Skokie. Another declares that blue herons, five feet from tip to tip, fly commonly over the Skokie.

The portions of the region that have been secured by the city are to be part of a development altogether charming and unexpected. For Chicago possesses Forest Preserves!—technically, it is Cook County—partly within the limits of the city and partly just outside.

The Forest Preserves thus far secured amount to over fifteen thousand acres, and their acreage is increasing, and they include a dozen or more wild and desirable spots.

The general plan for these preserves is for something very different from parks, for the preserves are to be without formal and artificial features. The idea is to preserve the wilderness of wild and timbered districts, to encourage wild game, and to stock with fish. A few roads will be cut to make some places accessible that now cannot be reached, and there are facilities for camping.

The Prairie Club, an active body, has organized a system of walks, to explore picturesque regions, and especially to follow out old Indian trails. And I noticed, the other day, an item in a newspaper, a short paragraph, telling, just as if it were an ordinary and quite unpicturesque fact, that the Prairie Club walk for the next day would be led by a Chicago woman who was an Indian chief's daughter, her father having been friendly to the whites in early days, and she herself still having her home on land given to her father by the Treaty of Prairie du Chien.

CHAPTER XXI

THE EXTRAORDINARY MAKING OF GARY

THE making of the city of Gary was a huge and remarkable achievement. And its name comes from that of a man who was born in the little town of Wheaton in Illinois, twenty-five miles west of Chicago.

That Wheaton spent sixty thousand dollars on its water-works is the outstanding financial fact connected with the place, as gleaned from a recent local description that lies before me; the far more important financial fact being entirely overlooked that Wheaton was the birthplace of Elbert H. Gary, one of America's greatest financiers, who for years displayed his grasp of enormous financial problems as the directing spirit of the billion dollar steel corporation, the greatest single business organization in the world.

After staying in his little home town long enough to attain prominence there and the titles of mayor

and judge, he naturally gravitated to nearby Chicago and, as a lawyer, showed the strong financial bent of his mind by beginning to give special attention to problems of big business; before long, he even became an organizer of business; and at length he ceased to be a Chicagoan and became a New Yorker. Yet he still felt that close ties bound him to Illinois and Chicago, and when it was suggested that the great steel corporation was in need of new facilities, for manufacturing and shipping, in the heart of the Middle West, and that on the whole it seemed best to found an entirely new town, he entered into the project with joy: for was not the heart of the Middle West the neighborhood of Chicago!

A place was needed where the corporation could build great steel mills, and make homes for many thousands of steel workers and their families. In the selection of the site, and in the plans and arrangements for the new place, Elbert Gary showed such constant interest and gave such advice and exercised such leadership, that his business associates named the place in his honor. The intended greatest steel-making center was to be known as Gary.

Gary stands where most people, except Chicagoans themselves, think that Chicago stands: at the southern end of Lake Michigan. The location was selected in order to gain real geographical advantages, with its really central situation, its harbor possibilities, its possibilities of railway connections,

the ease with which raw material could be gathered and with which manufactured products could be shipped. Gary is so completely down at the foot —or head—of the lake—Lake Michigan stands on its head—that it is actually over the line in Indiana, suburb of Chicago though it is. It is only twenty-six miles from the heart of the great city, and reached by rail down beyond the Calumet Lake region, passing an oddly dreary district where, in spite of the dreariness, there are suggestions of parts of Holland, with amphibious houses and amphibious-seeming folk, and great levels of alternate land and lake and canal and stream, with the water brimming to the verge, and with boat landings and little boats; and yet, after all, with but little of prettiness. But these almost picturesque amphibious characteristics vanish before the city of Gary is reached.

Gary was begun in 1906. Almost at once, so it seemed, a population of thirty thousand was attained, and the place went on increasing, with the prophecy that by 1925 it would have at least a hundred thousand—toward which figure it is well on its way as I write.

Enormous steel mills went up as if by magic, and workmen were sent by thousands. Their families, too, were sent, for homes went up as the mills went up, and from the first there was comfort in family living. An area of thirty square miles; one hundred and fifty miles of water and gas mains; street pavement, eighty miles; cement sidewalks,

one hundred and twenty-five miles: such are among the figures that are given. The city started, unhampered by the mistakes of past generations.

It has been more wonderful than even the making of St. Petersburg, of Petrograd. For Gary was built on shifty shifting sand: it was built in the sandy dune country. It was set up in a bit of savagery. And even now, in spite of the miles of street pavement and sidewalks, in spite of the thousands of orderly homes and business blocks, the sand is all about and in between, and is always and vastly threatening. Let a householder but stir with a stick in his back yard, on a windy day, and the treacherous sand begins to move and cloud and whirl. And, close hemming the city, are areas of sand, shifting and blowing and always threatening.

And the fancy comes, that if the people were to be taken away for a little while, and the town left to itself, it would be blotted out; one feels that its houses would become hills and knolls of sand, that its streets, now thronged by day and brilliantly lighted by night, would become sand valleys, that scrub-oaks and pines would begin to grow here, and that the city of Gary would vanish from sight as magically as it arose, with only a few mill chimneys standing up mysteriously to puzzle wondering travelers, until even those last signs of human life should rust and topple and disappear. The imagination is moved by mystical ancient tales of vanished towns; and, also, there comes to mind the humorous wonder-tale by "Q," about Perranzabuloe

and its ever-shifting sands, and of how Saint Piran and his faithful flock lost all trace of their church, which had become a sand dune and was hidden from sight under their very eyes.

An amazing feature about Gary, built as it is on shifting sands, is that it is actually so solid, so permanent, so strong. There is nothing suggestive of the shoddy or the temporary. Schools, libraries, clubs, commercial buildings, homes, churches, meeting places, all have the aspect as of having been built for permanence. The city has arisen so swiftly, so solidly, just because a great corporation ordered it! It is vastly more of an achievement than as if it had been ordered by an arbitrary monarch, with absolute control of a nation and of its resources. And as to the threatening waves of sand —the thought comes of King Canute vainly ordering back advancing literal waves of water; but here a corporation ordered back sand waves and was obeyed. And in spite of being a city built upon the sand, the city has already grown a great quantity of trees and shrubs and grass and flowers. Yet always the mind comes back to the constant menace of sand; I have seen men of Gary shoveling it from their walks as if it were snow. And one of the oddest of sights is that of great balls of wild tumbleweed rolling, wind-blown, through the streets, from the unconquered sand regions that hem the city in.

I went to Gary prepossessed against it. I was familiar with duke-owned towns of England, as they

were before the World War, where the titled men actually owned factories and stores and homes and controlled every means of labor and life, and I remembered the sad hopelessness of aspect of the workingmen, and I feared to find something of the same unhappiness and dolor in the atmosphere of this corporation-owned city of Gary. But I found only a breezy manliness, an atmosphere of satisfaction, of positive happiness; and instead of the black and dismal streets that I had known in Sheffield, the most important of the cities that were owned by so-called nobility, I found, in Gary, clean and wide and open streets, with prosperous-looking business buildings and alert and happy people. And it is not a negligible item, that the eating is of a much better average, judging from food and fruit shops, and from restaurants, than in smallish American cities in general: and this is probably due to corporation influence, from seeing business advantage in a properly and abundantly fed population.

And here is a curious fact in regard to Gary. City of stupendous mills though it is, it would be quite possible for a visitor to go there and barely know that mills are in the neighborhood. For there are two districts: the mill district and the district of homes and schools and churches and stores; the two districts are not far enough apart to make for inconvenience, but are far enough apart to permit the home section to be happy-looking and clean instead of grimy and dirty. If smoke clouds now and then

drift over, it is not often enough to make much of an impression. At night the sky is often lightened by flames from the flaming mill chimneys.

Not all of the property is corporation-owned; much of it is owned by individuals, the founders having deemed the combination of the two kinds of proprietorship to be best for the place. But there are highly important safeguards as to kind and design of houses to be built, and this feature, reserved for rulership, explains the consistently excellent average of the looks of the buildings of the city.

There are gas and electricity, water and sewers, fire department, police and newspapers; and, as a citizen proudly expressed it to me, expatiating on his city's advantages and advance, "The police make over five thousand arrests a year, and the fines and costs amount to a million and a half dollars!" —than which local pride could not well say more. A few of the policemen—of course I should here say "police officers"—are women. Some of its policemen are able to speak ten languages: and it is also said that the policewomen have no difficulty in making themselves understood in one. At the same time, the fact that the various nationalities of the city number fifty-two makes it a convenience to be a linguist.

The alleys of Gary are an interesting feature, for it is through its alleys that the water-mains and gas-mains run, so that, when digging up is necessary, as it seems so often to be necessary in every city, the digging is done in these alleys in-

stead of through the expensive street pavements, so that Gary not only does away with the expensiveness of ruining such pavements, and ruining the sidewalks, but at the same time conducts repairs and makes new connections with a minimum of interference with traffic and business.

Busy though the place is, I noticed one indication of restful peace: an advertisement sonorously and rhetorically declaring that: "After the vicissitudes of life's eventful career, one's mind resorts to a quiet and peaceful final resting place"; and, after naming the place, the advertisement concludes with the statement that it is "artistically divided into eight thousand family lots."

The very existence of Gary is the most remarkable fact in regard to it; but the city has also won wide fame through what is known as the Gary system for schools.

The system provides for practical vocational education in addition to what may be called the usual school education. It represents an effort to run the schools on a business basis.

The Gary system does not hold down the ambitious or capable child to a dull average level, but provides for the natural and rational advance of the more capable or more studious children.

The schools open at a quarter after eight and continue till a quarter after four; attendance for five of these hours being required, leaving two hours optional, with an hour at mid-day to be given up to luncheon and play. There are also Saturday

schools, for the catching up of ambitious but backward children and for such as have fallen behind through sickness.

The pupils are not tied absolutely to one room for the day, but shift about in changing from teacher to teacher; the teachers having each a specialty or specialties which are taught to different classes in turn. It is a pleasant sight to see the children passing cheerfully through the halls, on their way from room to room, for their look and bearing, the composite look and bearing, are so composed, and so indicative of a quiet happiness. The rooms are so arranged that, in walking through the halls, the children may look in at other classes, studying or reciting. It is all open, as if the school rooms were a set of open workshops: and there are literal workshops, too, where chemistry, for example, is practically applied, where the children's hands are trained in various practical lines.

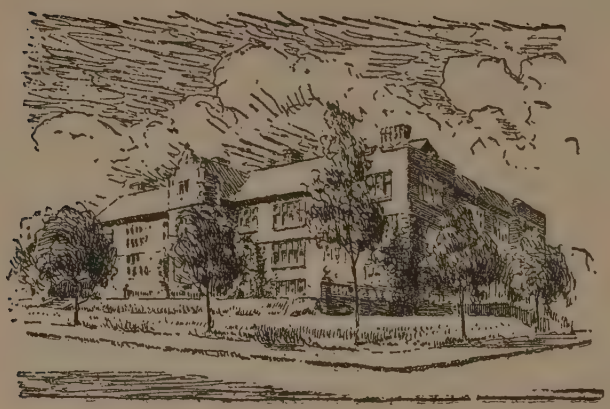
The frequent changes from room to room brighten the day. A small number of desks is noticed, as tables and chairs largely meet the pupils' needs. The children are medically examined twice in every year. The buildings are admirable in exterior designs, with pleasant interiors. One notices unostentatious efforts to make charming surroundings. The children seem to develop finely: they are self-poised, unaffected, natural, likable.

It seemed interesting that even such a thing as chicken raising was taught: children are told, for example, how to set a hen (what a mystery, till one

learns!), and then they go out and set the hen. And they are taught about flowers and shrubs and plants, and then how to care practically for them.

Considering the practicalness of the Gary schools there comes the thought of a teacher, a Dickens creation, who long ago had hold of at least this practical feature of teaching, far though he otherwise was from Gary principles.

" 'B-o-t, bot, t-i-n, tin, bottin, n-e-y, ney, bottiney, noun substantive, a knowledge of plants. When he has learned that bottiney means a knowledge of plants, he goes and knows 'em. That's our system, Nickleby.' "



CHAPTER XXII

THE SOLITARY DUNES

WITH enchanted forests and enchanted glades, with beauty of hills and valleys and water, with strange and beautiful birds and plants, with all the feeling of fairyland, of dreamland, the solitary dunes offer themselves to Chicago.

Nor is their charm owing to their being near one of the largest of the world's great cities. That, naturally, adds to the charm through unexpectedness; but the charm is not dependent on it. Nor is it that there has been effort to give more credit, more prominence, to the sand dunes than they properly deserve. Chicago, as represented by those who seek for beauty in nature, loves the dunes because they are lovable, admires their beauty because it is admirable, and visits them because they are so

readily visitable. The accessibility of the dunes is in itself a charm; they have the merit of accessible seclusion.

The dunes are never thronged. For great part of the year; that is, for most of the winter; they are lonely. At other times, campers are there, and transient visitors go flittingly. Even when, once in a while, a large party go in company, or when there is one of the dune pageants that are a yearly feature, the visitors occupy but a small part of the dunes for a few hours.

In a general way the dunes may be said to begin about where Gary stands; but that immediate region has been so altered by city streets and mills as to destroy the aspect of dunes, even though there still remains the permeative impression of sand.

So it is now a little east of Gary that the dunes, the solitary dunes, the beautiful dunes, begin, and they extend, unspoiled, for some score of miles farther eastward. They occupy a narrow strip averaging some two miles in width, with Lake Michigan on one side, and on the other side railway tracks, and the road which takes the place of the early Indian trail, and some scattered and unfertile-looking farms, with soil part sand and part clay, for the sand gradually loses its power as it strives to reach inland, though it hungrily and reluctantly yields; and I noticed that one of the farmers had bravely set out an orchard, and that the trees had attained to several years of growth, but I also noticed that the sand in the orchard had unfor-

tunately become broken and stirred, and that half of the trees were already smothered and the other half doomed.

The effectiveness of impression, of the dunes, is out of all proportion to their width. Enter the dune region at any point, and wander as fate and fancy lead, and in a few minutes you are hundreds of miles from civilization, in an unknown kind of land. Men have become confused in that narrow strip, and have wandered, dazed, bewildered, lost, in the intricacies of these strange forests.

It is a region of scattered and successional sand hills. In places the sand has been blown into ridges and heights of two hundred feet in altitude. And it is curious to see, as one may often see, the white sand stirring and moving and blowing in clouds, even from the tops of some tall hills, threatening the hills themselves with destruction and promising to form other hills. And I have seen, far up, great trees being slowly uncovered at their roots, and the blown sand beginning to gather about the trunks of other trees and mounting against their trunks. It is a shifting, changing, moving region. It is in this sense an uncanny region. "Unstable as water" is an ancient comparison; but nothing could easily be more unstable than sand.

Single trees and thickets sparsely cover the sand hills and sand hollows, the trees being large and small, tall and short. There are masses of cedars; there are pines, deeply and darkly green, some of them being three and a half or four feet in diameter,

and towering to heights of a hundred or a hundred and fifty feet; there are oaks; there is dogwood, flowering finely in white; there are grim tamarack swamps that quake beneath you as you walk. There are lakelets and pools, some of them of wonderful blueness, and beside these lakelets there may be little thickets, with creeping juniper and gnarled poplars and spruce trees, with possible elm or sycamore, and with clumps of antlered sumac, vivid of hue. There are masses of arbor-vitæ. There are willows in manifold variety. There are ranks of red osiers. Yet always, even when there is most of beauty, there is a lurking grimness, a sinister quality, a sense as of ferocity, of threat, of something terrible.

Every moment something is changing. It fascinates. It captivates. It binds you with its spell: the spell of the drifting sand, and the roaring of great winds, the vivid contrast of the whitest of white sand and the bluest of blue water, the opalescent distances, the heights and ridges of gray or black or white—sometimes a white which becomes of a strange and gleaming tawniness.

An electric line skirts the dunes, running from Gary to Michigan City, and there is choice of several stations at which one may get off, that are admirably situated for dune exploration. Mineral Springs is among the best for those who can make but a short visit yet who wish a rich and full impression. Here you leave the tiny railway station and walk down a lane of vivid green, deep-rutted in brown. Several

THE DUNES AT LAKE MICHIGAN

fields stretch off on either hand. There are two or three little farm houses in sight. There is a field with a few cattle. There is a field across which two horses go gallantly galloping. Before you, as you walk on, and in long lines to right and to left, the dunes rise and sweep. And soon you are in the secret depths.

You wander, perhaps pretty much at random, and yet following a direction which ought to lead you to the lake; and soon you know that you are approaching the lake—Lake Michigan, I mean, not the little lakelets, for these little ones you come to and pass. You do not for some time see the lake, but you know that you are nearing it because you hear a soft booming, a gentle roaring, which you recognize as the sound of surf beating upon a shore; and you continue farther, over the uneven dunes, and now you are deep among the trees and thickets, and now you mount a higher ridge—and there is Lake Michigan, spread out gloriously before you: the highest sand hills standing in an uneven line close to the edge of the lake.

And now, the summit of the waterside attained, the soft murmur of the surf becomes a violent roaring, a splendid rush of water against the shore, and the lake, in myriad colors, spreads out in captivating miles; and over yonder you see Chicago. Why, you have been feeling as if you were hundreds of miles from Chicago!

The immense loneliness—that is what you never get away from; with the ceaseless sound of the beat-

ing surf, and the sinister mountains of sand, and the beautiful and terrible impressiveness, and the lights and shadows and a great solemnity.

You turn, and plunge again into the depths of duneland. Here is the trailing arbutus, the tenderly beautiful mayflower of the Pilgrims, wasting its sweetness on the desert air; here are orchids, fringed with yellow or white or red; here are masses of the glorious trillium, the wake-robin; here is cactus, flowering in profusion and hugging close the ground in ungainliness. There are white pond-lilies, a sheer delight, and there are pond lilies of yellow; there are fringed and closed and open gentians; there is the blue lobelia. Here the cardinal-flower thrusts up its flaming torch; here are lupines in fields of immensity of blue; here are banks of bracken; here, in lush quantity, are huckleberries.

Here and there is a camping spot or a tiny hut, where perhaps some artist established himself for work or some lover of beauty and of nature set himself down to enjoy the lonely loveliness. And there are still spots to be found where Indian hunters camped, where still it is possible to find the arrowhead of flint, or the spear-point; and where, preserved in the ashes of long-ago camp-fires, you may be so fortunate as still to find fish-hooks and needles of bone.

The dunes are not like those of Provincetown, on Cape Cod, where the walking is so difficult that one plunges with every step, and where there are great bare sweeps, with groves of ancient dwarf trees

nestled in sand hollows; for here, on the Lake Michigan dunes, the walking is fairly easy, and there are tall trees. (The Provincetown dunes originally had tall trees also, when the Pilgrims made their first landing in the New World there, before sailing on to their permanent landing at Plymouth; but these Cape Cod dunes long ago lost their trees for house-building or for firewood.)

Great masses of ice are blown down here, at the end of the lake, in winter time; and when, for a moving-picture play, some scenes in Alaska were needed, with a ship wrecked in the ice, and Esquimaux in costume, these Lake Michigan sand-dune shores gave the necessary setting.

The lake, here, gives quantity and variety of fish to tempt the fishermen. There are lake trout and white fish and herring; there are great sturgeon; and there are salmon, descendants of salmon brought to Chicago for the fisheries' exhibit at the World's Fair and put in the lake at the close of the big show, whereat the salmon made their habitat down here. But there has come a curious change: at the World's Fair they were red salmon, but they are no longer red, for the fresh water has changed their hue.

White gulls go soaring in beauty above the beautiful white sand. Crows go blackly flapping by. There are the fork-tailed tern, and the sentinel heron, and the solemn owl. Great birds fly out of the sedge and soaringly flutter away. Far overhead you see an eagle swinging in the sky. There are hawks. There are the friendly robins. There is

the red-headed woodpecker in contrast of most brilliant red and most brilliant white.

Nor are the smaller wild animals lacking, for still may be seen the weasel, still may be seen the muskrat, still, but more rarely, may be seen the fox.

Always the billows of sand, always the browns and yellows and blues and blacks and greens: always the sense of allurement: for mystery and charm are there, and haunting distances are there, with fair and radiant views.

You think of Touchstone: "In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well"; for always a chief characteristic is solitude. Except on the rare pageant days or when the Prairie Club has organized an exploring walk, you may go for miles and meet not a human being. And one day, as I was again thinking of this haunting solitude, I noticed that an old man was hoveringly accompanying or following me. He seemed to be one of the farmers of the fringe; perhaps he owned the doomed orchard; I slowed, and he came up with me, and for a little he was silent: then he said, pointing to a tree with drooping branches, a tree all knots and gnarls:

"We call that bitter gum."

He said it almost defiantly, as if expecting contradiction and ready to meet it. But I merely assented to the thus oddly volunteered name, and after a little he went on:

"There isn't any place in this region where that kind of tree grows except here."

Again the pause of almost defiance, again a mere

assent, again a continuance, and this time a longer one, with a hurried rush of words in full sweep:

"It grows in Ohio though. And it's tough wood. An ax won't touch it. And one day, when President Garfield was a lad, and was working with some men in the woods, they set him to work on a bitter gum, just for a joke. Well, he worked for hours, but the tree didn't seem to mind it. And up came a thunder storm, with a big rain, and he stood close against the trunk, and a stroke of lightning hit a tree close by and smashed it into smithereens, and Garfield he was knocked down, but in a few minutes he came to, and he looked at that smashed tree and then at his own bitter gum, and he said, solemn and slow, 'Oh, Lord! Please try your hand on this tree next.' "

CHAPTER XXIII

WHY CHICAGO IS!

EVERYBODY was awakened in old Philadelphia one night in the long ago, and everybody came pouring out into the streets in the darkness, weeping, laughing, cheering, almost frantic with joy, for one of General Washington's staff, Colonel Tilghman, had come galloping in with the news that Cornwallis was taken and that the long war was over. And thoughts came flocking, of that night of passionate joy, when I read a brief paragraph in a Chicago paper (this was a year or two ago) which told of the death of a Chicago merchant named William Tilghman, a descendant of Colonel Tilghman, of the staff of General George Washington.

And within that paragraph lay half of the ex-

planation of how and why the greatness of Chicago has come.

For it is not enough to say that the rise and progress of Chicago, a rise and a progress quite unexampled, are due to its geographical position, or merely to say that the remarkable characteristics of the city have come from the characteristics of its people. As to the natural location—well, I have before me a recently published declaration that "Nature was prodigal with Chicago; it prepared a place for a perfect city"; and this of a city set originally on a swamp, below the level of the adjacent lake! Nor is it enough to expatiate on the enterprising character of the inhabitants, or the tremendous energy which has made the city's motto, "Chicago first, last and all the time!" and which has justified the motto with mighty deeds. Always, one feels that, as an explanation, something is wanting, something is missing, something is lost, omitted, needed. Always, one feels that there has been no getting back to a first cause.

On the day on which I read, in Chicago, that paragraph concerning the Chicago descendant of a distinguished Southern family I met a friend, a Chicagoan, who is a lineal descendant of the John Eliot, the "Apostle to the Indians," who landed at Boston close to three centuries ago and made great name and fame.

And the conjunction of the two facts suddenly fused and clarified an idea that for some time had been indistinctly offering itself to my mind. Now,

all at once, the idea became clear. And it was, that the explanation of Chicago's greatness, her unique qualities, her amazing rise and advance as a city, came from an unusual and balanced combination of the best blood of New England and of the South.

The people of one section alone could not have done it. But the extraordinary union, a union unknown in such degree in any other city, of people from both sections, accomplished the unique building up of this mighty city, met and overcame all obstacles, attained to marvelous success, wrought out the impossible. St. Louis tried with men and women of the South. Cleveland with men and women of New England. Neither city, although making admirable success, could make a success comparable to that of Chicago.

It was the best blood that flowed into the new settlements. It was the most ambitious people, the most daring, the most courageous, who left the known regions of the East for the unknown wilderness of the West; it was the strongest, the most forceful, the best educated, and those most imbued with imagination; it was those who could look into the future and discern somewhat of what could be wrought in the future. New England sent westward the pick of her sons and daughters. Virginia likewise sent westward the best of her people. Many from New England first settled in portions of New York State and thence made their farther move onward into the region of the Great Lakes and the Ohio River. Many Virginians, with some from

Maryland, settled in Kentucky, and thence they or their descendants crossed the Mississippi to St. Louis, or the Ohio River into the Illinois country.

In Illinois, Northerners and Southerners met and mingled; not only in totals, but in quality and timeliness. The greatest of all Americans since Washington, Lincoln, was born in Kentucky and grew up among the fortunately amalgamated folk of the Illinois country. And his political rival, the "little giant," Douglas, born in Vermont, married a grandniece of the famous Dolly Madison of the South.

In Illinois the two races met, in notable quality and numbers. There they united. They fused. They blended. And the result was Chicago.

The result was Chicago because to Chicago naturally went the leadership of the Illinois country, for it was at the spot, in that country, that was best fitted for leadership. The acquisition, from the South, of the gallant spirit of the Cavaliers, the acquisition from the North of the unswervable bravery of the Pilgrims, developed a remarkable blend.

At the entrance of the Art Institute of Chicago is a statue of George Washington: just within the entrance is a statue that symbolizes the Pilgrim: and the juxtaposition of these two statues illustrates, unintentionally but strikingly, the principal reason for Chicago's development.

In Chicago, almost everything has been done within the memory of men or women now living. It is centuries condensed into a lifetime. Before

me is a newspaper paragraph, telling of a birthday celebration of a woman who was born in Chicago in 1829: eight years before the place became a city! And her children and her grandchildren and her great-grandchildren were swarmingly present.

Why, she was a girl, approaching the age of ten, when Harriet Martineau (how large that name loomed in the long ago) visited Chicago and wrote: "It is a remarkable thing to meet such an assemblage of educated, refined and wealthy persons as may be found there, living in small, inconvenient houses on the edge of a wild prairie"; and also, "I never saw a busier place than Chicago was at the time of our arrival."

Such were even from the beginning the influences of the blending of North and South; a natural blending, which kept on for years.

And the Chicago patriarch of 1829 was a young woman when clear-eyed Fredrika Bremer, the Swedish novelist, visited Chicago, by this time advanced to the dignity of a twenty-five thousand population, and wrote that she found there "the most agreeable and delightful people she had ever met anywhere."

The people of Chicago, to use the ancient phrase of Joel, dream dreams and see visions; they have from the first dreamed dreams and seen visions; and they have made their dreams realities, and their visions become true. It is a city of deep-rooted idealism.

Chicago talks in superlatives, as: "Chicago and

its surrounding territory constitute the most prosperous section in the United States and therefore in the world." The faith of Chicagoans in their city is absolutely unquestioning. On a railway train, a Chicagoan, in animated conversation with a stranger from the East, talked glowingly of his city. "Good-by," said the stranger, in parting; "I am glad to have met the president of the Ananias Club." And the Chicagoan's feelings were deeply hurt, for he had not thought of exaggerating: and the Easterner was ignorant of Chicago.

Turning the leaves of a description of Chicago written in 1873 I noticed that Chicago then possessed "the finest streets and the most magnificent buildings in the world." One smiles; and then comes the thought of the advantage of hitching one's wagon to a star.

"Not boasters, but boosters," say Chicagoans of themselves; and anyhow, as Henry James long ago remarked, although there are boasters who annoy, there are other boasters whom one loves for their very boasting.

Chicagoans say of themselves that they have the "I will" spirit. And if the city is really the biggest and best and finest and strongest and most amazing they think that they ought to say so.

The city very seriously wants everything in sight. When a Chicagoan looks out over Lake Michigan and, considering it a detriment, wishes that the space it occupies could be made into extensions of the city, except for a canal for necessary shipping,

he is really very much in earnest; just as Walter Scott's Baillie Nicol Jarvie was in earnest in wishing that exquisite Loch Lomond could be filled in, except for a narrow canal down the middle.

The versifier is unknown to fame who wrote: "The men who travel from coast to coast declare they love Chicago most," but he expressed an idea with which every Chicagoan coincides.

A Chicago poet of years ago, named Taylor, with the two excellent given names of Benjamin Franklin, loved to write of his city with solemnity of belief. Of the food shipped out from Chicago he wrote:

"'Give us this day our daily bread,' the planet's Christian prayer;
Chicago, with her open palm, makes answer everywhere."

And of the city's charter he declared:

"The Lord's recording Angel holds the charter in his hand—
He seals it on the sea, and he signs it on the land!"

It is not in the least a joke that Chicago wishes to fetch the capital of the United States to some near-by spot on the shore of Lake Michigan. After all, the city of Washington is not in the heart of the country, is not in the center of national population!

Chicago is where the influence of New York and the East ceases; that is, the influence of the East as marking any sense of inferiority in the Middle West. Until Chicago is reached, city after city yields homage to New York, and shrinks with shame

OXFORD-LIKE CHARM

when given the description of Middle West. But Chicago is proud of being in the Middle West! Is it not the natural situation for a city that dominates!

And from this central location have recently come new advantages through the unexpected annexation of some important printing establishments from New York, with more quite possible to come, and with the new zone system of the United States post-office department a promisingly strong factor.

The Chicago blend made and still makes for an alert and American city. You see a gathering of Chicago business men; they are men among whom pomposity finds no worshiper; they are young, compared with those of similar gatherings in older cities; and the memory comes of the description, by Bernard Shaw, of some English officer who could heliograph his orders to distant camps by merely nodding, for here is a roomful of heliograph heads. (But, after all, you do not catch a Chicagoan nodding!)

An American city, this; a city which stands for a lightening and brightening of the somber clouds that hang on the national horizon: a city which stands for noble advancement in noble things, for art and beauty, for human feeling, for family affection and homes, for the love of children.

Chicago is, because she has been; she will be, because she is; and the love of children will keep her traditions alive. Her many schools, her magnificent public playgrounds, with their swimming pools and music and gymnastics, her bathing beaches, with

especial regard for the needs of children, her libraries and books, with special attention to the advantages for children, her great parks, without, so she proudly claims, a single keep-off-the-grass sign—such things all tell of a broad and wise humanity. And here, in a newspaper, coming opportunely as if to point these ideas with a concrete example, is a photograph of children and a paragraph of description: the picture being of a large group of happy children, photographed because some one had discovered that there, in a single block on Lincoln Street (name of good omen, that!) there were sixty-five youngsters, "from bottle-size to high-school age," and that "every family in the block boasts of being American-born on both sides"!

It was no mere chance that made a child-poem the classic of Chicago. The mind and heart of the author, Eugene Field, had been developed in this city of feeling, and Chicago will never forget his "Little Boy Blue":

"The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and staunch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket molds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair;
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

" 'Now, don't you go till I come,' he said,
'And don't you make any noise!'
So, toddling off to his trundle-bed,

He dreamt of the pretty toys;
And, as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue—
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true.

"Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face;
And they wonder, as waiting the long years through
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue,
Since he kissed them and put them there."

CHAPTER XXIV

THE GOLD COAST

LIVING to an incredible age, there died, at length, in Chicago, the last survivor of one of the most important gatherings in the history of America; the Boston Tea Party!

David Kennison was the man who lived the longest of the ninety men who, disguised as Indians, boarded the tea ships in Boston harbor and threw three hundred and forty-two chests of tea into the water. When he died, in 1852, he had reached the age, so it is recorded, of one hundred and fifteen years, three months and seventeen days. Chicago seems to have accepted him and his claims without question; and indeed I do not know that there was ever any ground for question. The city did not, however, pay much attention to him while he was alive; for, after all, he represented Boston history and not that of Chicago. And his name is not to be found in Boston books of history, for Boston never knew, as a matter of record or even as general

knowledge, the identity of the ninety patriotic lawbreakers; nor, so it has always been supposed, did any of the Boston leaders of agitation, such as John Hancock, Samuel Adams, John Adams, take any part in the tea episode; they preferring to leave actual dangerous participation to men of what were deemed the humbler classes; so it naturally happened that although the deed itself was looked upon as of immense consequence, as it really was, the actors in it were little thought about. But they ought to have been thought about; and David Kennison, of Chicago—how incredible it appears!—was the last.

In the rooms of the Chicago Historical Society is a vial containing tea, and with it is a formal statement, in which David Kennison declares, "upon his sacred honor," that the vial contains some tea saved from what was thrown into Boston harbor in 1773. The statement was written in 1848, with five Chicagoans of standing witnessing it, upon his 112th birthday; the last witnessing name, one notices, being that of Henry Fuller, father of the author of "The Cliff Dwellers."

Kennison died poor; Chicago not having practically realized that it possessed an absolutely unique pre-Revolutionary relic, a human one. When he died his body was put casually away, mislaid as it were; at least, the place of burial is unknown: but at the right of the Wisconsin Street entrance to Lincoln Park, and shaded by cottonwoods, is a largish red bowlder, marked with a bronze tablet. For, a good many years after his death,

the Sons of the Revolution and the Sons of the American Revolution (as if it were a different Revolution!) and the Daughters of the American Revolution, united to do him honor, the inscription on the tablet stating that he was buried as near the spot where the bowlder stands as can be known.

Lincoln Park stretches for miles along Lake Michigan, and is bordered by thousands of homes, which face out upon the lake, or are built upon the streets that lead away from it; and in that region there is so much of wealth, so much of the kind of beauty of living that comes only from the lavish expenditure of wealth, that the name of the Gold Coast has been aptly given to it. And so happy and charming a region is it that one feels that there, if anywhere, "they fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world."

The park itself is a noble park, and this home region, so close against it and close to it, is a region of fine and costly buildings, finely set.

There are beautiful doors and charming stone balconies, there are many a house and garage planned together as an architectural whole, there are admirable windows, there are quoins and balustrades, there are pillars, there are stone-topped high brick walls, there are Italian gardens, there are marble terraces, there is many a home built with a second-floor drawing-room so that, English fashion, the people "go down to dinner." There are houses that are masterpieces in stone. And all the houses are modern, and with almost all there is

evident a fine sense of restraint. The Chicago town-houses of to-day offer to the world models of good taste; they have nothing of the exuberant or exotic.

Costly though these homes are, and large and imposing as some of them are, and permeative as is the sense of beauty, it is a curious fact that not one is the equal of the three best in New York: but, after all, those three best New York houses were built by three Pittsburghers, Carnegie, Schwab and Frick.

Among the streets of very finest effectiveness is Astor Street, between North Avenue Boulevard and Schiller Street; and, although its houses are not the costliest of the Gold Coast, they are fine without ostentation and there is an atmosphere of home-likeness. The street is elm shaded, the houses are mostly of brick with stone trimming, they are of three or four stories in height and set near together but not shoulder to shoulder, and each has its sunny bit of greenery. It is a street of charm and distinction. And there remains, in particular, the memory of a house with pillared colonnade, looking into a garden hidden from the street by a wall of brick. Here there is the perfection of present-day architecture, distinctly and distinctively American, apparently inspired by the brick mansions of Annapolis and Williamsburgh.

Some of the houses of the Lincoln Park region are inspired by the English Georgian, some show the inspiration of the Italian Renaissance, some

have a French atmosphere about them. I particularly remember one delightful building facing the lake, a building Palladian-fronted, with fluted pilasters. And there is even a Venetian palazzo, also facing the water, carefully reproduced. Where Bellevue Place joins Lincoln Park there is an admirable house of French design of smooth gray stone. And not far from this is that forty-year ago idea of a French house, the Potter Palmer home, which was provocative of so much of jest and raillery —and of so much extravagant praise!—and to which some of the lines of James Russell Lowell seem cheerfully applicable.

> "All up and down and here and there,
> With Lord-knows-whats of round and square
> Stuck on at random anywhere,—
> It was a house to make one stare,
> All corners and all gables;
> And all the oddities to spare
> Were set upon the stables."

But Chicago long ago admirably passed the stage of towered and turreted uneasiness. And the Potter Palmers could bear with architectural criticism with much of equanimity, not only because of the co-existent praise, but because they themselves were people of acknowledged leadership of many years' standing. A letter written from Chicago in 1888 by Susan Hale, sister of Edward Everett Hale, told of a luncheon given in her honor at which she sat between the hostess and Mrs.

Potter Palmer, "a north-side magnate of great importance, a very pretty little woman, married to an ancient millionaire."

This north-side region near the lake has more wrought-iron entrance gates than has all of ancient Nuremburg. It seems to love wrought-iron gates! Some are fantasies of black iron garlands and tendrils. Some are twenty feet in height with fences of twelve feet, set in great bases of block stone. But these gates and fences have been given extravagance of size for the small areas that they shut in, which are often only a driveway or a small ordered garden, and would more fittingly front great estates.

The park stretches for miles to the northward, well on toward the limits of the city; but the region to which the name of Gold Coast is applied does not anywhere extend for more than a little inland. And, although there are mainly residences, there are also numerous apartment houses that have recently been built, a few of them being large and tall buildings, but the general type being not high, of four stories, or three stories and a basement, with deeply recessed center and projecting wings, and with the space between the wings charmingly cared for with grass and walks and shrubbery. Some of these apartment houses are beautiful, many are extremely costly, almost all are at least of high excellence. "People want a stylish home, with elevator boys in uniform, that court between the wings, and the little fountain, and the grand entrance—all just

right," as it is expressed in "The Common Lot."

In this part of the city also have developed kitchenette apartments, where gas-stoves and dishes and knives and so on are supplied, and where ice and garbage are cared for from the outside, and where there is a vast deal of comfort with minimum of space, and where the bed is a thing of household magic, a sort of glorified "folding bed," a part of the building, a thing of science, with French doors and mirrors and a big bed of metal which swings on a pivot and works with an oscillating lever and comes only when wanted. This contrivance is so clever that it takes up the bed and walks.

But the prevailing buildings of the immediate neighborhood facing the parkway and the lake on the north side are the family residences, built with an air of uncramped spaciousness both as to outward setting and interiors.

Now and then, too, there is uniqueness of plan, as with the homes of three wealthy families, inter-related, who live in houses that are built together as a group, and an extremely distinguished group; each house being complete in itself, but the three households uniting in garage and heating plant and servants' quarters.

> "Queen of the West! by some enchanter taught
> To lift the glory of Aladdin's Court"—

so wrote Bret Harte of Chicago, and one thinks of such lines when passing along the golden beauty of Lincoln Park and its adjoining homes. And one

also thinks, here, of the lines of John Boyle O'Reilly on Chicago:

> "Proud like a beautiful maiden,
> Art-like from forehead to feet";

for all is so restful, so perfect. Here one thinks of Chicago as a city exceedingly fair; and assuredly it is also a city of *savoir faire.*

The park, with its long sweeping north and south drives, is the great avenue of approach by motor from all the suburbs along the north shore and from all the northside dwelling contingent who motor in to the Loop for business and pleasure. The procession sweeps southward in the morning, then northward at the end of the day; the long restful park ride, in sight of the lake, with its zestful breezes, being an anticipated and appreciated part of the day's life. Now that the fine new bridge is opened the approach is directly into Michigan Avenue and the Lake Front Mile. Heretofore there has been the twisting and turning aside to approach the vortex of the old Rush Street Bridge. And the new bridge will also add immensely to the number of those who will motor through the park for the sake of the park itself.

Along the Gold Coast you are impressed by the noiselessness. For it is mile after mile without railway, without trolley cars: nothing but automobiles and horses and double-decked motor-buses—the horses being not for carriages but for a vast amount of horseback riding: long Lincoln Park has been a

paradise for those fast-vanishing and noble animals, the dog and the horse. And the park walks are still haunted by the also vanishing human pedestrian!

The long, thoroughfaring drives, the many paths for saddle horses, the footpaths, the little lakes and lagoons, the stretches of vivid green grass between lagoons and lake, the breakers rolling in, perhaps out of a mist or perhaps from sweeps that go shimmering gloriously into the far distances, all are beautiful. All the toil of the city seems far away.

On summer days and summer evenings what throngs, what gayety, with music and boating and pretty clothes, and a great beach where thousands gather at a time! Not from the Gold Coast houses, these, but from the massed homes that are near it throughout all its length. The great long park is used. The grass is walked over and sat upon. Families bring their lunch-baskets and stay all Sunday. Many living not too far away walk to the bathing beach in bathing suits with flapping bath robes. All these, too, "fleet the time carelessly as they did in the golden world."

An odd custom, in Lincoln Park—it happens often enough to call it a custom—is for private motor-cars to stop and take up, or offer to take up, strangers who are waiting for a 'bus. A man will stop and offer a seat to a maid or matron, and it is for her to decide whether or not she will accept; in either case there is no ill will on either side; and usually the offering is from a man to another man or men. One day, standing waiting for the 'bus, a heavy

shower came on. There were two well-dressed young women near me. There was also a neat colored woman, holding a baby in her arms. A closed car, driven by a prettily gowned girl drew up in front of us. The girl had eyes for only the colored woman, who was quite evidently a stranger to her. She asked her to get in, and the mother and child were thus pleasantly saved from a wetting.

The park extends northward to St. Loyola's big-domed pile, and for a long distance, toward the end of the drive, houses are near the very edge of the lake, with the waves rolling in to the garden walls.

Some of the churches of the Coast region are of special interest. Far down at the southward end, on Lincoln Parkway at Delaware Place, is the Fourth Presbyterian, a church of what may be called a sort of dainty Gothic; a building of light gray stone, excellent in suggestions, but with an unfortunately inadequate little spire. More interesting than the church itself is the delightful open cloister adjoining, with little stone saints circled around the top of the shaft of the fountain. The church, the arcaded cloister, and the mullion-windowed parish house make a quiet, ecclesiastic group, very peaceful and churchly in appearance, the architect being Cram of Boston, a notable church-builder of our time.

A church of dignity and quiet impressiveness is that of the Christian Scientists' on Wrightwood Avenue, just off the park; a church that is thoroughly classic, with its fronting pillars of stone,

its rounding dome, its admirable proportions. This is the Second Church; and one thinks of the Scientists' advertisement of services for each Sunday, headed by the same topic for each church, and beneath it the serried row of First Church, Second Church, Third Church, and thus steadily and with impressiveness on to the Sixteenth.

On Orchard Street is St. Paul's, an Evangelical Lutheran church, a tall mass of red stone with clustering protuberances, a church that rises in the center with a roof remarkably steep, a church reminded of an ancient church in the old city of Bonn.

There is St. Clement's, on Deming Place, with its all-white interior, its great arches, its square pillars, its side-altar lights burning in open colored glasses, as in Italy.

Far out on Sheridan Road is the charmingly named St. Marys-by-the-Lake; of almost cream-white stone, with roof of dull red tile, and with a detached campanile, tall and beautiful and red-tile roofed, which has its open and arched windows made larger and larger toward the top, following Giotto's example with his campanile at Florence.

There is an excellent fountain in Lincoln Park, by St. Gaudens and MacMonnies: a striking combination of artists!—a fountain with bronze boys, and tall bronze reeds as if swaying in the wind. St. Gaudens engaged the then youthful MacMonnies, to assist him in making it, and he afterwards wrote, "He modeled the boys, and, though he created them under my direction, whatever charm there may be

in them is entirely due to his remarkable artistic ability, and whatever there is without charm can be laid at my door."

There are many statues in the park. There is a Shakespeare, with the slender skimpy legs of sculptured and pictured tradition uncrossed, and he is mercifully given a seat. There is a rather dapper Benjamin Franklin. There is a General Grant, a large equestrian by one Robisso, set upon a tall and perforated base. To Saint Gaudens this was simply and briefly a bad monument. And it is. But it is at least a large and prominent monument to a man of large and impressive career; and at night, with electric light thrown up from the four corners, thus putting it into bright relief against the surrounding darkness, it is quite effective.

There are numerous other statues; and among them is a Goethe, which art lovers hope to melt up. Not in the least because he was a German, for the hope arose before the beginning of the Great War and is based on united grounds of thrift and art.

The artists' objection is that it is an ugly statue, presenting this modern gentleman and poet in the "half-clad aspect of a heathen Pan, but without pants" as a Chicago wit expressed it: or, as a little school-girl said, with no thought of humor, "I did not know, mother, that Goethe was a Greek."

The argument of thrift is merely to put good bronze to good use by melting it up and using it for something else; as, some years ago, an unfortunate bronze of Columbus, here in Chicago, went into the

melting pot (no metaphorical "melting pot" for that pioneer Italian!) and reappeared as a dignified McKinley. "Thrift, thrift, Horatio!"

CHAPTER XXV

A CHILD AND ITS A–B–C

THAT the best of all the monuments to Lincoln should be in Chicago, and that the finest lines descriptive of the monument were written by a Chicago poet—but that the lines were not written about the Lincoln monument at all—are among the Chicago anomalies. William Vaughn Moody wrote of the Colonel Shaw monument in Boston, instead of the monument in Chicago, to Lincoln, who inspired Shaw; Saint Gaudens made both monuments; and the noble opening lines remain ineffaceably in the memory:

> "Before the solemn bronze Saint Gaudens made
> To thrill the heedless passer's heart with awe."

Those are probably the only two rememberable lines that Moody wrote; but it is an achievement, in this world of forgetfulness, to build two lines that may last. And the achievement of Saint Gaudens will certainly last.

Chicago loves to tell of the visit to the city of

Arnold Bennett of the Five Towns. He was taken, so you are told, on a motor trip over the miles and miles of the splendid boulevard system. He was told one fact and another fact, facts were piled upon facts, but he maintained an uninterested mouth-breathing silence. From the Five Towns author came naught of responsiveness. Cost, so many millions, height, so many feet, annual business totals so many billions, figures of wealth, education, parks, business—nothing mattered to Bennett.

It is typical of the city that this is deemed a joke on the novelist and not on the city. If Bennett could be shown and told so much and feel no interest in it, so much the worse for Bennett! But even that English novelist was for a moment stirred. The motor-car swung curvingly in front of the Saint Gaudens Lincoln, and Bennett both literally and figuratively sat up. "Now, there is expression!" he said.

Chicago has always considered Lincoln as a Chicagoan. It was a Chicago convention that set him on his way to the Presidency. He was of Illinois, and all Illinois—that is, so much of it as the city cares for—is taken, quite casually, as being of Chicago. The city so ignores the State as a separate entity that, whereas you will hear the word "Chicago" on the lips of Chicagoans a thousand times a day, you will hear the word "Illinois" scarcely once in a year.

A son of Lincoln, his son Robert, a Harvard man, became a Chicagoan, and rose to high place, as Sec-

retary of War, Ambassador to Great Britain, and a possible candidate for the Presidency.

And I have heard a haunting story, in Chicago—perhaps a myth, like myths that come in older towns—of a woman who, in the wild night hours of the Great Fire, was driven, huddled in an open wagon and with a few scattered belongings around her feet, to the door of a house where all were strangers to her. She knew not where to go, she murmured; would they let her in? She was Mrs. Lincoln, so she dazedly said, the widow of the President. And they took her in.

The impressiveness of the honors paid, on the arrival of Lincoln's body in Chicago, are still remembered as if they were of yesterday, and you are thrilled as some Chicagoan tells of them; the dull, drab day, the solemn tolling of bells, the sound of muffled drums, the massing of throngs, of hundreds of thousands, to wait in somber patience till the catafalque should pass. And they tell of how, while the body lay in state in a dimly-lit rotunda, grieving people filed slowly by, for hour after hour, day and night.

In other cities, before the body reached Chicago on its slow and honored journey to its final resting place, Lincoln's body had also lain in state; and, when it lay thus in New York, a youth who in after years was to become known as the sculptor, Saint Gaudens, made one of the line of immensity of length that slowly edged its way to view the dead man's face. He gazed in awe. Fascinated, he

returned to the end of the line and again moved onward, inch by inch, for hours, till he was again beside the great President and could again look fixedly upon his face.

How little did Saint Gaudens—that brilliant son of a French father and an Irish mother—then think that, as a man and as an artist, he was to model Abraham Lincoln to stand imperishably in Chicago! —that, in making the noblest of the statues of Lincoln, he was at the same time to accomplish the finest of his own distinguished achievements.

The monument is in Lincoln Park, close to North Avenue Boulevard. Lincoln is standing, a serene and thoughtful and kindly man, a man of firmness and of wisdom. His head is slightly bowed in thought. Behind him is a splendid chair in bronze, a curule chair, the seat of a master of men; and the wonder of it is that this chair, looking like the seat of some great ruler of ancient classic times, a chair which represents the beauty and the dignity of ancient art, should go appropriately with the figure of this man of the formative days of America's Middle West. Unshakable as the very bronze and granite, steady, serene, self-poised, he would fit in any environment, this man of the ages: and Saint Gaudens recognized the fact and chose for this man of the prairie and the backwoods a chair fit for some mighty dignitary of old Rome.

Phillips Brooks used to tell of going, one day, into the Museum of Fine Arts, in Boston, and seeing Saint Gaudens absorbed before the cast of a

THE LINCOLN MONUMENT

classic seat a masterpiece of ancient art. After a while Bishop Brooks again passed, and still Saint Gaudens was absorbed in contemplation of the chair. Some time afterwards, meeting the sculptor, the bishop told him of having seen him in profound study of the chair, and Saint Gaudens replied that he had been studying it for use on a Lincoln monument in Chicago.

Lincoln and the chair are upon a granite base some seven feet in height, set within a great oval space, reached by splendid, broad, and easy-mounting steps and enclosed within a mighty roll of granite which is fronted, throughout its curving length, by a rounding granite seat.

The weather has dealt gently with the bronze, giving it a silvery patina. A trifle above the level of Lincoln's feet are the feet of the chair, on their base of bronze, and this seemingly little point adds effectiveness. Every point, every detail, was pondered over: the long coat, the waistcoat, crumpled like that of a man who sits much at his desk, the familiar whiskers, the smooth upper lip, the deep-set brooding eyes, the long straight nose, the fine, strong, kindly mouth, the firmness without obstinacy, the absolute strength with no particle of self-assertiveness.

The setting of the monument, within its oval space, giving it a sweeping breadth and dignity, is superb, with trees and shrubs and grass, with great stretches of the greenery of the park, and with the near-by lake stretching off in glory.

Strength and wisdom, greatness, always the kindliness—and one day, as I looked, there came the thought of that story told by Joseph Jefferson of a kindliness offered when Jefferson was but a boy and Lincoln was but a young lawyer.

Jefferson's father went with his family from Chicago to Springfield, and there built a bare and barnlike theater which took every dollar that could by possibility be raised: only to be faced, just as he was ready to open, by a suddenly passed ordinance which placed a heavy license tax on any theater. The situation, for the Jeffersons, was crushingly hopeless. And this fact must somehow have become known, for a young lawyer, named Abraham Lincoln, called and offered to present the case to the town council. He made only a single stipulation; which was, that there should be no fee. And he went before the council, and so argued the case, with such a mixture of logic and humor, that the lawmakers at once reversed their unjust act.

The Chicago poet, Masters, wrote of Lincoln, and the lines seem fittingly applicable:

"And I saw a man arise from the soil like a fabled giant
And throw himself over a deathless destiny."

A figure from the land of pure romance was Lincoln: for what a romance was his life! "The tender grace of a day that is dead"—how sweet and fine a memory did he leave! The Jefferson incident, in its kindliness of heart, shows him as the same man as the Lincoln of Gettysburg. What fine essences

and flavors of history come when one summons up remembrances of Lincoln's past!

Even to non-Americans, the fineness of this representative American shows in this statue. I saw a Swedish woman stop and look, and in a little while a light of comprehension came into her eyes, and as she walked away she held herself more erect and looked as if she felt herself on a higher plane. No wonder Jane Addams made a pilgrimage here one weary, worried day, solely to get inspiration from looking at this face. No one can look at this statue of this unselfish statesman, and strive to understand, without becoming himself a more unselfish citizen. Gradually one realizes how strongly unselfishness governed him. "Government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth": no words of his are more often quoted, and they are quoted as if meaning that free government has within it some forever continuing power, whereas, in reality, the noble phrase is governed by words immediately preceding it, declaring that it depends on the people themselves, who must first "highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain."

Come to this statue as twilight approaches, and you feel that the romance and the history of his life are now seen through the soft twilight that hovers over all fine history and over all romance. And yet you feel that the twilight of history will not greatly dim this great and lonely figure.

The statue stands where he would have liked to know it would stand. there in the open spaces, yet

so near the throbbing heart of the city, so near the great and restless lake.

And one day in the late afternoon, an afternoon of sweet beauty, with a gentle rosy color from the slowly sinking sun, and clouds of glory trailing slowly by, I stood for a little while, for people were stopping and looking, as people so often stop; and three soldiers, khaki-clad, two of them wounded, looked up at him with a curious intentness; and one of them read aloud, in a low voice, from the lettering on the monument, "Let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it."

A little girl, who was still a child, intently watched the soldiers as they looked and read, and as they went thoughtfully away she mounted the steps of the monument and walked reverently around the statue on the sweep of the granite base. She vaguely knew or vaguely divined that there was something unusual about this man of bronze. She was a quiet little girl, with the glow of intelligence in her wide-open eyes: she walked with awe around the man of bronze, then suddenly came to a stop in his very shadow, for her eyes caught the great letters of his name deeply sunk in the great curve of the enclosing granite wall. She could not read—but she caught the "A" and her eyes flashed with delight. And next to "A" came "B," and she ran her fingers through the grooves of the letters, and looked up happily as if to share her triumph with the bronze figure towering above. She was learning her letters from Abraham Lincoln! The

"C" at first eluded her. But along the line she went until the "C" was reached. It was a fascinating sight. For she had her "A-B-C" from Abraham Lincoln.

INDEX

—A.—

Adams, John Quincy, 181
Adams Street, 46
Adams, Wayman, 166
Addams, Jane, 4, 280
Ade, George, 141, 202, 212, 294
Advertisements, 19, 78, 173–7, 198, 210
"A. L. A.," 153
Alleys, 78, 94, 125, 234, 235, 303
American Library Association, 153
Ancestors and descendants, 22, 23, 316–20
Anderson, Robert, 26
Apartment houses, 331
Apollo, 216
Architecture, 72, 74, 75, 96, 118, 119, 231, 236–8, 240, 248, 249, 279, 328
Art, 155–71
Art Institute, 42, 152, 156, 160, 161, 163–71
Artists: Adams, 166; Betts, 253; Chase, 166; Clarkson, 111, 162, 253; Hals, 170; Healy, 24, 157–60; Henri, 166; Hobbema, 170; Homer, 166; Houdon, 164; Inness, 167; Johnson, 252; MacMonnies, 234, 336; Melchers, 169, 252; Parker, 252, 253; Pennell, 88, 166; Raeburn, 166; Rembrandt, 169; Rubens, 170; St. Gaudens, 46, 47, 76, 156; Stuart, 155, 158; Taft, 165; Terburg, 175; Van Dyck, 169; Whistler, 156, 157
Arts Club, 107
Ashland Avenue, 281
Astor Street, 329
Auditorium, 221

—B.—

Banks, 74, 75
Baptists, 242
Baum, Colonel, 57
Beaubien, 216
Bennett, Arnold, 87, 340
"Best Sellers," 148; and see "Novels"
Betts, 253
Black Hawk War, 25, 26, 63
Blaine, 29
Blue Island, 293
Board of Trade, 76
Boston Bags, 4
Boston Tea Party, 326, 327
Bremer, Fredrika, 320
Brooks, Phillips, 342
Brown, John, 57; his fort, 211
Burnham, Daniel H., 231

—C.—

Cahokia Court House, 235
Caldwell, Billy, 274
Calumet Avenue, 120
Carleton, Will, 146
Caton, Mary, 51
Central Church, 221
Chatfield-Taylor, 160
Cheney, Bishop, 44, 45
Chicago: Claimed by three States, 16; almost in Wisconsin, 17; part of Virginia, 16; unexpected location of, 19; origin of name, 29, 30; a cosmopolitan city, 19; zone of influence, 9; as railway center, 9; likeness to Boston, 4, 44, 48
Chicago Athletic Association, 110
Chicago Church Choir Pinafore Company, 219

Chicago Club, 110
Chicago River, 58–60, 64, 65, 156, 270, 271, 272; reversing current, 184, 187
Chicago Woman's Club, 104
Chief Chicagou, 29; in Paris, 29
Children, 205, 216, 320, 324, 325, 345
Chimes, 251
Chinese, 282
Christ Church, 45
Christian Scientists, 335
Churches: Central, 221; Christ, 45; Christian Science, 335; First Presbyterian, 115; Fourth Presbyterian, 335; Notre Dame de Chicago, 275; Our Lady of Pompeii, 276; St. Ansgarius, 214, 215; St. Clement's, 336; St. James's, 52; St. Mary's-by-the-Lake, 336; St. Paul's, 336; early churches, 13
City Hall, 70
Clark, George Rogers, 16, 31
Clarkson, Ralph, 111, 162, 253
Cliff Dwellers, 111
Clubs, 101–13, 206, 296
Cobb, Silas B., 253
Coliseum, 117
Color effects, 87, 88, 283
Coolidge, Charles A., 249
Commercial Club, 112
Conventions, Presidential, 27–9, 64, 117, 127–8
Cook County, 17
Cordon Club, 105
Counties, for Chicago, 17; of Illinois, 17, 18
Courtesy, 90, 91, 178
Crerar Library, 152
Curtis, George W., 199, 200
Curzon, Lady, 50

—D.—

Dana, Charles A., 147
Daviess, Jo, 18
Davis, Jefferson, 25, 26, 159
Davis, Jessie Bartlett, 220
Dearborn, General, 61, 155
Department Store, 179, 180
De Koven, Reginald, 222
De Koven Street, 276, 277
Demidoff collection, 170–1
Directory, the first, 11
Divorces, 210
Dogs, 11, 20
"Dooley, Mr.," 139–41, 265
Douglas, Stephen A., 26, 127–8, 319; monument, 126
Dowie, 292
Doyle, Conan, 149
Drainage Canal, 184–7
Drug stores, 13, 73, 74, 92
Du Maurier, 49, 50
Dunes, 307–15
Dunne, Finley Peter, 139–41, 265

—E.—

Early Settlers, 23, 24, 60, 316–20
East Ninth Street, 46
Eleanor Clubs, 106
Evanston, 287, 289–91

—F.—

Field, Eugene, 134, 135, 136, 146, 202, 325
Field, Museum, 43; the old, 237, 238
Fine Arts Building, World's Fair, 237, 238
Fire, the great, 52, 53, 150, 151, 160, 179, 276, 278
First Presbyterian Church, 115
Firsts, of Chicago, 10–14, 23; boat, 33; free lunch, 82; novel, 133; settlers, 60; trade agreement, 30
Forest Preserves, 295–6
Fort Dearborn, 26, 60, 61, 124
Fort Sheridan, 292
Fortnightly, The, 105, 106
Foundation of Library, 150
Fountain of the Great Lakes, 168
Fountain, MacMonnies, 234
Fountain, St. Gaudens and MacMonnies, 336

Fourth Presbyterian Church, 335
Franklin, 337
Free Lunch, 82
French, the, 30, 37, 75, 269–74, 275
Friends of American Art, 161
Fuller, Henry B., 144, 198
Fuller, Melville, 44

—G.—

Galli-Curci, 220, 221
Garden, Mary, 220
Gardens, 7
Garfield Park, 284
Garland, Hamlin, 134
Gary, 297–306
Gary, Elbert H., 297–8
Gary Schools, 304–6
Ghetto, 282–4
Gilder, Richard W., 236, 237
Glencoe, 291
Gold Coast, 326–38
Graceland, 98
Grant, General, 28; statue, 337
Grant Park, 40
Great Lakes Training Station, 292
Greeley, Horace, 199
Gross, S. E., 154
Guizot, 268
Gunsaulus, Doctor, 161, 169, 221, 253

—H.—

Hale, Susan, 330
Hals, Franz, 170
Halsted Street, 276
Harding, 208
Harper Memorial Library, 250, 251
Harper, William R., 244–7, 252
Harrison, Carter, 241, 253, 258–64, 260, 265, 281
Harrison, Carter, the younger, 264, 265
Harrison, William Henry, 16, 259, 262
Heald, Captain, 56, 61, 121
Healy, 24, 157–60
Helm, Lieutenant, 124, 125
Herrick, Robert, 72, 119, 120, 212
Hoar, George F., 200
Hobbema, 170
Hole, Dean, 115, 116
Hospitality of Chicago, 5, 104, 150
Hospitals, 281
Houdon, 164
Hough, Emerson, 55, 141, 142
Hughes, Thomas, 150
Hull, General, 61, 121, 217
Hull House, 278–81
Hutchinson, Charles L., 169, 241, 253
Hutchinson Gallery, 169–71
Hutchinson Hall, 252

—I.—

Ida Noyes Hall, 254
Indian boundary, 274
Indians, 25, 26, 63, 274, 275, 296, 312
Indian Reserve, 274
Ingersoll, Robert G., 28
Inness, 167
Insurance, Tontine, 35
Italians, 276, 282

—J.—

Jackson, Andrew, 159
Jackson Park, 229–38
Jefferson, Joseph, 10, 343
Joliet, 185, 187
Judson, Harry Pratt, 247, 253

—K.—

Kennison, David, 326–8
Kinzies, the, 23, 60, 65, 98, 122, 123, 124, 133, 157
Kipling, 84, 131–4, 157, 209, 230
Kitchenettes, 332

—L.—

La Rabida, 232

La Salle, 30–7
La Salle Street, 76
Lake Calumet, 299
Lake Forest, 291
Lake Front, 6, 38–48; in early days, 10
Lake Geneva, 293
Lake Michigan, deemed a drawback, 6, 321, 322; Chicagoans who never saw it, 6
Leiter, Mary V., 50
Level of city raised, 79, 80
Libraries: Crerar, 152; Newberry, 152, 160; Public, 150–3, 204; Ryerson, 152, 169; University, 250, 251
Lincoln, Abraham: in Black Hawk War, 25; Lieutenant Anderson, 26; Stephen A. Douglas, 26, 127–8; Inaugural Address, 127; Nomination, 27; Joseph Jefferson, 343
Lincoln Monument, 339–47
Lincoln Park, 33, 328–35
Lind, Jenny, 214, 215, 225
"Line o' Type," 136
"Little Boy Blue," 325
Little Room, 111
Logan statue, 46, 47
Loop, The, 67–83
Loop Hounds, 67
Lorimer, George H., 136, 137, 145, 202

—M.—

MacMonnies, 234, 336
Madison Street, 46
Magazine of Poetry, 145
Mail order business, 180
Mapleson, Colonel, 261
Mark Twain, 132
Marietta, 16
Marquette, Father, 30, 75, 269–74
Martineau, Harriet, 187, 320
Massacre, Chicago, 56, 62, 63, 120–5; monument, 124
Masters, Edgar Lee, 71, 144, 145, 344
McCormick, Cyrus H., 51, 52
McCutcheon, John T., 200
McKinley, 338
Medinah Temple, 54
Melchers, Gari, 169, 252
Melrose Park, 32
Merchandising, 178, 179, 180
"Merchant Prince of Cornville," 154
Michigan Avenue, 38–48, 58
Midway Plaisance, 227–9, 247, 248
Mitchell Tower, 251
Monroe, Harriet, 145
Monroe Street, 31, 46
Monuments and statues: Barlow, 162; Douglas, 126; Goethe, 337; Grant, 337; Kennison, 327; Lincoln, 339–46; La Salle, 33; Logan, 46; Marquette Cross, 273; Massacre, 124; McKinley, 338; the Republic, 233; Washington, 164
Moody, Dwight L., 209, 210
Moody, William V., 18, 145, 339
Morgan, Anna, 222
Municipal Pier, 58
Music, 214–26, 246

—N.—

Nasby, Petroleum V., 127
Newberry Library, 152, 160
Negroes, 117
Norris, Frank, 52, 138
Northwest Territory, 16, 31
Notre Dame de Chicago, 275
Novels: 148; "Barriers Burned Away," 143; "The Cliff Dwellers," 144, 198; "The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani," 144; "The Common Lot," 72; "The Fat of the Land," 143; "Fifty-four Forty or Fight," 142; "The Girl at the Half-way House," 142; "Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to his Son," 136; "The Magnificent Adventure," 142; "The Mississippi Bubble," 142; "The Octopus,"

138; "The Pit," 52, 95, 138; "Wau-Bun," 133

—O.—

Ogden, William B., 159, 160, 267–8
"Oliver Optic," 153
Opera Company, Chicago, 221
Orchestra Hall, 223
Orchestra, Symphony, 222–6
Oregon, 162
Outlying centers, 89, 281

—P.—

Palmer House, 81, 167, 209
Palmers, Potter, the, 4, 81, 167, 330, 331
Parks: Douglas Monument, 126; Garfield, 284; Grant, 40; Lincoln, 328–35; Jackson, 229–38
Pennell, Joseph, 88, 166
Peristyle, 42, 46
Pinkerton, Allen, 14
"Pit, The," 52, 95, 138
Poets and Poetry, 8, 39, 65, 71, 126, 144, 145, 322, 325, 332, 333, 344
Policemen, 85, 86, 208
Pompeii, Our Lady of, 276
Pope, Nathaniel, 17
Portraits: Jean Cameron, 166; Cobb, 253; Dearborn, 155; Helen Dubois, 169; Mrs. Gordon, 157; Gunsaulus, 253; Harper, 253; Healy, 158; Hutchinson, 169, 253; Judson, 253; Pennell, 166; Rockefeller, 252; Ryerson, 252; Spinola, 170
Post-Office, 70
Prairie Avenue, 114–30
Prairie Club, 296–314
Presidential Conventions, 27–9, 64, 117, 127–8
Pronunciations, 201
Public Library, 150–3
Publishers, 147, 148, 323
Pullman, George M., 80, 124

—Q.—

Quadrangle Club, 109

—R.—

Raeburn, 166
Randolph Street, 46
Reed, Myrtle, 289
Rembrandt, 169
Restaurants, 82, 83, 92
Robey Street, 272, 273
Rockefeller, John D., 239–44, 252
Root, George F., 217–9
Rostand, 154
Rubens, 170
Rush Street Bridge, 58–60, 266
Ryerson Library, 152, 169
Ryerson, Martin A., 152, 169, 252

—S.—

St. Clements, 336
St. Gaudens, 46, 47, 76, 156, 234, 336, 337, 339, 341, 342
St. James, 52
St. Loyola, 335
St. Mary's-by-the-Lake, 336
St. Mary's-of-the-Lake, 14
St. Paul, 336
Seal of the City, 6, 7
Settlers, Early, 23–4, 60, 316–20
Shopping, 15, 69, 73, 79, 89, 92, 93, 178, 179, 180
Sinclair, Upton, 144
Skokie, 294, 295, 296
Skyscrapers, 6, 9, 70
Smoke, 15, 77, 87, 125
Soap, 15
Society, 202, 203, 204, 328–31
Soil of the City, 80
Songs, 218, 219
South Water Street, 64
"Spoon River Anthology," 144
Sporting goods, 211
Stockyards, 181–4
Streets and Ways, 84–100
Streeter, Doctor, 143
Streeter, George H., 188–97
Streeterville, 191–7
Stuart, Gilbert, 155, 158

Subways, Freight, 178
Suburbs, 286–96
Sunday, "Billy," 209
Sunday Observance, 208, 209
Swedish Church, 214, 215
"Swinging around the Circle," 127
Symphony Orchestra, 222–6

—T.—

Taft, Lorado, 168
Taft, President, 27
Taylor, B. F., 322
Taylor, "B.L.T.," 136
Terburg, 170
Theaters, 206–8
Thomas, Theodore, 223–6
Thompson, Mayor, 267
Tilghman, 316
Tippecanoe, 18, 24, 259
Tonti, 34–6
Tontitown, 35
Trade Agreement, the first, 30
Tremont House, 78, 80, 127

—U.—

Union League Club, 109
University Club, 112, 113, 206
University of Chicago: the first, 128, 241, 242; the present, 129, 239–55

—V.—

Van Dyck, 169
Vicereines, American, 50, 51
Victoria, Queen; gift to Library, 151
Vincennes, 16
Virginia, Chicago part of, 16

—W.—

Wales, Prince of, 266
Washington, George, 24, 33, 62, 164
Water Tower, 53
"Wau-Bun," 133
Wauhegan, 292
Wedgwood collection, 161
Wells, Captain, 56, 62, 122, 123
Wentworth, John, 181, 265–7
Western Avenue, 90
Wheat Pit, 77
Wheaton, 297
Whistler, 156, 157
White City, 227–38
White Paper Club, 109
Whittier, 167
"Who's Who in America," 148
Wilcox, Ella Wheeler, 146
Wilde, Oscar, 150, 230, 231
Willard, Frances, 4, 286–9
Wilmette, 291
Winnetka, 291
Wisconsin, 17, 19
Women of Chicago, 4, 49, 50, 72, 86, 87
Women's Clubs, 104, 105, 106
Wooded Island, 235
World's Fair, 227–38
Wright, Harold Bell, 148
Wyatt, Edith, 150

—Z.—

"Zenobia," 162
Zeisler, Fanny B., 222
Zion City, 292
Zone of Influence, 9

DATE DUE

APR 1 8 1984			

[redacted]

[redacted]

Shackleton, Robert

The book of Chicago.